COLLIER'S

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

- New Report: Sex ignorance in the U.S.

THE AMERICAN TRADITION

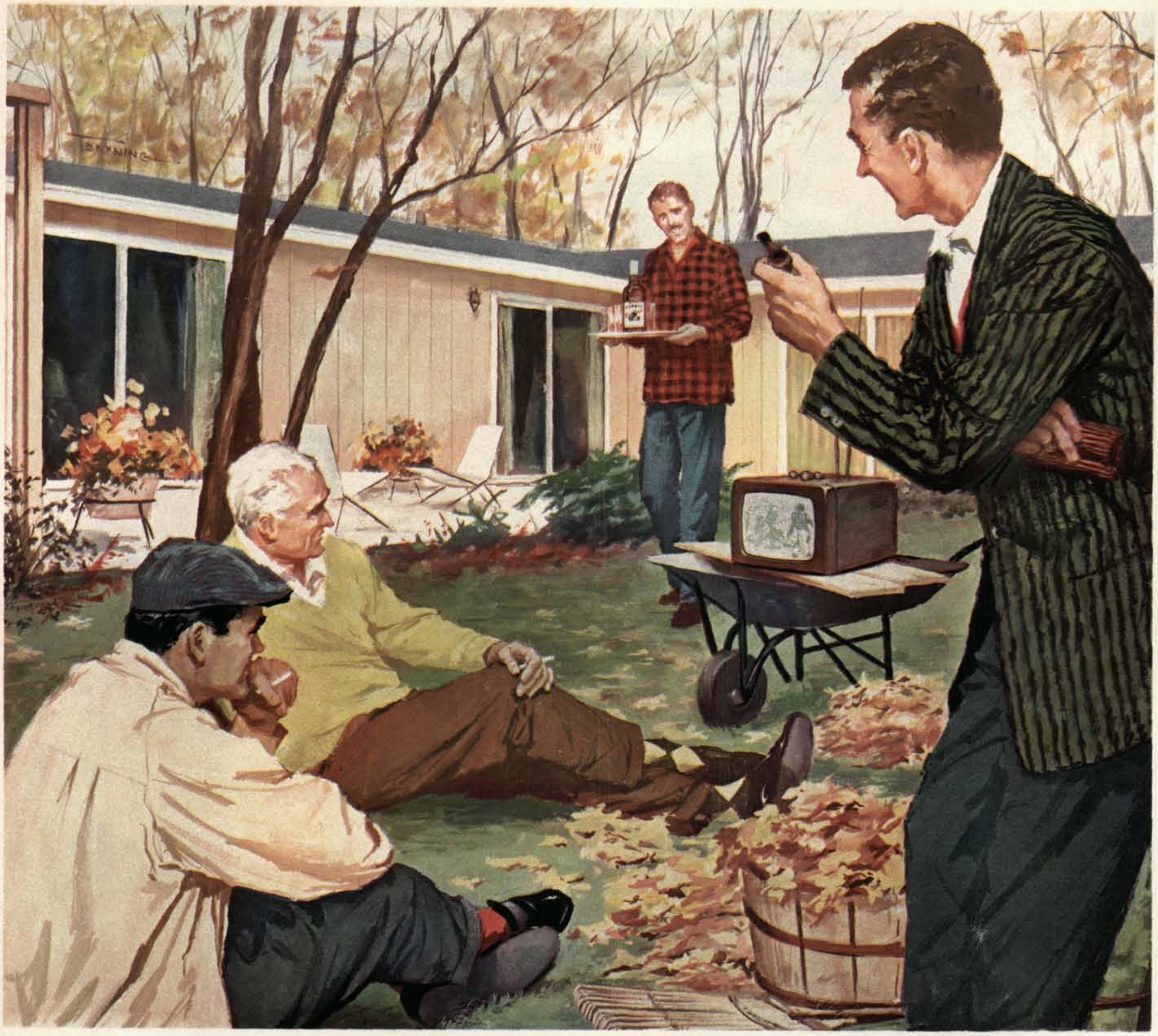
The Oklahoma Land Rush—by James D. Horan

- 'Armchair Expert'—A TV game for election night

NOVEMBER 9, 1956 • FIFTEEN CENTS

My 40 million kids by DANNY KAYE

Complete American mystery novel—THE BODY IN ROOMETTE 9



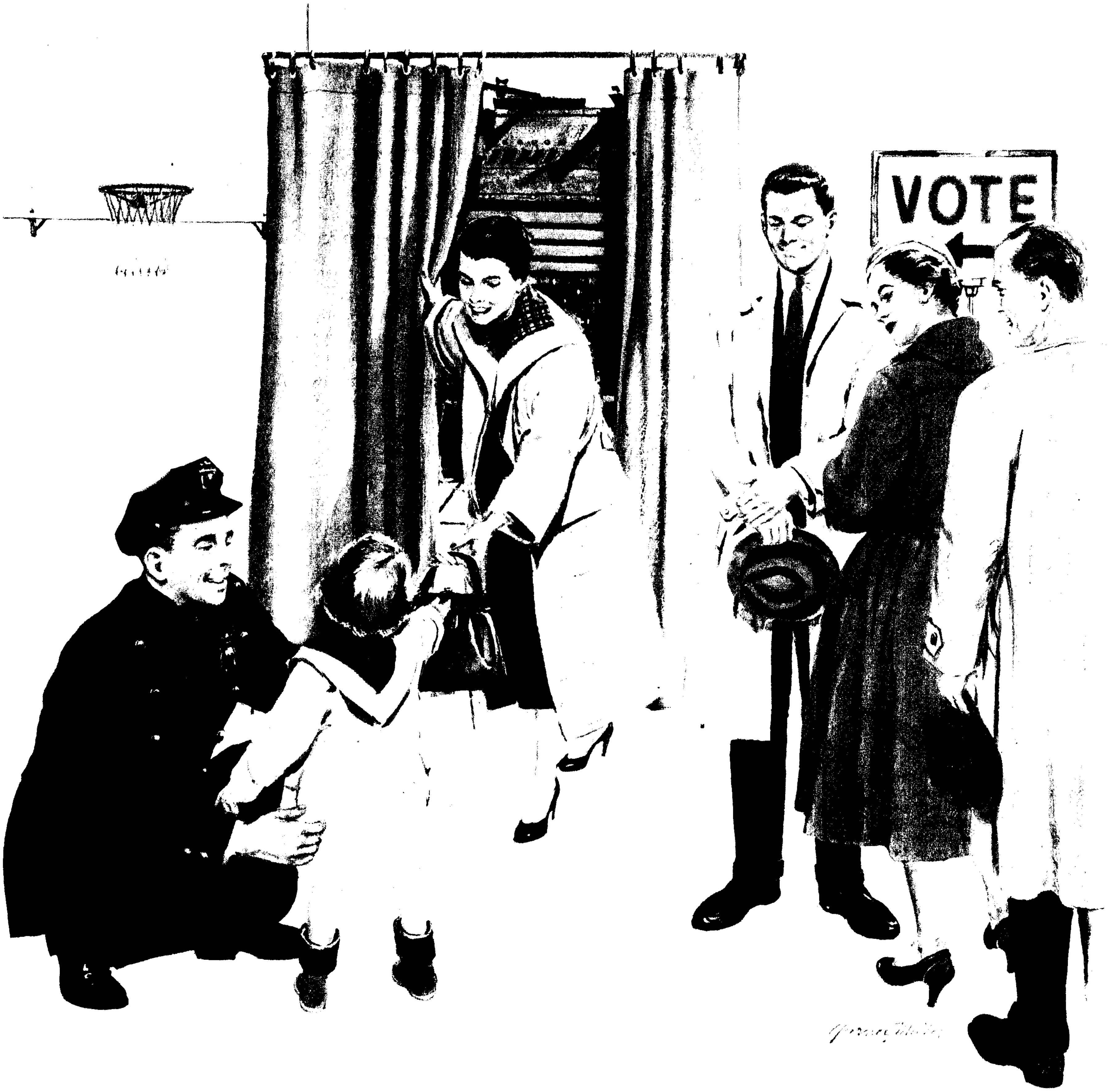
"GAME'S ON!"... CALLS FOR CORBY'S

CORBY'S
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY

Whatever the occasion...
it's better with CORBY'S

The lighter, smoother whiskey from the world's largest distillery

BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL.



Behind the "freedom curtain"

A simple curtain of cloth—not iron or bamboo—is a symbol of our liberties. It helps to protect the right to vote privately and freely. By voting, we reaffirm our faith in the American form of government and make our voices heard in matters affecting the preservation of our heritage and way of life. To vote is a right and a privilege . . . and a *responsibility*. To vote intelligently is a duty.

Be sure to VOTE on Nov. 6th

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

1 Madison Avenue,
New York 10, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1956—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Picture OF THE MONTH

"The Teahouse of the August Moon" is more than a work of art. M-G-M's filming of the far-famed Pulitzer Prize and Critics Award comedy is a work of *many* arts. Especially the art of laughing *with* rather than *at* those sometimes foolish things called people.

Brilliantly versatile as you know Marlon Brando and Glenn Ford to be, they will nonetheless astound you in "Teahouse". Their starring roles are in vivid contrast and cleverly key this story of the hilarious clash of cultures that came with the post-war U. S. Occupation of Okinawa. Metrocolor and CinemaScope do full justice to the natural splendor of the Far East in Springtime, as we meet the lovable native rogue (Marlon Brando as Sakini) who is assigned as interpreter to an eager-beaver young officer (Glenn Ford as Capt. Fisby).

Capt. Fisby comes to Tobiki village with orders to stimulate native industry, instill American "Get-up-and-go", put Tobiki "back on its feet". With Sakini's help, Fisby is himself swept off his feet by a gorgeous Geisha girl (Machiko Kyo as Lotus Blossom). And he stimulates native industry by building a potato-brandy distillery. There's a laugh and a world of winking wisdom in Brando's every "pidgin English" line, as gently he guides Glenn Ford into ordering the charming villagers to do only what *they* want to do. Example: They don't want a schoolhouse. They want a teahouse. So Fisby builds a fabulous pleasure dome. Here, beneath an August moon, lovely Geishas enchantingly chase all cares away.

American "know how" – which is outwitted at every witty turn of "Teahouse"– deserves top marks in the casting department. Eddie Albert is a joy. He's the gardening-crazy psychiatrist who goes native himself, trying to find out why Fisby has. As the pompous Colonel snarled in his own red tape, Paul Ford brings an ultra-funny finesse, sharpened by more than a thousand playings of the role on Broadway. "Sakini, where's your get-up-and-go?" the Colonel shouts. And Sakini shrugs. "Guess get-up-and-go *went!*" Jun Negami, Nijiko Kiyokawa and Mitsuko Sawamura also contribute perfect performances as Sakini's delightful native friends.

Producer Jack Cummings and director Daniel Mann have taken full and impressive advantage of the screen's greater range. John Patrick's adaptation of his own prize-winning play (from Vern J. Sneider's novel) enhances its happy blending of humor and humanity.

"The Teahouse of the August Moon" brings you not only all the fun of the stage play but leaves you with a heart-warming glow. That's something not to be missed!

November 9, 1956

COLLIER'S

Vol. 138 No. 10

INCORPORATING FEATURES OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ARTICLES

6 THE WORLD'S WORST DIET *by Harry Henderson*
For 50 years a self-trained scientist has fed on things like fur and coal

23 CHURCHILL AT 82 *by Drew Middleton*
The great man has retired as Prime Minister, but from very little else

28 'ARMCHAIR EXPERT'—A TV GAME FOR ELECTION NIGHT *by Louis Harris*
You may be able to top the pundits, using a pencil and this special chart

32 AMBASSADOR-AT-LARGE *by Danny Kaye*
A clown-turned-ambassador works his healing humor on 40,000,000 kids

36 WHAT AMERICANS NEED TO LEARN ABOUT SEX *by Dr. Gelolo McHugh with J. Robert Moskin*
First report on a significant new study by a Duke University scientist

42 SIOBHAN OF ARC *by Thomas C. Ryan*
Shaw's new and impressive Irish "Joan" cuts a record performance

52 ELECTRIFYING FOOTBALL *by Virgil Partch*
Now that pro quarterbacks are wired for sound, here's Partch's pigskin preview

98 THUS THE FRONTIER VANISHED *by James D. Horan*
Latest in the American Tradition series: the story of the Oklahoma Land Rush

FAMILY LIVING AND LEISURE

67 FOREIGN POLISH AFOOT
68 MANY-SPLENDORED MEALS

SHORT STORIES

10 THE HAUNTING (The Short Short Story) *by Davy Jones*
Yes, this one's a ghost story—but with a difference

44 MR. CHANDRA'S FIVE-YEAR PLAN *by Christine Weston*
He and his Plan had the answer to everything—except women

SERIAL

56 WHEN DISASTER STRIKES (First of Two Parts) *by Walt Grove*
A gripping tale of the men who watch hurricanes—from the inside out

THE COMPLETE MYSTERY

72 THE BODY IN ROOMETTE 9 *by Howard and Luraine Rigsby*
A lavish New York-bound train is terrorized by a killer

FEATURES

12 48 STATES OF MIND *by Walter Davenport*
14 COLLIER'S CREDITS *by Jerome Beatty, Jr.*
16 WHY DON'T THEY?
16 NOW THEY'VE DONE IT! *by Lawrence Galton*
18 FAIR EXCHANGE *by Henri Arnold*
20 LETTERS
76 IT'S THE LAW! *by Dick Hyman*
106 COLLIER'S COMMENT

PAUL C. SMITH, *Editor in Chief*

KENNETH McARDLE, *Editor*

JOHN G. TREZEVANT, *Managing Editor* LEONARD JOSSEL, *Art Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Piers Anderton, Jerome Beatty, Jr., Gregory Bruno, Howard Cohn, Gene Cook, Diana Hirsh, Edwin Hoyt, Homer Jenks, Penn Kimball, Jerry Korn, J. Robert Moskin, John C. Pellew, Cornelius Ryan, Louis Sardella • **PHOTO EDITORS:** Bill Stapleton, *Chief;* James A. Quigney • **SPECIAL PHOTO CORRESPONDENT:** David Douglas Duncan • **EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT:** Collie Small • **STAFF CONTRIBUTORS:** Walter Davenport, Bill Davidson, Bill Fay, James J. Haggerty, Jr., Peter Kalischer, Tom Meany, Robert O'Brien, Vance Packard, Pierre Salinger, Peter Steffens, Francis Wallace, Theodore H. White • **EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES:** Madelin Alk, Barbara Blakemore, Robert Blinn, Christopher Carter, Grace Dietz, George J. W. Goodman, Leonard Gross, Robert Hines, Adolph Le Moult, Peter Maas, Rosanne McVay, Frank Medina, Jerome Merkin, Ronald Oliphant, Marion Shear, Janet Sheps, Charles Smith, Naome Walsh • **FAMILY LIVING AND LEISURE:** Barbara Hewson, *Senior Editor;* Martha Ferris, Marilyn Schwartz • **EDITORIAL RESEARCH:** Ann Bernstein, Michael Blow, John A. Jacoby, Sidney Lazard, Thomas C. Ryan • Franklin C. Loranger, *Proofroom Chief;* Martin Imer, Franklin C. Reiley • **ASSISTANTS TO THE EDITOR IN CHIEF:** James B. DeVries, *Art Direction;* William O. Chessman, *Production* • **ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR:** Ray Price • **REGIONAL EDITORIAL OFFICES: Washington**—James C. Derieux, *Senior Editor;* John Newhouse. **San Francisco**—Robert de Roos. **Los Angeles**—Robert Cahn, *Senior Editor;* Dwight Whitney, Adeline Marshack. **Detroit**—Siler Freeman

COPYRIGHT, © 1956, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio, publishers of Collier's and Woman's Home Companion. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

COLLIER'S, title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., is published every other week and sold simultaneously in the U.S. and Canada. Entered at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Paul C. Smith, *President and Chairman of the Board;* Vance Johnson, Peter J. Dennerlein, E. P. Seymour, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, William D. Phelan, John R. Reiss, Robert N. Woodruff, Sumner Blossom, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

MANUSCRIPTS OR ART submitted to Collier's editors should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

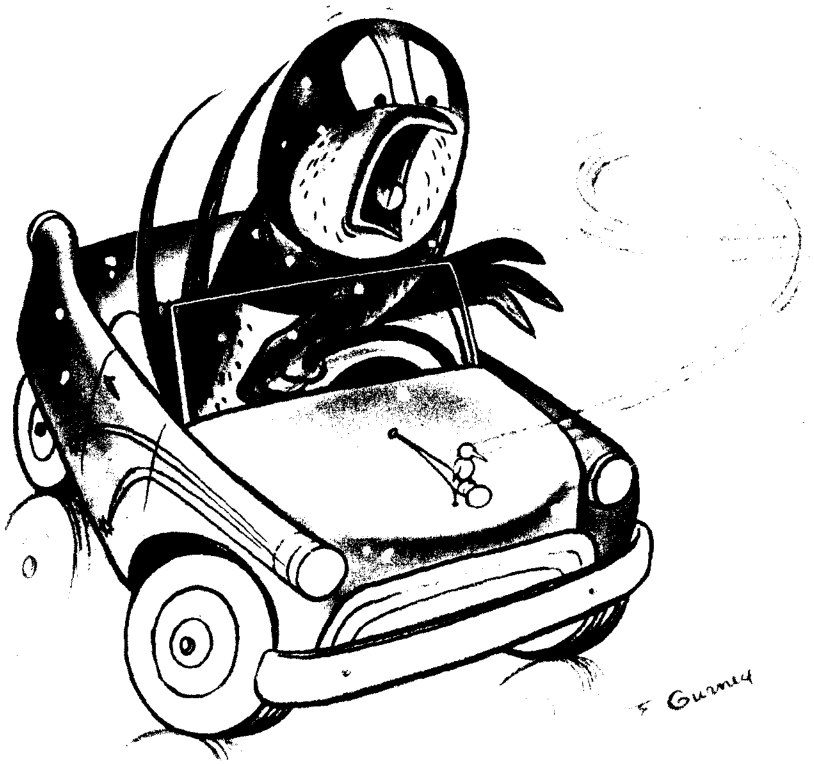
SUBSCRIPTIONS in the U.S. and Possessions, and Canada, are priced at 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in U.S. funds. Address all subscription correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Subscription Department, 204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Please give both old and new addresses.

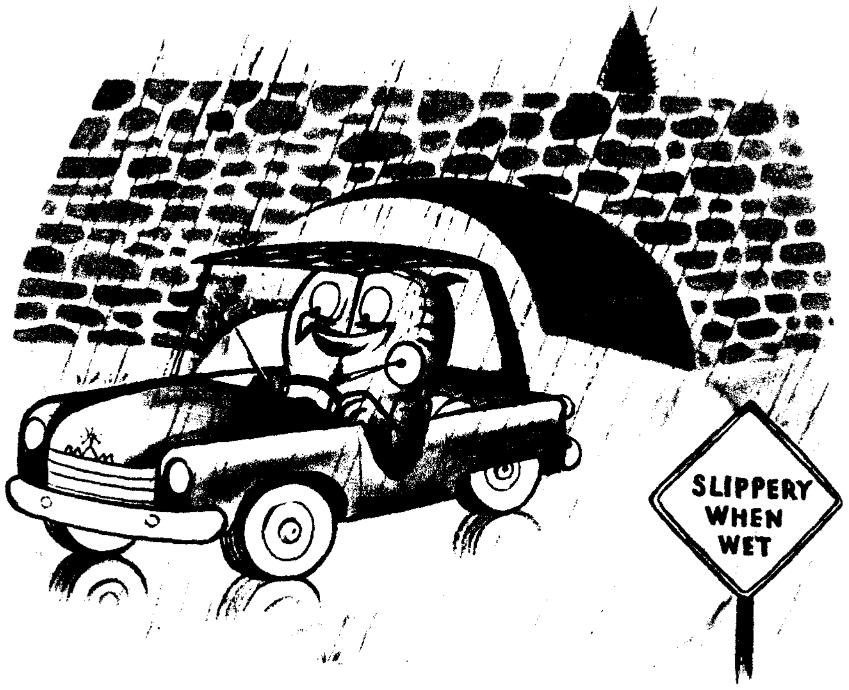
CHARACTERS in all fiction stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary.

ROAD BIRDS

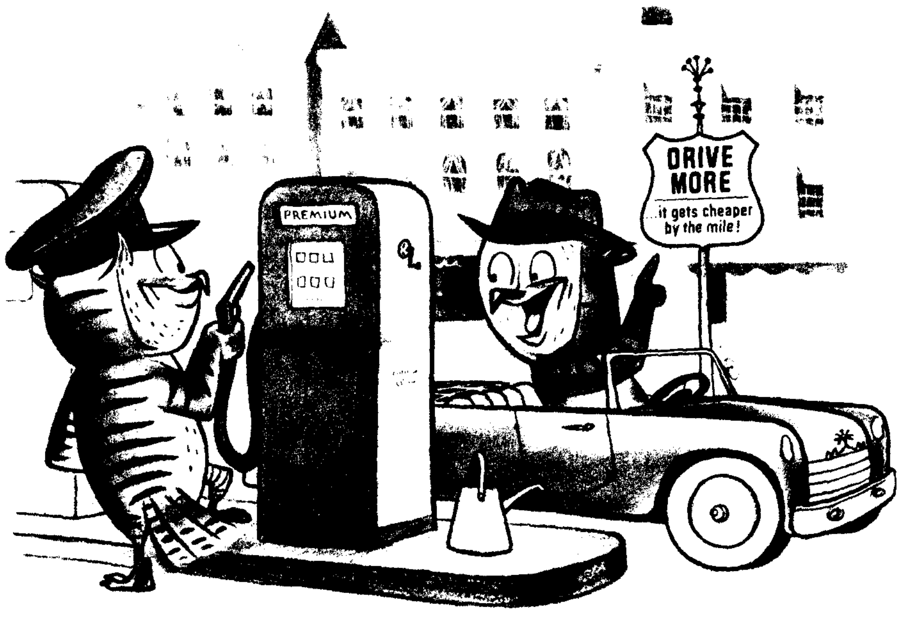
a series by Ethyl Corporation



The Skiddy Swallow cuts quite a figure when he lands on a slippery road. Come ice, sleet, rain or snow . . . he maintains full speed. And when he has to stop in a hurry, it's just too bad.

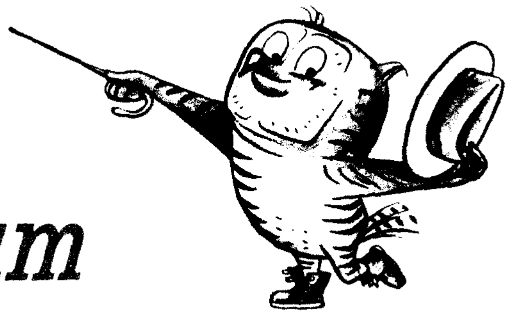


The Smart Bird realizes that slick roads demand extra caution. He always cuts down his speed in bad weather. And when there's snow on the ground, he uses snow-tread tires or chains.


PREMIUM
DRIVE MORE
...it gets cheaper by the mile!

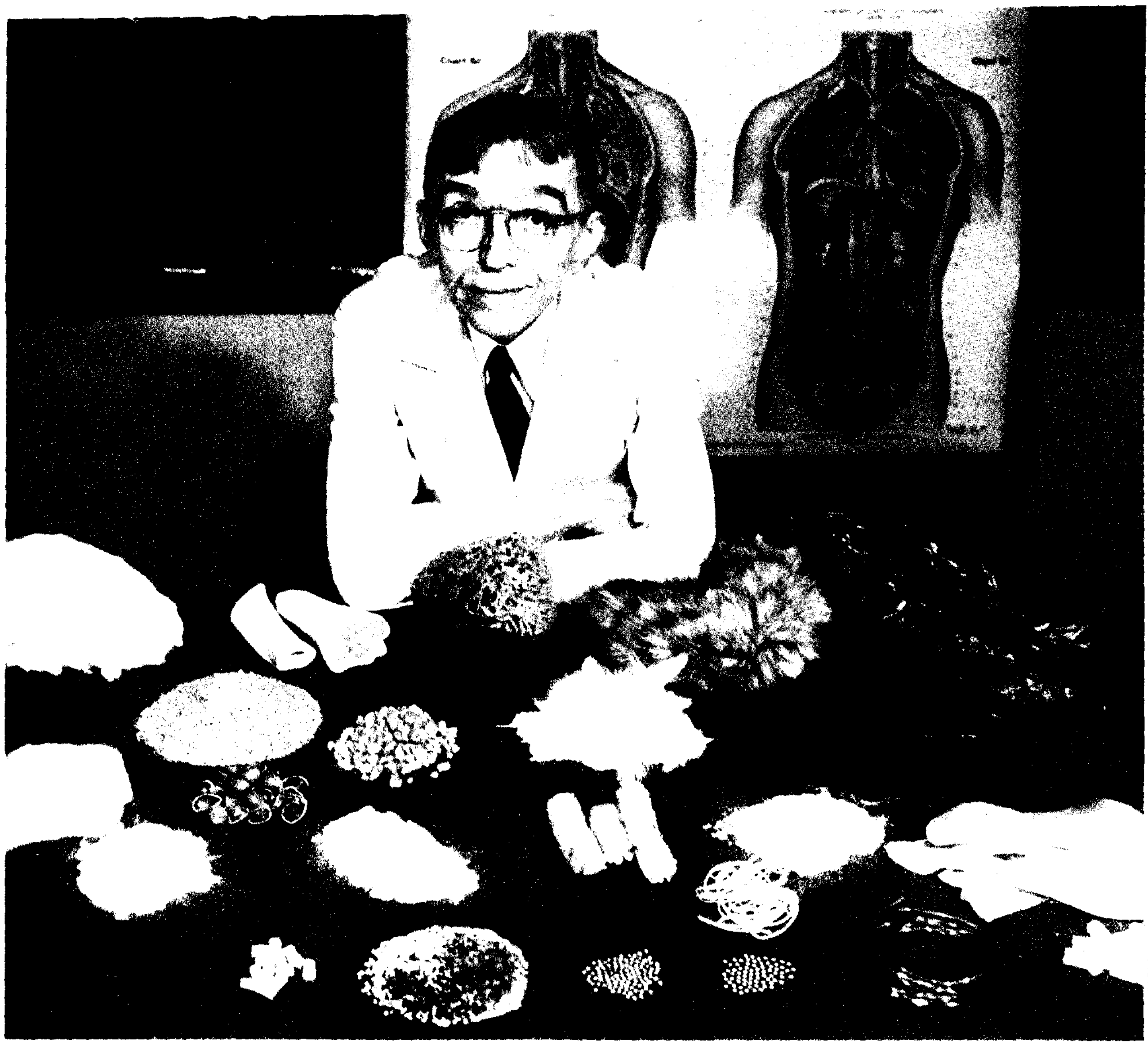
The Smart Bird, whether in snow or summer sun, always uses premium gasoline. He knows that the power a gasoline can deliver depends on octane rating. Premium gasoline is higher-octane gasoline—gives top power, performance, driving pleasure.

It's smart
to use
premium
gasoline



ETHYL
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL
CORPORATION
New York 17, N. Y.



Frederick Hoelzel with "meals" which he has eaten—beads and ball bearings, coal and clay, silk, sand and sawdust

ROCCO PADULO

THE WORLD'S WORST DIET

50 years of eating anything from fur to feathers—or nothing—gave this scientist clues to the riddle of hunger

By HARRY HENDERSON

At four o'clock every morning a thin, graying man rouses himself in his apartment near the University of Chicago campus. He washes, shaves, weighs himself and makes coffee, drinking precisely one and a half cups. Then he tests his grip with a dynamometer, usually registering 75 pounds with his left hand, 97 with his right. After recording these figures and his weight, he chins himself on a hallway bar as many times as he can—usually 18, although he once got as high as 22. He then repeats his grip test; generally each hand is stronger by two or three pounds. This data he adds to a graph chart, which also contains notations like "Esther away" (a reference to his wife). It is part of a self-experiment with a high-protein diet.

This bright-eyed, vigorous but shy man is sixty-seven-year-old Frederick Hoelzel, one of the most fantastic figures in American science. Since he was a high-school pupil in 1908, he has been studying what happens to his body and mind when he eats various substances—and when he doesn't eat at all. A self-trained nutrition specialist, Hoelzel is one of the nation's foremost scientific investigators of fasting and its effects. He is also a fabulous human guinea pig, the subject of studies at the University of Chicago for 40 years. Much of what is known about starvation, hunger, nutrition and how they affect the body, mental ability, energy, metabolism and the stomach was learned from experiments by and on Hoelzel.

Through long fasts, he has ended much confusion about the nature of hunger. He discovered that lack of protein ultimately causes the stomach to digest itself, creating ulcers. He invented a nonnutritive cellulose flour that is a major aid to millions of diabetics and overweight people who must restrict their calorie intake. His studies of obesity, in collaboration with Dr. A. J. Carlson, one of America's top physiologists, who died this summer, are considered by scientists to be among the most important in the field.

In the interests of science, Hoelzel has eaten sand, gravel, charcoal, glass beads, cotton, gold and silver wire bent into various shapes, steel ball bearings, cork, sponge, feathers, hair, wool, loam, knots of string, ground nutshells, asbestos, talcum powder, Chinese papyrus, kapok, corncobs, sawdust, wood pulp, powdered coal, cellulose balls, clay and many other substances. In addition he has fasted a total of more than 1,000 days. One fast—41 days, 10 hours—was the world's longest under scientific auspices.

Hoelzel is completely obsessed with the idea that all our physical and mental powers are affected by nutrition. His preoccupation with food grew out of his impoverished childhood. Born in Bavaria, May 5, 1889, and brought to America when he was three, he grew up on Chicago's rowdy West Side. There, Hoelzel's home life—in rooms shared by his mother, stepfather and five brothers and sisters—was decidedly unhappy. Young Hoelzel, frightened and depressed, was unable to eat and digest his food.

He read The A.B.-Z. of Our Own Nutrition, by Horace Fletcher. Fletcher claimed "habit hunger"—regular meals—crammed our digestive tracts, causing autointoxication and indigestion. He advocated fasting until a "normal appetite—with the mouth watering for food—" developed.

Hoelzel decided to try Fletcher's theories. Except for a little fruit and a half cup of milk he ate nothing for four days. Instead of growing stronger, he became weaker. Nor did a "normal appetite" develop.

But when he resumed eating, Hoelzel says, "I experienced a surge of physical and mental elation such as I had rarely known before."

This experience marked the beginning of Hoelzel's life of self-experimentation, and he decided to find out if a longer, stricter fast would make the beneficial aftereffects (which had worn off) last for months.

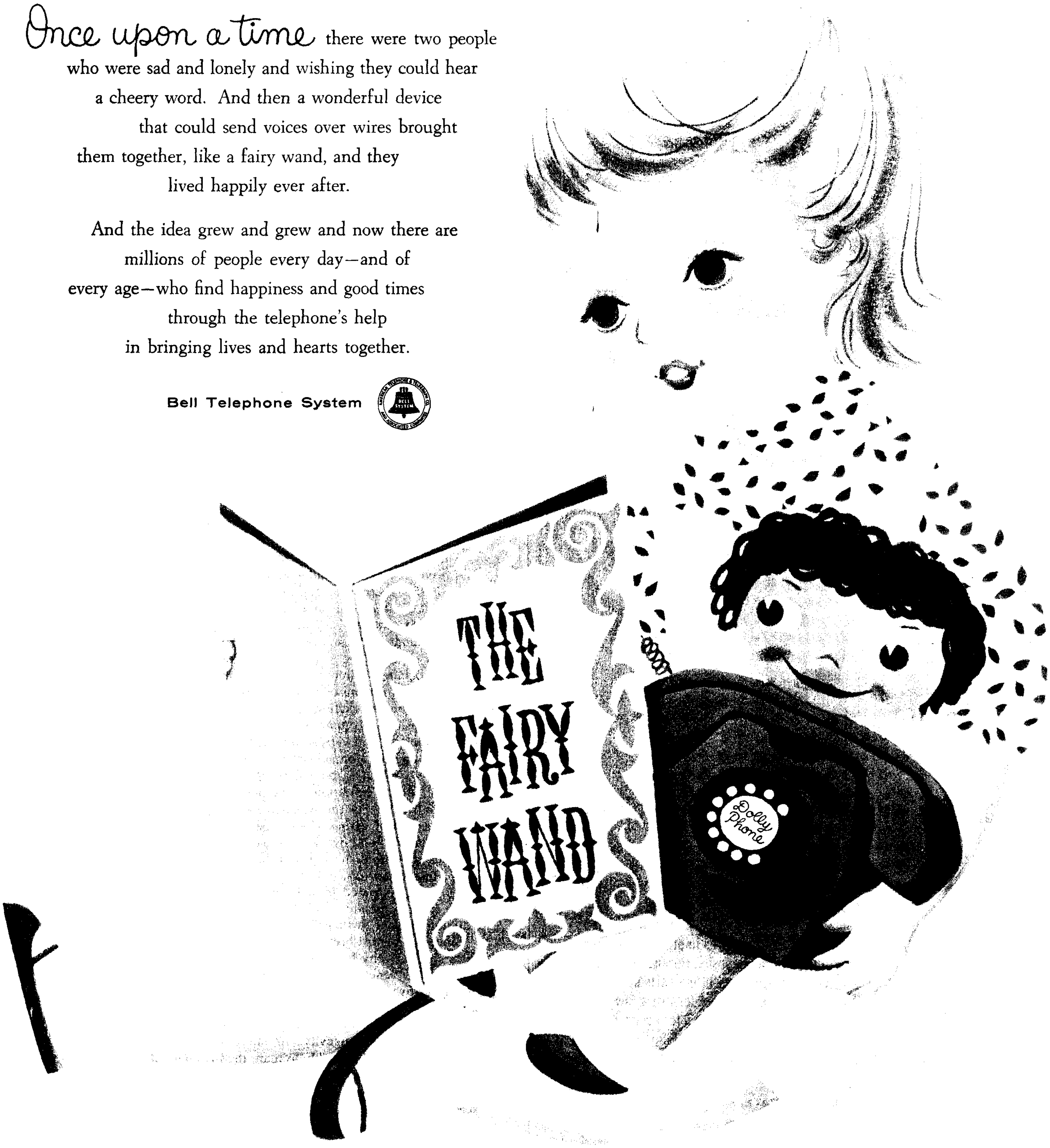
He began a series of experiments to discover some nonnutritive material that would make fasting easier. Such a material, he thought, would satisfy his stomach cravings without breaking his fast. He tried charcoal, burnt

It's Fun to Phone

Once upon a time there were two people
who were sad and lonely and wishing they could hear
a cheery word. And then a wonderful device
that could send voices over wires brought
them together, like a fairy wand, and they
lived happily ever after.

And the idea grew and grew and now there are
millions of people every day—and of
every age—who find happiness and good times
through the telephone's help
in bringing lives and hearts together.

Bell Telephone System



DOLLY PHONE

The cuddly rag doll in the little girl's arms is Dolly Phone,
designed by Bil Baird of the famous Baird Marionettes.

Sound your Z...you'll

SAVE COSTLY WEAR FOR KEEPS

because—

Pennzoil with Z-7 keeps engines clean

Powerful engine under that hood, and good for thousands of miles of powerful satisfaction—if you let Pennzoil with Z-7 protect it against costly excessive wear! This different Pennsylvania motor oil has an all-oil body that takes engine heat and pressures in stride, prevents build-up of deadly deposits. Because it keeps your engine clean, close-fitting parts stay free-running and safe—not for just a few miles after an oil change, but for keeps. Get Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, now, in the exact seasonal grade for your car!

IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO care FOR YOUR CAR

SAFE LUBRICATION
PENNZOIL®
THE Tough-Film
MOTOR OIL
100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL®
Safe Lubrication

MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

food, bone ashes—but could not down them. Then he tried many other things: moist sand, glass beads, loam, agar (seaweed), seed hulls, the pith of cornstalks, elderberry and sunflower stalks, broom corn, chalk, flax, ground ivory nuts, rayon and sponge.

One day in 1916, eight years after he had begun his self-experiments, Hoelzel came across a new book, The Control of Hunger in Health and Disease, by Dr. A. J. Carlson. The author reported fasting for five days in his work on hunger. Hoelzel felt this was not long enough. He sent off a brash letter to Carlson telling of his own experiences.

Carlson asked Hoelzel to attempt a long fast under strict scientific control. The fast lasted 15 days. It—and Carlson's work—demolished Fletcher's claims. The most important scientific finding was that so-called "hunger contractions" of the stomach occurred every four hours throughout the fast, although most previous fasters had claimed they never felt hunger pains after the first day or two. The fast also revealed that there was a continuous flow of gastric juice, even when the stomach was empty.

Carlson demonstrated the persistence of the contractions by having Hoelzel swallow a balloon which was then inflated in the stomach. The contractions, squeezing the balloon, caused a needle attached to a manometer to register their force on a roll of paper. Carlson called these contractions "hunger." But Hoelzel, considering this too mechanical an explanation, disagreed. In a letter appended to Carlson's report, he insisted hunger was a "complex phenomenon . . . originating from the chemical blood and tissue state." However, it was many years before he was able to prove this.

Hoelzel served in the U.S. Army during World War I, and from 1919 to 1923 he developed and manufactured his cellulose flour. Later he sold the business which left him free to return to his experimental work.

ABOUT THIS TIME Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, Mayo Clinic gastroenterologist, and his associate, Dr. Alvin Freedlander, were making studies of the rate of passage of food through the digestive tract. Using colored glass beads, they had discovered that some beads remained in the body as long as 40 days, and that foods seemed to pass one another in the digestive tract.

Hoelzel decided to find out what controlled the rate of passage. He swallowed various-colored glass beads, knots of different-colored string, gravel, steel ball bearings, tomato seeds, grape seeds and short lengths of silver wire rolled into balls, then timed their passage. Soon he had evidence that the rate of passage is governed by the weight of the substance, or, to be scientific, its specific gravity.

The discovery was important to physiologists and roentgenologists, who had been seeking materials that would help them X-ray the digestive tract.

In 1928, Hoelzel moved into the University of Chicago labs in order to carry out his studies of hunger. He learned what happens inside the fasting stomach: it acts precisely like the digesting, food-laden stomach. The so-called "hunger contractions" were simply the emptying actions of the stomach. During fasts the stomach digests small "meals" of its own mucus, bile and pancreatic juices. His studies showed that gastric acidity is highest when the contractions occur, which explains why some people have "hunger nausea." The contractions themselves are simply the rubbing of the stomach's opposite walls upon each other; this is why the sensation ceases when the stomach is filled. His studies also showed that protein is the main factor in preventing the stomach from digesting itself, or ulcerating.

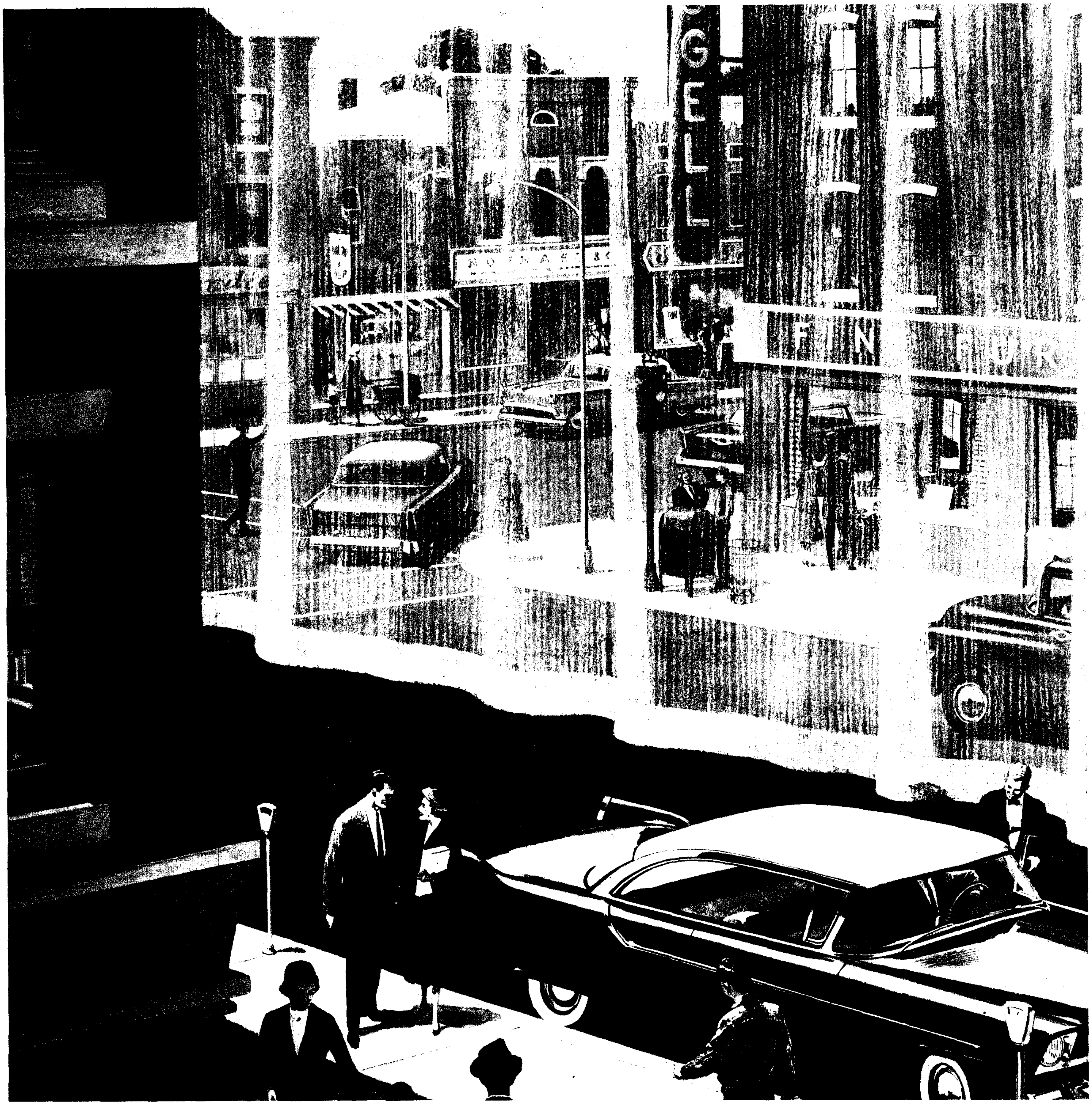
Hoelzel's findings, published in the American Journal of Physiology, showed that the condition of the body's tissues and nervous system, rather than contractions of the stomach, determines hunger.

One aspect of eating which Hoelzel uncovered may be of value to both undernourished and overweight people. To combat undernourishment and nervous conditions, he suggests that the principal food be eaten late in the day. But "when someone is overweight and has trouble maintaining control over a restricted intake," he says, "the principal eating should take place early in the day. This produces satiety during the rest of the day and you do not want further food during hours when it is readily available."

Since his record-breaking 41-day fast, Hoelzel has given up prolonged fasts and also any hope that permanent rejuvenation can be gained from them. "The benefits are purely temporary," he says. "Moreover, after you are thirty-five, the benefits are increasingly limited. Old people should not attempt fasting at all."

Since 1942, however, Hoelzel has been interested in the effect of intermittent fasting on longevity. In one series of experiments, he showed that, at least in rats and probably in man, the life span can be increased some 20 per cent simply by intermittent fasting, feeding two days out of three.

Hoelzel does not pause often to reflect on his nearly half century of research; he's usually far too interested in what he's doing at the moment. But when I asked him how he would sum up his work, he hesitated only a moment before answering: "I think we've shown conclusively that nutritional self-indulgence impairs physical and mental efficiency. Control of our food intake is our number one problem, and some understanding of the nature of hunger is essential. I hope that my experiments will encourage others to consider the necessity for self-control." THE END



How much does this "tax curtain" cost you?

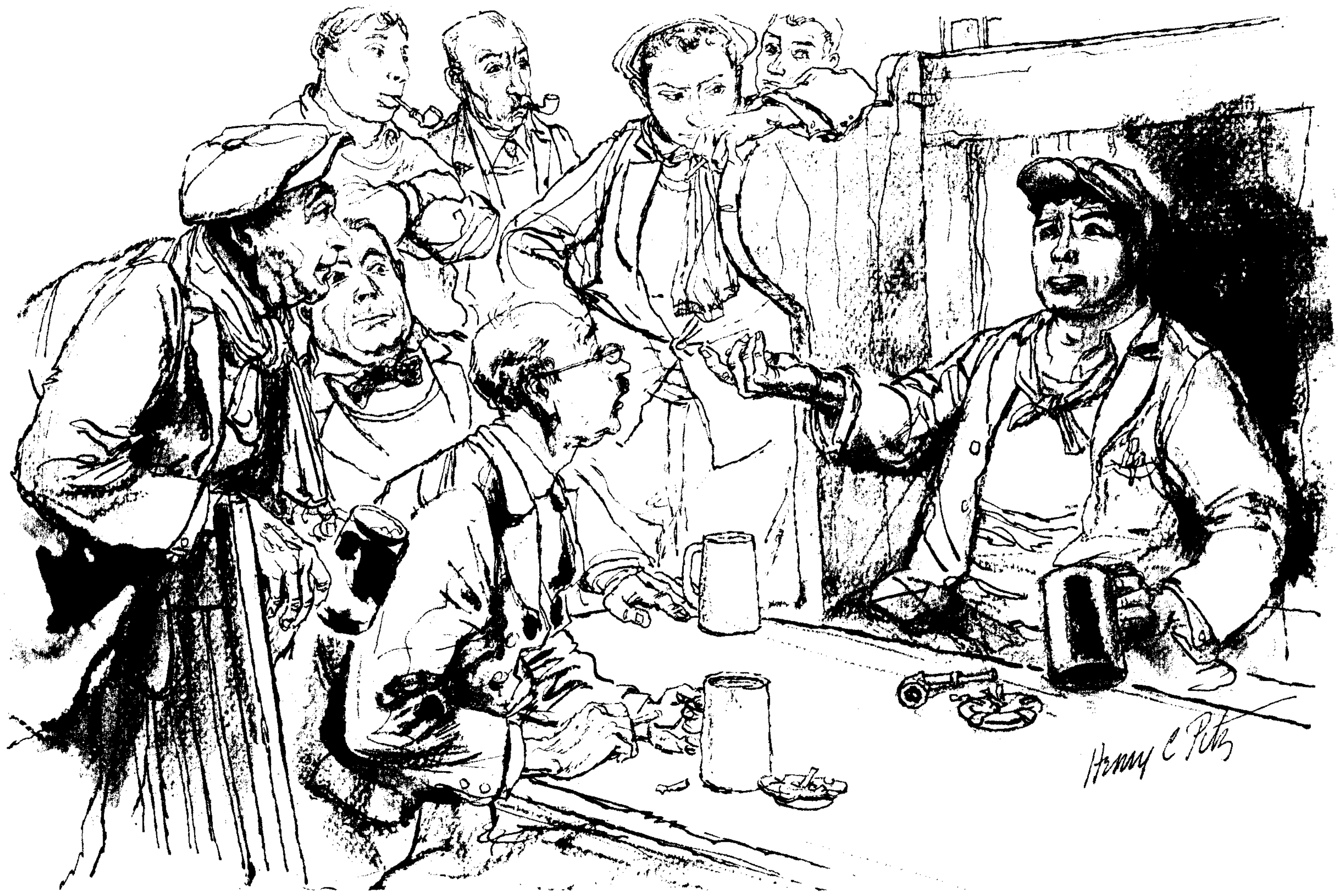
A strange kind of tax favoritism separates a few million families and businesses from most Americans when it comes to paying taxes on electricity.

The people in this "privileged class" pay little or no taxes in their electric bills, while everybody else does (about 23 cents out of each dollar spent for electricity). Because the few don't pay their fair share of taxes, you and other taxpayers are taxed *more* every year to make up the difference—many millions of dollars more.

There's nothing different or special about the people in the "privileged class." They just happen to get electricity from government power plants, and government in the electric business pays little or no taxes. That puts these people on the other side of the "tax curtain."

This kind of tax favoritism is unfair—and unusual in America. That's why we believe it should be made widely known and given critical study. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

***Names on request from this magazine**



As soon as there was a lull, Dai Davies hammered his pint pot on the table and said: "Listen to what I have to say! Make of it what you like, but it's a true story"

The Haunting

By DAVY JONES

WHEN old Trevor Tarpin fell back in through the door of the Bird in Hand twenty minutes after he had said his final good night and left for home, no one was surprised, for they well knew Trevor was always seeing something on the way home. The Gray Lady, the Black Dog, the White Horse, shapes and shadows innumerable, had all appeared at some time or another to strike terror into his poor old heart, to send him scuttling back to the safety of the inn.

So, as he leaned against the wall trying to get his breath, white and shaking like a beech leaf, he caused only a momentary pause in the placid activity of the bar. One of the card players looked up and said jovially, "Back again, Trevor?" and that was all.

It was Gomer Morgan who did the right thing by the old man, buying him a drop of rum to drive out the terror, listening to his story, and taking him home in his car.

As soon as they had gone the disagreements started. Some supported old Trevor, others thought he was a silly old fool. It started quietly but spread until the place was in an uproar. The cribbage game broke up in violent dissension.

As soon as there was a lull, Dai Davies hammered his pint pot on the table and shouted, "Order, let's have order," over and over again until he had quiet. "Listen," he said. "Listen to what I have to say. You can make of it what you like, it's a true story, and it happened only last week. After I've told it you can argue about old Trevor until you're all blue in the face, for all I care."

He took a long pull at his beer and continued, "Last Saturday, as you know, we were playing Rugby at Church End, and we won—Alfie scoring a lovely try in the last minute. After the game we went to the club for supper—sausage and mash it always is there—and after supper we had the usual concert and the jugs of beer went around. I drunk my fair whack, for it was a good beer, and to cut the story short, I lost the rest of the team and missed the bus back home. I was a bit late, I admit, but some fool said I'd gone home by car, so they went without me. I started walking, hoping to get a lift. Now as you know it's a good three miles, and at that time of night, for it was past twelve, there's not much traffic about. It was raining, a nasty drizzle, and I was getting pretty wet outside—I was wet enough inside as it was—when along came this car. It came up from behind me with the lights full on, traveling quite slowly. I stepped into the road to wave it down and then stepped back again smartly for it didn't stop; it went on by.

"It was traveling so slowly that I thought it was slowing for me, so running alongside I opened the door and got in.

"And then I got a shock—there was no driver! No driver, no passengers, nobody in the car but me—and along we glided smoothly and silently, with no sound but my breathing and the drum of the rain and the swish of the tires. The engine wasn't running, there was no one at the wheel, and we ghosted along slowly and dreamily through the rain.

"I sat there amazed and a bit frightened at first, but it was warm and dry, and we were going in the right direction and so, sleepy as I was with beer, after a bit I sat back and relaxed. We came down to the corner by the bridge, and I thought I might have to do something, steer or brake or even jump out, but no.

"In through the open driver's window came a hand, floating in, green and drowned-looking by the light of the instruments, a hand that took the wheel and turned it so that we swung around the corner as neat and sweet as you like. My neck prickled, and the sweat dropped off my top lip when I saw this, but I wasn't harmed or affected in any other way. The hand vanished and we moved on, deliberately and slowly down the road. At every corner the hand came in and I was no longer afraid—just sleepy and comfortable.

"We finally came to the first set of lights, down on Owen Street, and the lights were against us. Sure enough, the car stopped, waited for the change, and on the green, away we went down the street toward the second set of lights in Market Lane. These, too, were red, and again we stopped and waited for the change.

"As you all know, I live straight on up Market Lane, so I was at the end of my journey and I opened the door and hopped out. There I stood on the curb in the rain, watching the ghostly car go on, silently and dreadfully gliding up the road, till its taillight disappeared around the corner.

"I stood there under the traffic lights for about ten minutes, thinking about what I'd seen and done, and smoking a cigarette. There was no one about at all—just the lights blinking, red, amber, green, and me and my thoughts, and the hissing rain.

"I was just about to go, when a man appeared out of the darkness and asked for a light. He was soaking, sopping wet, water was running out of the bottoms of his trousers and squeezing up out of the eyelets of his shoes, and his hair was plastered to his cheeks. His matches were wet, he said, so I gave him a few out of the box in my pocket, and we smoked together in silence.

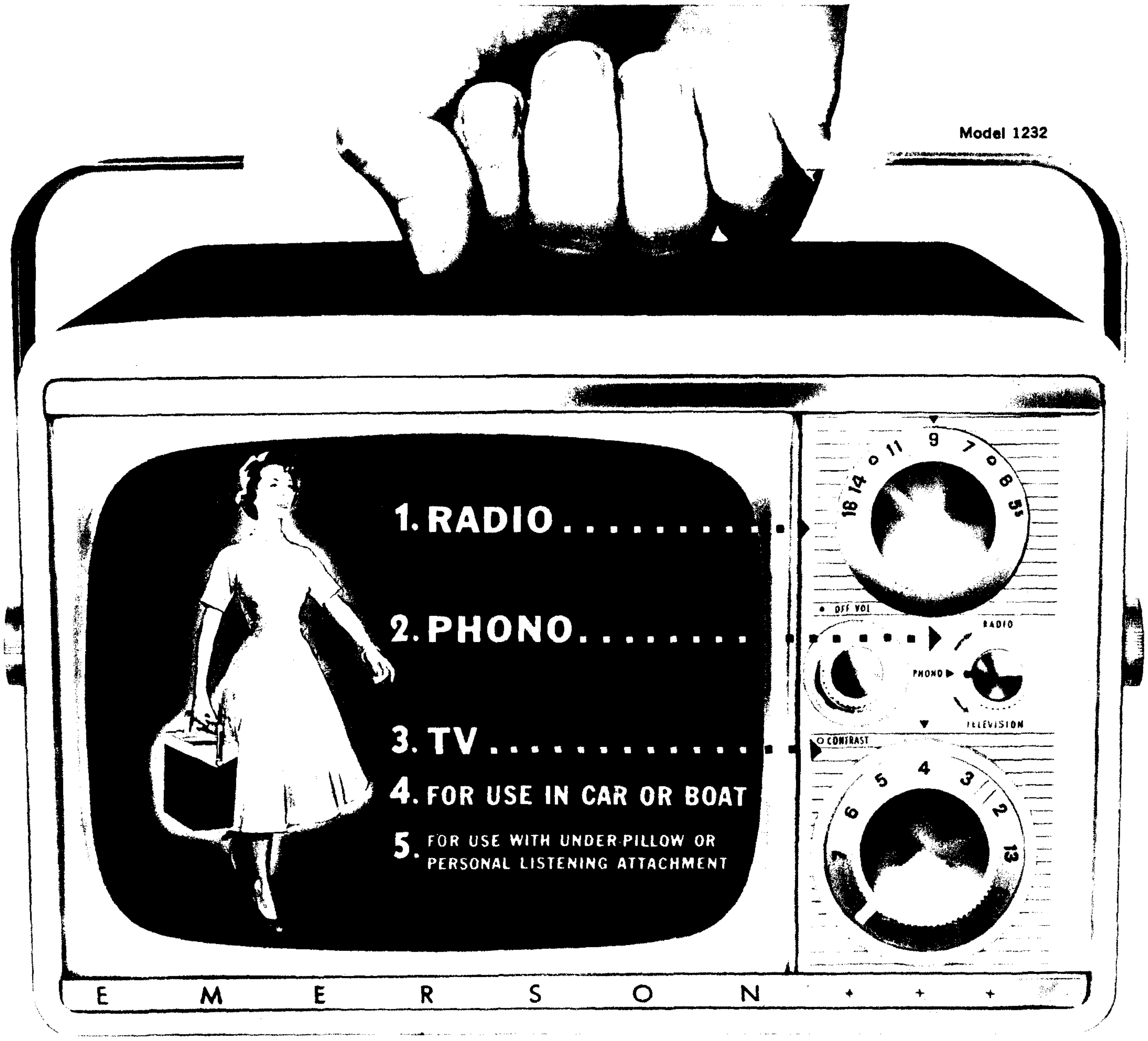
"I'd been thinking about this journey of mine and needed to tell someone about it, so I started telling him, for he was there, and it was all so fresh in my mind. 'A funny thing happened to me,' I started. 'I was walking back from Church End about an hour ago.' He looked at me in disbelief. 'From Church End?' I said, 'Yes. Why?' He looked at me strangely, looked at my dry clothes, then at his wet ones and said, 'I've just come from there.' It was my turn to look at him oddly for we'd passed no one on the way. 'Yes,' he said, 'my Austin ran out of petrol there and I had to push the ruddy thing all the way back here, in the rain.'

"Now, I'll have one more pint of beer and get off home." THE END

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

Emerson PRESENTS 3 GREAT NEW ENGINEERING MIRACLES

Color...Portable TV...Transistors


Model 1232
1. RADIO
2. PHONO
3. TV
4. FOR USE IN CAR OR BOAT
5. FOR USE WITH UNDER-PILLOW OR PERSONAL LISTENING ATTACHMENT
OFF VOL
RADIO
PHONO
TELEVISION
CONTRAST
E M E R S O N

Emerson

PORT-O-RAMA

WORLD'S FIRST 5-WAY

PORTABLE TV-PHONORADIO

Engineering Miracle #1! It's a portable TV set! Portable radio, too! There's a phonojack and switch for record playing! It plugs into a car and plays on a boat.* There is even an under-pillow or private ear listening attachment* for use without disturbing others!

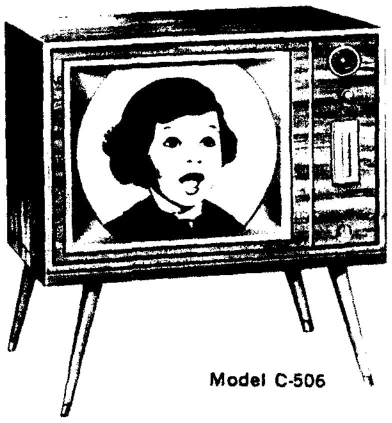
It's the all-in-one portable—available in full UHF and VHF channel tuning. Five beautiful color combinations.

Complete as illustrated (right), including built-in antenna and carrying handle. **$134**

ATTENTION CAR and BOAT DEALERS!
Write for additional information.

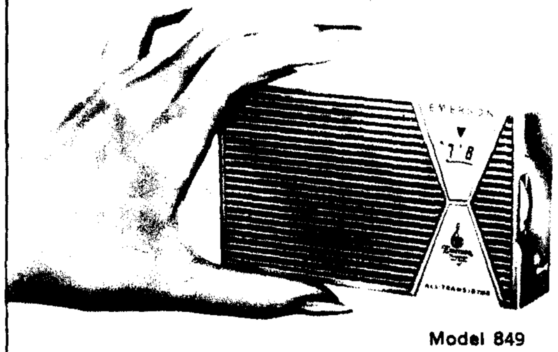
*Optional equipment at extra cost

and COLOR TV


Model C-506

Engineering Miracle #2! The Emerson Colorscope Chassis catches every shading of color TV. Aluminized tube receives black and white pictures as well as full color on a big 21" screen (overall diameter). Ready for UHF. Choice of decorator finishes.

...*and* TUBELESS POCKET RADIO


Model 849

Engineering Miracle #3! Imagine! So small it fits inside the palm of your hand, yet this amazing radio gives you rich, clear "big set" tone. Carry it with you everywhere in your pocket or purse. 6 lifetime transistors. Year-round pleasure without changing battery. Available in "Nevabreak" cabinet in a variety of smart colors. **$58**

wherever you look... there's ***Emerson***

†Reg. Pat. Off.

creator of miracles in portable electronics

Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp., Jersey City 2, N. J., Makers of Television, Radio, Phonographs, Hi-Fi and Air Conditioners

Prices slightly higher in South and West

Now from the makers of BUFFERIN®...

A modern rub NEW MINIT-RUB that gives relief from rheumatic pain arthritic pain

Not sticky, messy—no strong smell! New Minit-Rub® relieves deep-down pain without burning skin

Now out of 3 years' scientific research comes a truly *modern* rub — distinctly different from the sticky, messy, bad-smelling rubs you've used before. A rub that relieves deep-down aches of rheumatism, neuralgia, even arthritis—yet won't burn the skin.

Cool—Stainless! New Minit-Rub is pleasant to use—can't soil clothing. And it acts faster than greasy rubs! As you smooth it on, Minit-Rub *vanishes.* Just as fast, its 3 pain-relieving ingredients—*all prescribed by doctors*—start working to restore comfort.

Minit-Rub promptly checks pain impulses from nerves far down in the muscles. Stimulates circulation, too. Thus it breaks up painful congestion and relieves stiffness and soreness even bone-deep! And it's safe to use as often as needed.

Next time anyone in your family suffers rheumatic or arthritic pain, bring relief this modern, greaseless way. Ask for new Minit-Rub at any drug counter.

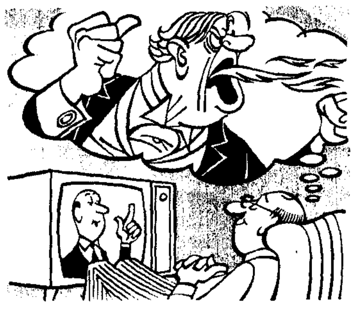
MINIT-RUB IS ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

48 states of mind

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Trouble with this campaign is, it lacks a villain. Too much professional rectitude on both sides. A few nondescript scamps but no true villains. Lacks slogans, too. What's become of that old zowie stuff that had brass-lunged orators beseeching us to Throw the Rascals Out? No authentic rascals. What about Back to Normalcy? Or A Chicken in Every Pot? Who is exhorting howling throngs to Stand at Armageddon Battling for The Lord? What's the matter with our spellbinders? The World Must Be Made Safe for Democracy. Where are the spine tinglers like that? We could go on like this at a great rate. The Full Dinner Pail. Raise Less Corn and More Hell. Millions for Defense but Not One Cent for Tribute. What this campaign needs is a darn' good demagogue.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Finally this fellow gave in. Said he hadn't voted since 1932—and couldn't remember whom he'd voted for then, "just couldn't stomach the other fellow." He has promised the Mena, Arkansas, lady that he'd try again this year—but she "ain't to hold me responsible if things don't turn out right."

* * *

What we're trying to say is: Get out there and vote. All sorts of candidates to choose from. Some running on their record; some running away from same; some running in spite of it. Vote for somebody—anybody. And if he wins, make him regret it by reminding him weekly of what he said that won you.

* * *

Some time ago, Catlettsburg, Kentucky, voted 1,138 to 923 to ban alcoholic beverages. That over, Catlettsburg may now concentrate on such minor affairs as selecting somebody to run the country. Naturally we looked into that dry victory and came up with the facts. Well-known citizen of Catlettsburg tells us that a lot of the boys voted with the majority because if the town went wet they were afraid that they'd have to pay more for their liquor.

* * *

We were a bit disappointed in not finding the political guidance we expected in the Auburn (Nebraska) Press-Tribune. But we weren't wholly unrewarded. Right there on the editorial page we found this interesting item: "If you drink a quart of milk every day for 1,200 months, you'll be one hundred years old."

* * *

Doubtless someone has been around trying to sell you on the candidate he's working for. Like Mr. Jack Tarbox, in San Francisco, California. This shill told Mr. Tarbox that his man was the fellow to vote for because he was prepared to devote every minute of his time, if elected, to the future. Quite a number of political aspirants have thus dedicated themselves, indicating that the future had better watch out. "What," asked Mr. Tarbox, "about the present?" The bushbeater told him not to worry. "He'll handle that when he comes to it," he said.

* * *

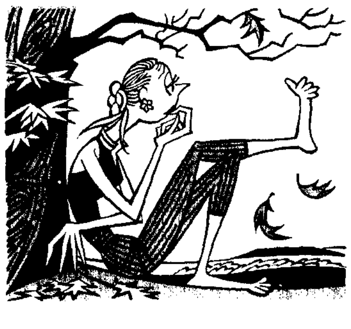
Remember that elderly, obsolete fire engine that the Salisbury, North Carolina, Junior Chamber of Commerce installed in City Park near all those lovely quiet homes? Well, no matter. The kids had lots of fun clambering over it. The big bell in particular. A dinger, that bell. But the bell's gone. Somebody swiped it. Betting is 100 to one and no takers that the delinquent who swiped that bell was not juvenile.

* * *

There's a gentleman in South Carolina who is having an argument with the Internal Revenue people. This fact alone makes this a most unusual paragraph. But there's more to the story. He was arrested, charged with owning a large mess of whisky mash. Internal Revenue nicked him for $313.67 tax on the stuff. Then the court acquitted him of owning it. But the government refuses to give back the tax it levied on something he didn't own. Probably squandered it and won't admit it.

* * *

Miss Cornelia Lockett, a Denver, Colorado, lady, says that she was getting along on a minimum of worries until her newspaper asked: "Are your feet ready for fall?" To have a problem of that dimension suddenly thrown into one's lap, she says, is disturbing. This is particularly true in Miss Lockett's case because she was already grappling with organizing the National Society to Break Fashion Models of the Habit of Posing as if They Were Losing an Important Item of Underwear.

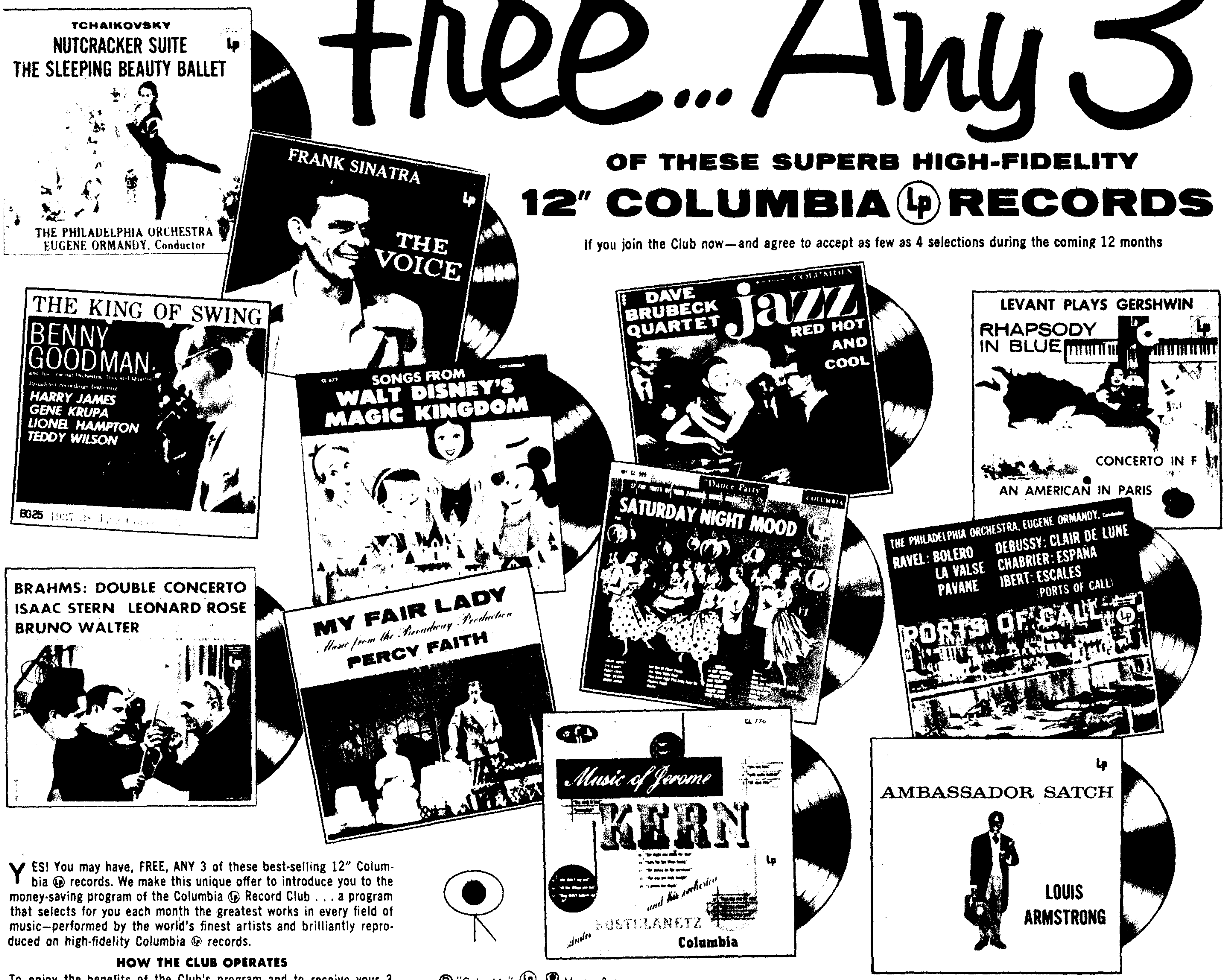


A SENSATIONAL NEW OFFER FROM THE COLUMBIA Ⓛ RECORD CLUB

Free... Any 3

OF THESE SUPERB HIGH-FIDELITY 12" COLUMBIA Ⓛ RECORDS

If you join the Club now—and agree to accept as few as 4 selections during the coming 12 months


TCHAIKOVSKY
NUTCRACKER SUITE
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY BALLET
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor
FRANK SINATRA
THE VOICE
THE KING OF SWING
BENNY GOODMAN
HARRY JAMES
GENE KRUPA
LIONEL HAMPTON
TEDDY WILSON
BG25
SONGS FROM WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC KINGDOM
DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
jazz
RED HOT AND COOL
LEVANT PLAYS GERSHWIN
RHAPSODY IN BLUE
CONCERTO IN F
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS
Dance Party
SATURDAY NIGHT MOOD
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, EUGENE ORMANDY
RAVEL: BOLERO
LA VALSE
PAVANE
DEBUSSY: CLAIR DE LUNE
CHABRIER: ESPAÑA
IBERT: ESCALES
PORTS OF CALL
BRAHMS: DOUBLE CONCERTO
ISAAC STERN LEONARD ROSE
BRUNO WALTER
MY FAIR LADY
Music from the Broadway Production
PERCY FAITH
Music of Jerome KERN
Andre KOSTELANETZ and his orchestra
Columbia
AMBASSADOR SATCH
LOUIS ARMSTRONG

YES! You may have, FREE, ANY 3 of these best-selling 12" Columbia Ⓛ records. We make this unique offer to introduce you to the money-saving program of the Columbia Ⓛ Record Club . . . a program that selects for you each month the greatest works in every field of music—performed by the world's finest artists and brilliantly reproduced on high-fidelity Columbia Ⓛ records.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

To enjoy the benefits of the Club's program and to receive your 3 records free—mail the coupon, indicating which of the four Club divisions best suits your musical taste: Classical; Jazz; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies.

Each month you will receive free the Club Magazine which describes the current selections in all four divisions. You may accept or reject the monthly selection for your division. You may also take records from the other Club divisions. This unique advantage assures you the widest possible choice of recorded entertainment. Or you may tell us to send you NO record in any month. Your only obligation is to accept as few as 4 selections from the almost 100 that will be offered during the next 12 months, and you may cancel membership at any time thereafter. The records you want are mailed and billed to you at only $3.98 plus a small mailing charge.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY

The 3 records sent to you now represent an "advance" of the Club's bonus system—given to you at once. After you have fulfilled your membership obligation by purchasing four records, you will receive an additional free Bonus record of your choice for every two additional Club selections you accept. Bonus records are superb 12" Columbia Ⓛ records—the very best of the world-famous Columbia Ⓛ catalog—just like those shown here. Because you are given a Columbia Ⓛ record free for each two records you purchase from the Club, your membership provides the best buy in records—anywhere.

Indicate on the coupon which 3 records you want free, and the division you prefer. Then mail the coupon at once. You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel without obligation by returning the free records within 10 days.

COLUMBIA Ⓛ RECORD CLUB
165 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

® "Columbia", Ⓛ, Marcas Reg.

MAIL ENTIRE COUPON NOW!

COLUMBIA Ⓛ RECORD CLUB, Dept. 408
165 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me as my FREE gift the 3 records indicated here: (Select the records you want by checking 3 boxes in the list at the right)

. . . and enroll me in the following Division of the Club.

(check one box only)

☐ **Classical** ☐ **Listening and Dancing**
☐ **Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies** ☐ **Jazz**

Each month you will send me the Columbia Ⓛ Record Club Magazine which describes the records offered in all four Club divisions. I have the privilege of accepting the monthly selection in the division checked above, or any other selection described, or none at all. My only obligation is to accept a minimum of four records in the next 12 months at the regular list price plus a small mailing charge. After accepting 4 records, I will receive a free Bonus record for every two additional records I purchase. If not delighted with membership, I may cancel within 10 days by returning all records.

Name..
(Please Print)

Address..

City..............................**Zone**.........**State**......................

CANADA: Prices slightly higher, Address 11-13 Soho St., Toronto 2B

If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia Records dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, please fill in the following information:

Dealer's Name..

Dealer's Address.. 33 A

CHECK THE 3 RECORDS YOU WANT

☐ **Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; Sleeping Beauty —Ballet Music** Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor.

☐ **The Voice** Frank Sinatra sings 12 popular numbers—*Fools Rush In, I Don't Know Why,* etc.

☐ **King of Swing: Vol. I** Benny Goodman and Original Orch., Trio, Quartet. *Ridin' High, Moonglow*—9 more.

☐ **My Fair Lady** Percy Faith and his Orchestra play music from this hit show.

☐ **Brahms: Double Concerto for Violin and 'Cello; Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Tragic Overture** Stern, violin; Rose, 'cello; N. Y. Philharmonic, Walter cond.

☐ **Songs from Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom** 12 happy songs from *Snow White, Dumbo, Pinocchio,* etc.

☐ **Jazz: Red Hot & Cool** Dave Brubeck Quartet in *The Duke, Love Walked In*—5 more.

☐ **Levant Plays Gershwin** 3 works—*Rhapsody In Blue; Concerto in F; American in Paris.*

☐ **Saturday Night Mood** 12 popular bands play favorite dance music. Jimmy Dorsey, Les Elgart, Les Brown, Sammy Kaye and others.

☐ **Ports of Call** Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor. *Bolero, La Valse, Pavane, Clair de Lune, Escales, Espana.*

☐ **Music of Jerome Kern** Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites—*You Are Love, Bill,* etc.

☐ **Ambassador Satch** European Concert Recordings by the great Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars—*Tin Roof Blues, All of Me, Muskrat Ramble,* etc.

COLLIER'S CREDITS

FIFTY YEARS AGO, when Richard Harding Davis was writing a series for Collier's called Real Soldiers of Fortune, the third installment was a colorful account of the life of young Winston Churchill, probably the first magazine story about him in America, which concluded, "His is a picturesque career." It took Davis some 10,000 words to describe it, including hair-raising adventures in the Boer War, lecture tours of North America, election to Parliament, blunt and critical speeches in Commons, several books published and an appointment to the post of Under Secretary for the Colonies. Davis had no way of knowing that Churchill had barely scratched the surface of that career, that in 1956 we'd still be talking about the man.

Our "Richard Harding Davis" in this issue is Drew Middleton. As correspondent for the Associated Press and then The New York Times, in England, the Continent and North Africa during World War II, and then in Russia, Germany and Britain afterward, he probably has been closer to Churchill and Churchillian events than any other modern American newspaperman. Now chief of the London bureau of The New York Times, Middleton's intimate and revealing glimpse of the "retired" Prime Minister is on page 23.

"I first met Churchill before the war," Middleton recalls, "when he was out of office, and someone introduced us in the House one day. But of all the times we've seen each other since, my sharpest memory is of a time when our paths did not cross.

"It was in May, 1940, when the retreat to Dunkerque took place, and Churchill became Prime Minister. He made a speech from the House of Commons. I was attached as correspondent to the British Expeditionary Forces, and I was in the town hall of Boulogne looking out on the square filled with shouting refugees, confused troops, bawling cattle, squalling children, with German guns booming in the distance. Out of the radio came this strong, tough voice, in the famous blood, sweat and tears speech. It sounded pretty good. It was wonderful to hear someone optimistic and sure of the future at a time like that."

* * *

"THE FIRST TIME I interviewed Frederick Hoelzel," Harry Henderson recounts for Collier's Credits, "he was sitting around without a shirt on because of the heat in the rat laboratories. I listened incredulously to the long list of things he had eaten, and was so sure he was inventing it that I nearly became hysterical. I checked up and found it all to be true. Then I was just plain impressed."

On page 6 is a photograph of Hoelzel with a fair sample of the multitude of items he has eaten in the name of science. The biggest problem was finding small ball bearings. Henderson and photographer Rocco Padulo spent two days hunting through Chicago hardware stores, auto-supply centers and the like. Finally they located an outfit that specialized in small ball bearings and Padulo talked to the proprietor on the phone. He turned to Henderson, "They want to know how many we want."

"Oh, get a couple of pounds," instructed Henderson. The photographer repeated this over the phone and then got a queer look on his face, according to Henderson, and said, "Gee, I think the guy has fainted. No, he's laughing!"

It turned out that the small ball bearings cost $2.75 each and a couple of pounds would amount to the world's largest order.

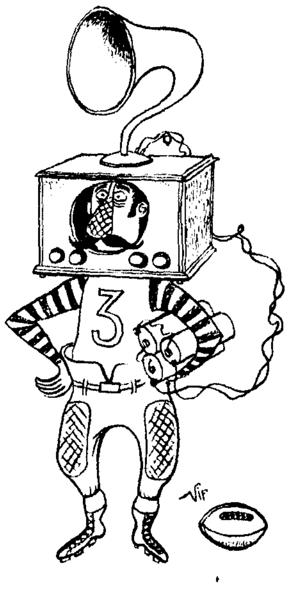
"We explained our problem," Henderson says, "and the ball-bearing man said get BB's. Which we did."

* * *

AWAY UP in the mountains, a long ways from Durham, North Carolina, is a 228-acre farm where Duke's Dr. Gelolo McHugh, author of What Americans Need to Learn about Sex (page 36), relaxes with his family. Ten acres are for garden and orchard. The McHughs are building fishponds and clearing scrub trees from the best stand of white pines (according to the North Carolina Forestry Service) in the area. He reports:

"My hobbies are fruit farming, reading novels, fly fishing, hunting (but I hate to shoot the birds; sometimes I shoot a little to one side if I think the dogs will let me). I dislike intolerance, indirection with intent to deceive and any foisting of adult preconceived notions of goodness upon young people.

"My enthusiasm is for maintaining family life. I don't think we have given this institution a fair chance. I would gladly lead a back-to-rural-living movement, because in the country there is a chance for each member of the family to do work which gives individual meaning to his existence (in spite of belief to the contrary, I have evidence



VIRGIL PARTCH

Coach-to-quarterback broadcasting has a surprising future, according to Virgil Partch's cartoons on page 52. But here he whimsically probes the past: it's Tom Swift and His Electric Football Helmet

Best ending a dream could have –

Wakes you to music every morning!

Now wake up to America's biggest clock radio value! It's your alarm, your reminder, your day-long entertainer. Smart jewel-like case with precision Telechron Clock. Rich Radio tone! Bright Turquoise, Ivory, Coral colors. In Mahogany color (4M22)....only $22.95*

Times cooking periods and other household tasks!

New Custom Clock Radio in choice of 2-tone decorator colors . . . Fiesta Red, Golden Tan, Desert Rose, and London Gray—all with white fronts. Wakes you to your favorite program, tells accurate *electric* time. All colors (5G4 series).....$29.95*

that the country is *not* the best place for the child to learn 'the facts of life').

"I have two sons, named John and Thomas," Dr. McHugh says wryly. "They do not have to fight every day because of fun poked at their names. My own first name, Gelolo, is either a contraction of an Irish name with 16 syllables, or a corruption of Gilolo Island, a small island in the South Pacific. It was my father's name, passed on to me, and that's all I know about it."

★ ★ ★

IN APRIL, 1953, James D. Horan, author of Thus the Frontier Vanished, on page 98, met a tall, white-haired old man, almost blind, in his tidy little apartment in New York City. He was George Bolds, the last of the frontier marshals and only living survivor of the bloody Battle of Cimarron, which almost touched off another Civil War in Kansas.

Horan spent a year carefully taking down the old man's story, and this week it is being brought out by Crown Publishers under the title Across the Cimarron, the 12th book by Horan on the West and the Civil War.

Just before he died in 1954 at the age of ninety-two, Bolds finished telling his story, concluding with the spring of 1889 when, still weak from wounds suffered at Cimarron, he rode into Arkansas City, Kansas, the jump-off place for the settlers who were to stake claims on the last frontier.

Bolds saw the thousands of men, in wagons, on horses, even on foot; saw them cross the Cherokee Strip to reach the Oklahoma line. He even swapped drinks with Eat-'Em-Up-Jake, a notorious gunman he knew from Dodge City days.

The McHughs: Elizabeth, John, Gelolo and Tom. (No fighting over the boys' names)

Horan limited this period of Bolds's life to a chapter in the book, but built it into the exciting and authentic story in this issue, the fourth in Collier's American Tradition series.

Horan has been a practicing newspaperman most of his adult life. Now an editor of the New York Journal-American, he has managed to sandwich in a career as a leading writer on American frontier history. His most successful book was Desperate Men, a study of famous outlaws. He is now working on a Civil War novel but won't discuss it.

"Anything new about the Civil War is as perishable as a banana in the sun," he declares.

In addition to our "eyewitness" account of the land rush, you'll find photographs of the period that never have been published before. They are the work of a pioneer photographer, W. S. Prettyman, who roamed the Old West shooting memorable scenes (such as family group portraits with Chiefs Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face).

Mr. Prettyman's now-precious glass plates were scattered all over the attics and basements of Oklahoma and Kansas until Bob Cunningham, of Stillwater, Oklahoma, a few years ago realized their historical value and began a systematic search for them. Cunningham, an ex-newspaperman interested in history and photography, was so successful that the University of Oklahoma Press will publish Prettyman's pictures in book form next year. His vivid chronicle of the era includes the photographs of the boomer family gathered on page 100 and the two lot claimants staring at you on page 105.

★ ★ ★

THE BODY IN ROOMETTE 9 is the first collaborative effort of (Mr. and Mrs.) Howard and Luraine Rigsby. Here's how it happened:

Howard, who has written plays as well as a good many mystery novels, has been doing some work on the book of a musical. (It's a science-fiction fantasy to be called, congruently, Heavenly Bodies.) He reports:

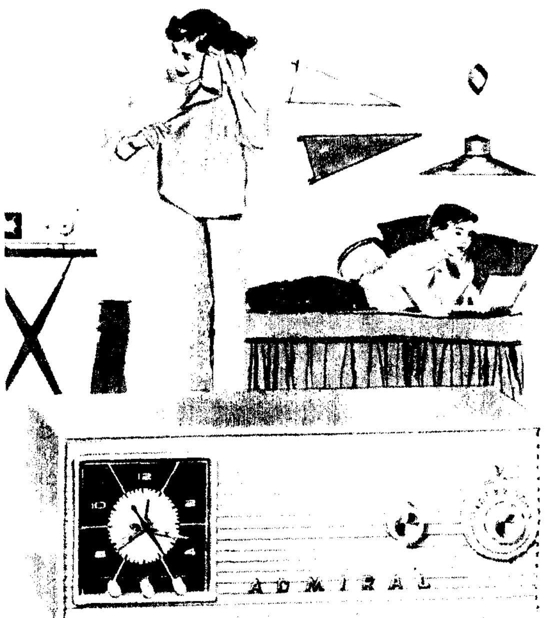
"My wife and I were in Ruby Foo's restaurant in New York's theatrical belt one day discussing this musical project with producer Adna Karns and director Marshall Jamison. We noticed a large, gay luncheon party and recognized in the group several actors who were playing in a musical across the street. The manager of Ruby's told us the others in the party were off a show train from Cleveland. On the taxi ride home it occurred to me that a show train would be a wonderful place to find a corpse. Luraine had the same idea. And that's The Body in Roomette 9." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

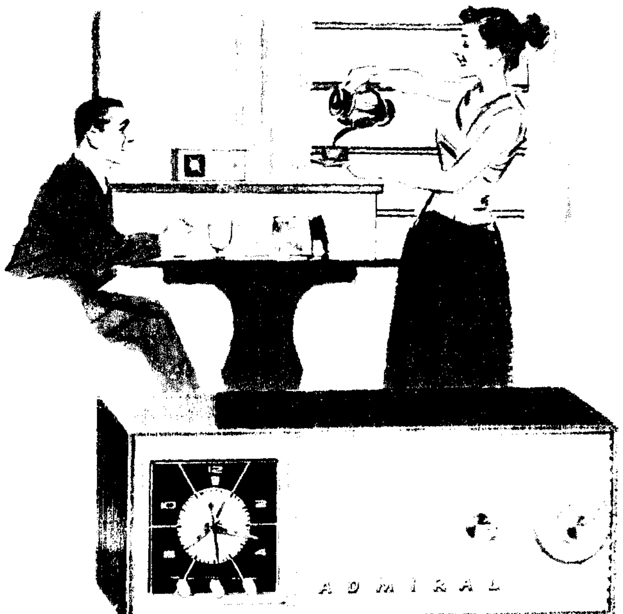
Admiral clock radios start at $22.95*

Permanently Luminous Clock Hands!

Turns Appliances on-off, automatically!

Calendar Dial tells day and the date!





Admiral Deluxe Clock Radio a wonderful helpmate. Lulls you to sleep, turns itself off, then wakes you to music, on time. Has gentle buzz if you oversleep, turns appliances on-off. In Laurel Pink, London Gray, Cameo Tan (5H4 series). . $34.95!*

New Calendar Clock Radio — extra useful because it not only turns radio and appliances on-off . . . it even tells you day and date! Buzz alarm; luminous hands. In Red, Turquoise, Gray or Pink colors, all with White fronts (5J4 series). . $39.95*

Deluxe Calendar Clock Radio does nearly everything for you! Wakes you, reminds, starts appliances, tells you day and date —even has plug-in to play phonograph thru radio speaker. In Ivory, Beige, or Green. Mahogany color (5A42). $42.95!*

**Prices slightly higher south, west and Canada. Subject to change without notice.*

AT LAST...

A DRIPLESS

2-QUART

WINE BOTTLE!

THE MAGIC TOP · PREVENTS DRIPPING
ROMA
Reserve
CALIFORNIA WINE

ROMA'S big economy half-gallon

POSITIVELY

PREVENTS

DRIPPING

Makes pouring so easy

More for your money and fewer trips to the store when you buy these wonderful ROMA California Wines in Dripless Half-Gallons. With meals, ROMA Burgundy, Sauterne, Zinfandel, Chablis, Claret, Rhine wine, Vino di Roma. Before dinner, afterwards, anytime you like wine, ROMA Sherry, Pale Dry Sherry, Cocktail Sherry, Cream Sherry, Port, Ruby Port, Tawny Port, White Port, Tokay, Muscatel.

ROMA WINES

FIFTHS AND QUARTS IN DRIPLESS BOTTLES, TOO

ROMA WINE CO., FRESNO, CALIF.

Why don't they?

PUT plastic tops on soft-drink bottles to prevent occasional rust deposits around the top edge of the bottle?—*Mrs. L. A. Randall, Pascagoula, Miss.*

MANUFACTURE medicine cabinets with a separate locking compartment to keep children out and to prevent inadvertent taking of dangerous drugs?—*Mrs. Jules Perot, Morristown, N.J.*

ATTACH a small light to dust-mop handles to enable you to see dust in dark corners and closets?—*Mrs. Loy Willen, Terre Haute, Indiana.*

MARKET electric can openers?—*John E. Andres, Albany, N.Y.*

FASTEN handles to the bottoms of boats so you have something firm to hold on to if the boat upsets?—*Mrs. Marvin Collins, Platteville, Wis.*

PRODUCE disposable shower caps for use in motels to eliminate packing a wet cap or having wet hair if you have forgotten one?—*Mrs. D. Jasion, Lisle, Ill.*

MAKE a scouring attachment to fit onto portable electric mixers so that burned pots and pans can be cleaned thoroughly with a minimum of time and effort?—*Mrs. John E. Beals, Richmond, Indiana.*

PACKAGE face soap in tubes so you can freshen up in public washrooms? A tube can be carried in pocket or purse without the mess of a wet bar of soap. —*Mrs. J. E. McDaniel, La Plata, Mo.*

HAVE foot-pedal openers on mailboxes to make it easier for the person with an armful of packages to mail a letter?—*Marilyn Jordan, San Diego, Calif.*

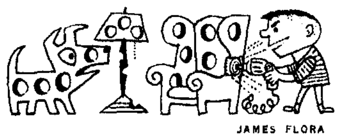
SELL tea bags with sugar already in them? This would simplify the work for camping tea lovers.—*Beth Gruber, Lakewood, Calif.*

POST the destinations of all buses in the rear as well as in the front, to save people from "breaking their necks" for a bus they do not want?—*Mrs. Martin F. Turner, Kansas City, Kans.*

IF YOU'VE A NEED no one seems to have filled, address a post card to Why Don't They?, Collier's, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Each published idea is worth $5. No contributions are returned or acknowledged. If ideas are duplicated, earliest postmarks get precedence.

Now they've done it!

For the baby, there's a four-legged metal swing and stand, with a seat that detaches to become a doorway swing and also a car seat.

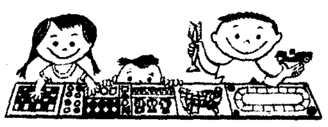


A new hole saw attachment for your electric drill, drill press, lathe or any motor has an automatic slug-ejector that pops out the cut disks. It makes one-inch to two-inch holes in any ¾-inch stock—wood, wallboard, plastics or metal.

Have trouble pulling a wine cork? A new corkscrew has a double spiral said to contract, instead of expand, the cork for easy, crumbless removal.

For sleeping comfort, you can now get an electrically heated mattress divided into five temperature zones to provide the lesser amount of warmth needed for the trunk, the greater amount needed for the extremities. There's also a thermostat with 11 temperature settings for even greater heat control.

Overflowing kitchen cupboard? A rack that stacks six cups in the space of one should help. The blond hardwood unit—a base with three vertical rods—stores the cups securely, lets you remove all you need without fear of tipping the pile.



Kids six to eleven will like a folding metal study table, also useful for hobbies and games. Lithographed on top are an auto race, "Skelly" game, magnetic dart board, and drawing board, plus U.S. map, pictures of Presidents, and basic information such as weights and measures, fractions and decimals, multiplication table and solar-system data. The table opens at the touch of a button to 21½ inches by 60 inches, by 25½ inches high, converts to a stand-up art easel, comes with game pieces, drawing pad and crayons.

Car doors need reupholstering? You can do the job yourself with a kit containing a new vinyl plastic quilted material that can be glued, stapled or tacked over the present covering. The material has a white top, ebony bottom, and center strip of metallic blue, green or red.

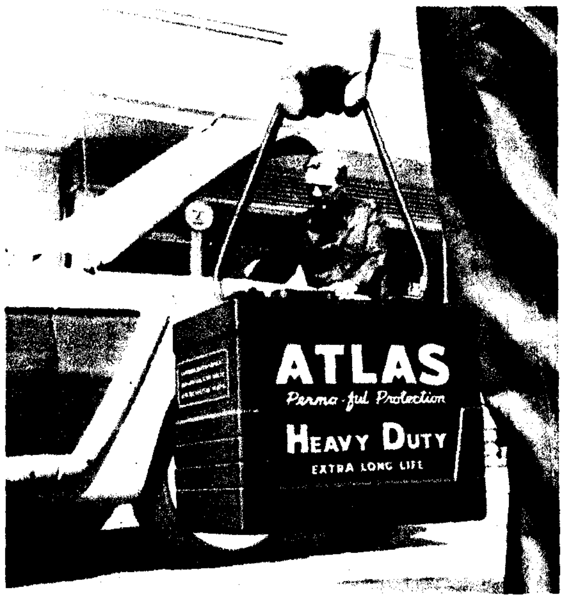
A cold-water wool soap has been introduced in both powder and liquid form. Shrink- and mat-resistant, it's guaranteed safe for fine woolens and cashmeres.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

NAMES AND ADDRESSES of manufacturers or distributors of the items mentioned above will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiry, with a self-addressed stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It!, Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

ATLAS* TIRES
BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

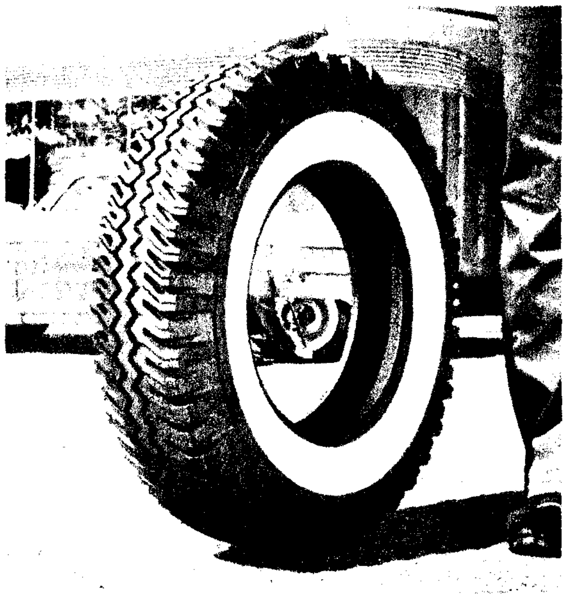
ATLAS
Heavy Duty



ATLAS BATTERIES. Exceed S.A.E.† standards on all 4 measurements of battery performance.

†*Society of Automotive Engineers*

ATLAS PERMA-GUARD.* One fill lasts all winter. Protects to 60° below. Won't boil off or evaporate.



ATLAS WEATHERGARD* TIRES. Unmatched non-skid traction. Won't clog up with snow or mud.

Winter protection for you is all-year protection for him

When you go to your neighborhood Atlas service station dealer for winter service, you can be sure you'll get dependable protection. He recommends Atlas Weathergard tires, Atlas Perma-Guard Anti-Freeze and Atlas Batteries because they match the quality of the fine gasolines he sells—and more important—because he knows your satisfaction with these fine products will keep you as a customer and friend all year 'round.

ATLAS TIRES, BATTERIES, ACCESSORIES...Recommended by 38,000 leading service stations in the United States

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1956, ATLAS SUPPLY COMPANY, NEWARK 2, N. J.

However you "cream" your coffee –

You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!

NEW INSTANT PREAM 100% DAIRY PRODUCT FOR COFFEE

IF YOU LIKE IT "WITH"... YOU'LL LOVE IT WITH PREAM!

Something wonderful has happened to your coffee! It's Pream, a delicious powdered "creamer" that's nothing but fresh sweet cream and other milk products . . . that's why it is so fresh tasting!

And Pream is wonderfully convenient, too. It never spills or spoils, keeps on the shelf or in the refrigerator. Best of all—Pream is always there when you need it!

Try thrifty Pream® for cooking, too! A *brand-new, free* Pream Recipe Folder tells you how to put rich, old-fashioned goodness in everyday stand-bys. Write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

NEW FROM
THE PREAM RECIPE FOLDER—
Husband-Tested Ham Gravy

Pour off all but 4 tbsp. fat from roasting pan. Add 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tbsp. vinegar, 1 tbsp. brown sugar and 1½ cups water to fat and drippings in pan. Mix 2 tbsp. flour with 4 tbsp. Pream. Sprinkle over water in pan. Cook and stir until mixture boils and is thickened.

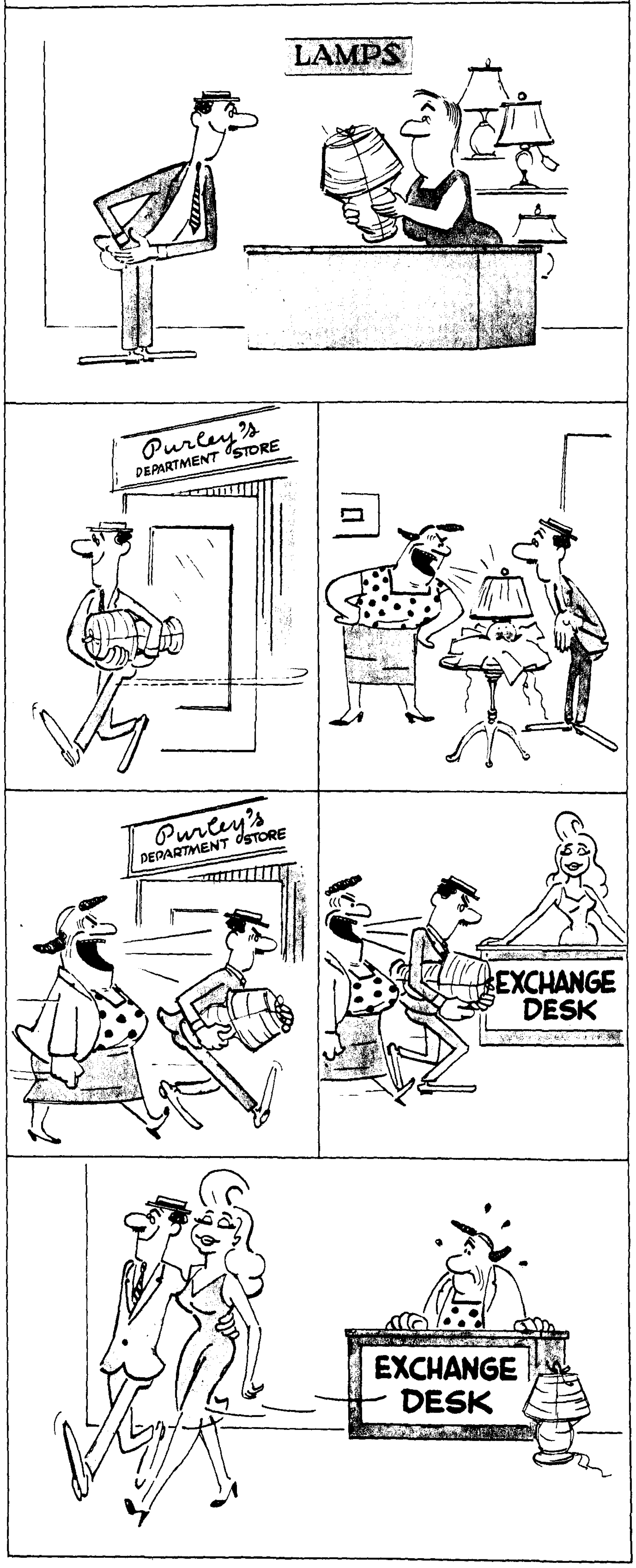
© 1956, H. C. MOORES CO., COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

PREAM

Fair Exchange

By Henri Arnold



LAMPS
Purley's DEPARTMENT STORE
Purley's DEPARTMENT STORE
EXCHANGE DESK
EXCHANGE DESK

Young Fathers—

Wake Up! MONY's $10,000 TMT (Temporary Modified Term) policy is the perfect insurance "starter"—gives your family the kind of protection you thought you wouldn't be able to afford for years!

Father: Gosh, you gave me a start!

MONY: Exactly what TMT is made to do! $10,000 worth of life insurance on a 5-year term basis—*to start young families off on a life insurance program.*

Father: Expensive?

MONY: No! That's the point. The annual premium cost for a fellow age 30, who qualifies, averages out to about 16 cents a day for the first two years, and about 23 cents a day for the last three years. Further, at the end of the second year, dividends are expected to begin. As they are declared, they may be used to *reduce* the already modest cost. You get maximum protection at minimum cost!

Father: Can I convert it to a permanent policy?

MONY: You sure can. TMT is *flexible.* At any time during the five-year term, MONY guarantees you the right to convert this big, economy-size term policy to the same amount of permanent insurance *without taking another physical examination.*

Father: It's that easy, eh?

MONY: You bet. And besides TMT being the perfect insurance "starter" for young fellows like yourself, TMT is a great life insurance *supplement.* It can be used to help pay off a mortgage, protect business interests or make sure your children will finish college, should anything happen to you while your coverage is in force.

Father: Never dreamed I could afford $10,000 worth of life insurance protection today! Glad you woke me up!

MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Life Insurance—Accident and Sickness—Hospitalization—Retirement Plans . . . FOR INDIVIDUALS AND EMPLOYEE GROUPS

MONY offices are located throughout the United States and in Canada

MONY TODAY MEANS **MONEY** TOMORROW!

For further information, mail this coupon today!

Mutual Of New York, Dept. C-1025
Broadway at 55th Street, New York 19, New York

I would like further information about the new MONY TMT policy.

Name____________________________

Address____________________________

City______________ County or Zone_______ State_________

Occupation_________________ Date of Birth_________

LETTERS

"Remarkable and Masterful"

Editor: May I again express my admiration of Cornelius Ryan's handling of the personal and delicate story of our recent tragedy (Five Desperate Hours in Cabin 56, Sept. 28th).

I have heard from many friends as well as colleagues and associates since the publication of the story and the consensus is that he did a remarkable job. Dr. Thure C. Peterson, Upper Montclair, N.J.

. . . The sinking of the Titanic when I was a small boy has stood out in my life as the most vivid news story of the last half century. I have now read another story that takes its place beside this other great tragedy of the sea. . . . Charles E. Thomas, Charleston, S.C.

. . . The most masterful story your magazine ever has printed. . . . Arthur J. Goodman, Cleveland, Ohio

Sullivan . . . and Godfrey

Editor: My Story, by Ed Sullivan (Sept. 14th, 28th, Oct. 12th), is timely, excellent and inspiring. Horatio Alger has nothing on Eddie. . . .
George Wesley Blount, West Chester, Pa.

. . . I—I—I. Has Sullivan ever heard of humility? My O Me.
Mrs. Harold Tomlin, Sheridan, Ill.

. . . He is a fine courageous American publicizing some of the awful things, the petulance, cruelties and smallness of some of our so-called Big Names.
Mrs. H. G. Johnson, Nashville, Tenn.

MARVIN KONER

. . . Mr. Sullivan merely shows his jealousy of Godfrey. . . .
N. R. Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

H.S.T.

Editor: Collier's Comment on The Rise and Fall of Harry Truman (Sept. 28th) is an astute and faithful appraisal of a man who never reached the stature of the high office to which he fell heir. Alton G. Mackenzie, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I feel you are a bit premature in laying Harry Truman so eagerly to rest. His espousal of Harriman was shrewdly made to clear Stevenson of the H.S.T. stigma. C. I. Thompson, Mountain Home, Ark.

A Second Episode

Editor: The charming and characteristic memoir by L. B. Seltzer (Episode in a Railroad Station, Sept. 14th) is a happy reminder of one of the finest and noblest of our ex-Presidents and former chief justices. A member of my family once witnessed a similar incident. Entraining in a Pullman in New York he found the ex-President just ahead of him. Mr. Taft suddenly stopped and, turning to the porter, handed him another gratuity, saying: "Won't you please take this? I recently failed to give something to one of your craft." L. T. Wolkins, Newton Highlands, Mass.

Let's Get Synchronized

Editor: Thank you for your editorial, Those Crazy Mixed-up Traffic Laws (Sept. 14th). It is a well-stated presentation of the problem and the solution. Public support is essential if the legislatures of the states are to make our traffic laws uniform. Collier's has performed a public service in making this point clear. J. M. Bethea, Deputy Director the President's Committee for Traffic Safety, Washington, D.C.

. . . As a professional driver (I drive U.S. 99, Seattle to Los Angeles, approximately 80,000 miles per year in a heavy-duty truck), I say "Amen." . . . R. W. Shone, Bellingham, Washington

No Bite for the Bulldog?

Editor: Being a recent Yalie . . . I couldn't help but . . . enjoy seeing that Francis Wallace (Football Preview, Sept. 14th) rates Yale as the third best team in the nation, but I believe he went just a bit overboard. Using his ratings, I have concocted some scores . . . if these teams were to play this year:

Yale	21	Ohio State	14
Yale	28	Texas	7
Yale	35	Purdue	0
Yale	14	Maryland	7
Oklahoma	28	Yale	27

(missed that extra point)

To me this sounds quite fanciful . . . I want to thank Mr. Wallace for being so nice, but really we don't deserve it. He could have been more honest and placed us fourth.
Arthur D. Baldwin II, 2d Lt., 22d Armored Field Artillery Battalion, Fort Hood, Texas

. . . must say I'm still chuckling . . . He is evidently a product of Yale . . .
J. D. Robertson, Kingston, Tenn.

Predictor Wallace is an avid Notre Dame alumnus. This year he picks the Irish to be ranked eighth.

NOW! Shut off annoying TV commercials with ZENITH®

the "SPACE-COMMANDER" Control Box in your hand answers your silent commands from your easy chair!

"Space-Commander" works from anywhere in the room; in fact, it works even from the next room. This is truly remote tuning at its finest!

NOTHING BETWEEN YOU AND THE RECEIVER BUT SPACE!

YOU SEE NOTHING!
YOU HEAR NOTHING!
NO BATTERIES!
NO WIRES! NO CORDS!
NO FLASHLIGHTS!
NO RADIO CONTROL WAVES!
NO TRANSISTORS!

YOURS TODAY! THE ONE AND ONLY THING NEW IN TELEVISION!...AND ONLY ZENITH HAS IT!

"Space-Commander" is a revolutionary TV remote tuner, compact enough to hold in the palm of your hand. Without batteries, electricity, light or radio waves, it enables you to operate a TV receiver across the room, or even from the next room. You can turn the receiver on or off, dial right or left for desired channel, and even silence commercials. You don't even have to point "Space-Commander"! Weighs just 8 ounces!

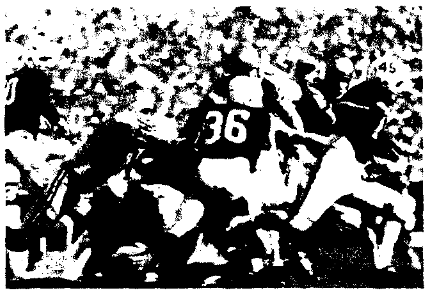
The "Space-Commander's" range is limited to your own home. It's not a radio control and it can't interfere with your neighbor's set. It emits no radiations harmful to humans. You do not see, hear, or in any way feel transmission of any impulses between the "Space-Commander" and the set. There's nothing between you and the set but "SPACE"—and nothing for you to do but give a silent "COMMAND" with the touch of your finger on the "Space-Commander" box for the ultimate in remote tuning!

SEE "SPACE-COMMAND" TUNING DEMONSTRATED ON NCCA FOOTBALL TELECASTS

ON-OFF
LEFT
RIGHT
MUTE
ZENITH
SPACE-COMMANDER
"400"

NOW TV TUNING IS AS EASY AS WISHING! IT'S ZENITH MAGIC!

see, try the magic of "SPACE COMMAND"



STAN WAYMAN

Florida fullback Bob Visser (49) goes over for a touchdown against Georgia Tech

. . . I think your title picture to Francis Wallace's article deserves mentioning. This shows the play in which Florida scored against Georgia Tech . . . we were one of the few teams to score on Tech all season. . . .
MAYNARD A. BERGGREN, Miami, Fla.

Howdy, Stranger

EDITOR: Robert Bendiner, in his excellent article (Those Efficient Europeans, Aug. 31st), might also have mentioned a convenience found in many German cities.

If you have just arrived . . . and are looking for a hotel, find the office marked *Zimmernachweis* in or near the railroad station and tell the clerk what kind of accommodation you want. He will suggest hotels . . . When you have made a tentative choice, he will call and get a definite price. If acceptable to you, he will make a reservation in your name and give you . . . directions for getting there.

There is rarely a fee for this service; if one is charged, the hotel credits it to your bill.

If you want to try out your German, there's a slim chance of getting the clerk to go along with you; he'll probably prefer to use English. . . .
LESLIE J. DEAN, Boston, Mass.

Tu-104

EDITOR: Please look at the article by James J. Haggerty, Jr. (Russia's Edge in Jetliners, Aug. 31st), praising the Tu-104.

. . . Have the Russians . . . with their usual gift for fooling us, done it again? W. P. Lear, an American airplane parts manufacturer [who recently returned from Moscow], says that the automatic pilot in this wondership Tu-104 was from a B-17 (WWII Flying Fortress) buyable in any junk shop for $6.
HARRY GITTINGS, JR.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Says writer Haggerty: "Lear is probably right. I had only 2½ minutes in the cockpit; he had more time, and plane parts are his business. But, at dinner together that night in Moscow, Lear agreed with me that, in over-all design, the Tu-104 put the Russians far ahead of us."

Women and Security

EDITOR: The article Where Men Go Wrong about Women Voters, by Walter Davenport (Sept. 14th), was very interesting.

Most women are primarily concerned about family security . . . and will vote chiefly to ensure that security. They do not have the long-range perspective that most men have, to look ahead and see that these same policies may severely restrict our personal freedom and prepare for a more powerful and dictatorial central government.
MRS. R. L. CRUMB, Fountain, Fla.

Chief Subject

EDITOR: . . . I greatly appreciated your full-page editorial on our beloved Earl Warren (A Slur on a Great American, Aug. 31st). MRS. DOROTHY M. FROST,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

. . . Some of us can remember Chief Justices White, Taft, Hughes and Stone. What a difference!
HARRY P. SWEENY, Thomason, Me.

. . . I am angered over the slur against Senator Joseph McCarthy . . . He is the Great American.
MRS. ELSIE F. WADE,
San Francisco, Calif.

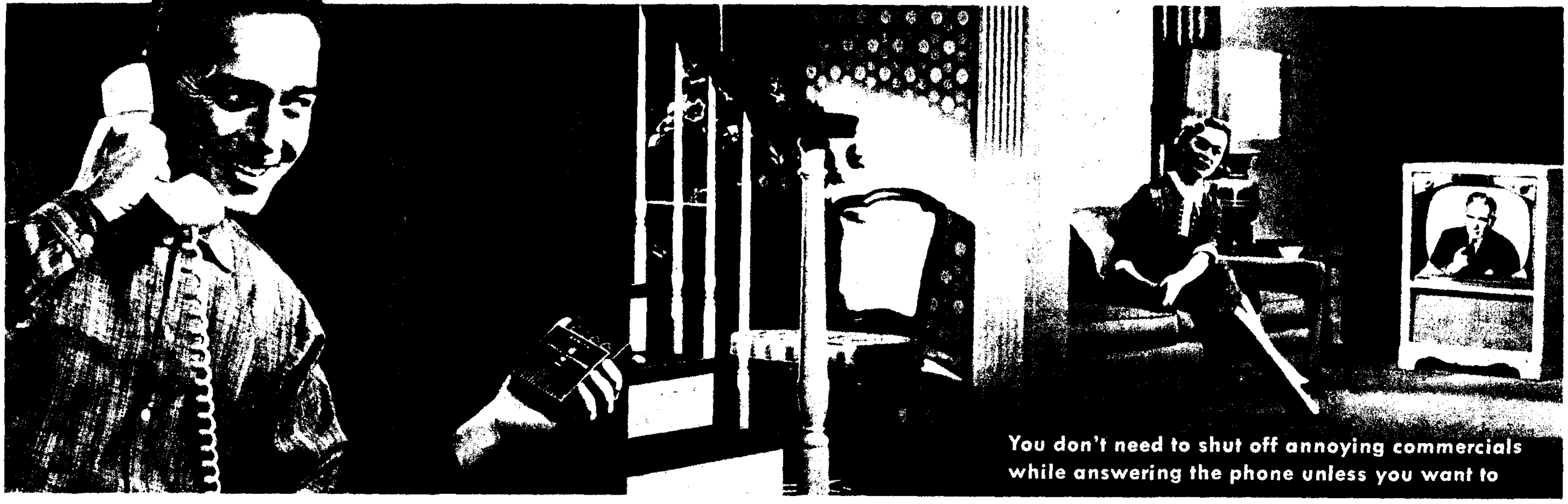
. . . This once dignified and august body, the Supreme Court, is now composed of a lot of old political hacks. They ought to be investigated.
KENNETH C. REVERE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Cover **David Lees**

Danny Kaye's sense of sound is so acute he can speak what passes for a foreign language moments after he's heard it. As he's doing with *the little Israeli girl* on our cover, the comedian has spoken his hilarious double talk countless times on world tours as good-will ambassador for the UN Children's Fund (pages 32-35). His act is so good it sometimes fools the natives. Once he talked dead pan for five minutes to Jeanmaire, the *gamine* French ballerina, then abruptly walked away. The hopelessly confused lady wailed to bystanders: "I know eet ees French—but I can't understand eet"

SPACE-COMMAND" REMOTE TV TUNING!

Relax! From your easy chair or even from the next room, turn set on and off, change stations, turn sound on and off, shut off annoying commercials!

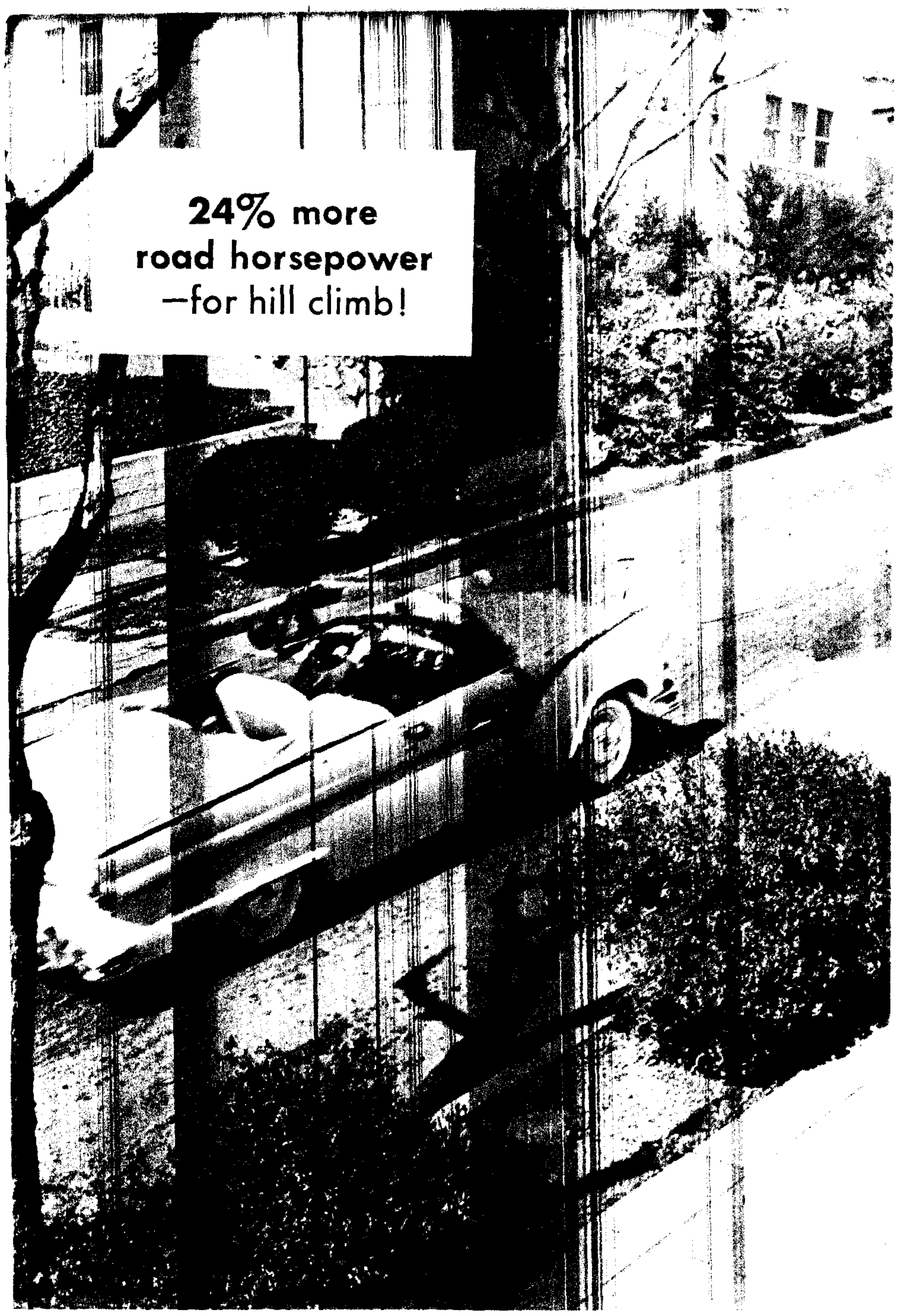


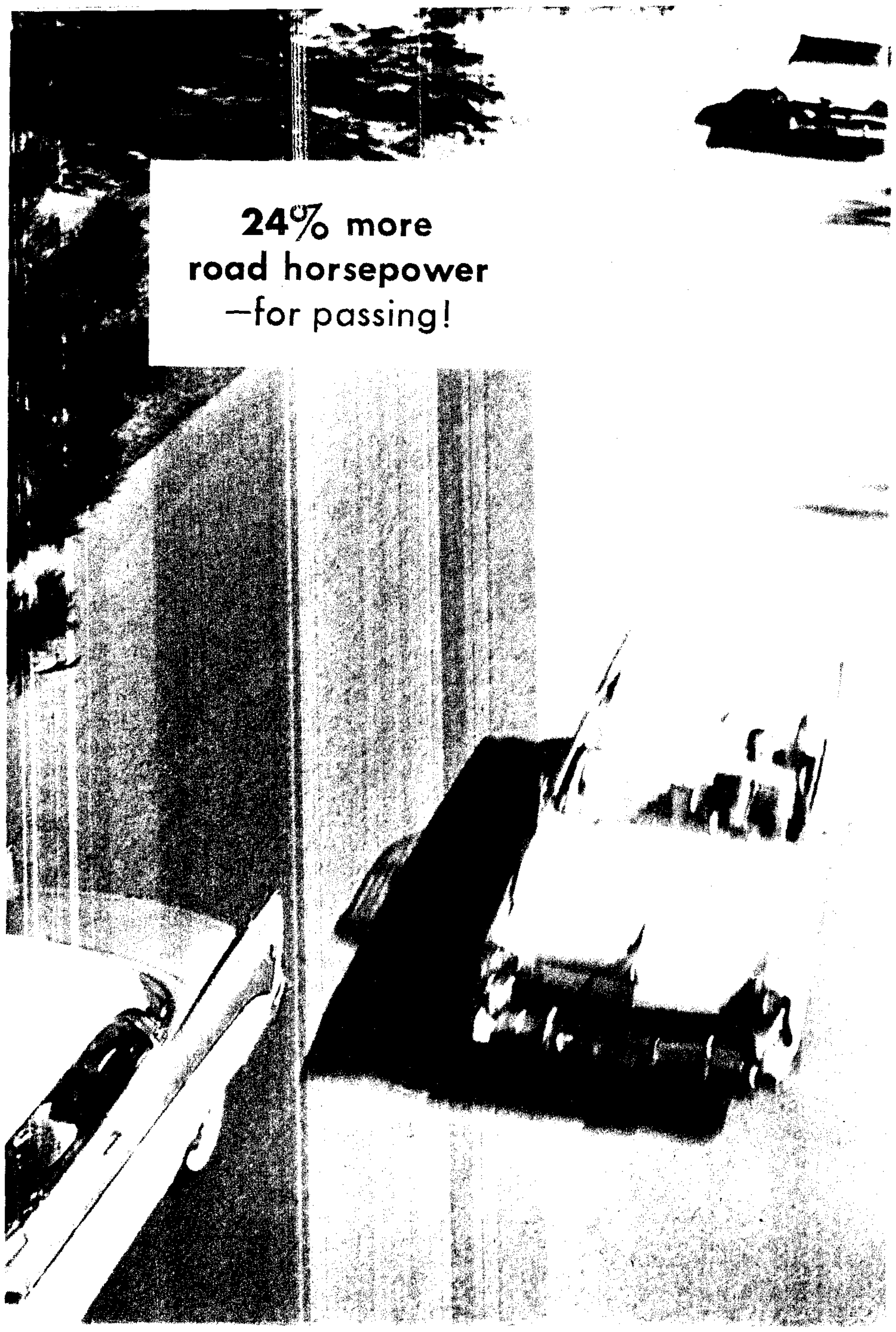
You don't need to shut off annoying commercials while answering the phone unless you want to

Tuning at your Zenith dealer's Today!

ZENITH

THE QUALITY GOES IN BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON
The Royalty of RADIO, TELEVISION and PHONOGRAPHS
Backed by 37 years of leadership in radionics exclusively
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois





In cars that have gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change—

New Champion spark plugs can increase road horsepower by 24%!

Tests with major makes of cars prove it!

Independent engineers took cars whose plugs had run 10,000 miles or so and tested them for horsepower—first with their regular plugs, then with 5-rib Champions with the new Powerfire electrodes.

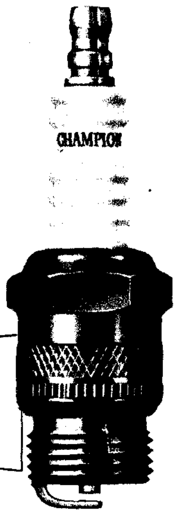
Nothing about these cars was changed except their spark plugs. Yet there was an immediate increase in their road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels!

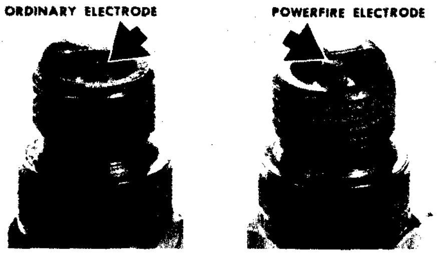
Some cars had remarkable gains. For example, a 1954 V-8 whose plugs had gone 12,000 miles got an increase of 53%. Some had smaller gains, like the 1955 V-8 with only 6%. *But the average road horsepower gain for all cars tested was 24%!*

It comes down to this: There just never has been a spark plug to match these new 5-rib Champions with their Powerfire electrodes! Replace your old plugs with new full-firing Champions today—and you'll feel the difference *at once!*

CHAMPION

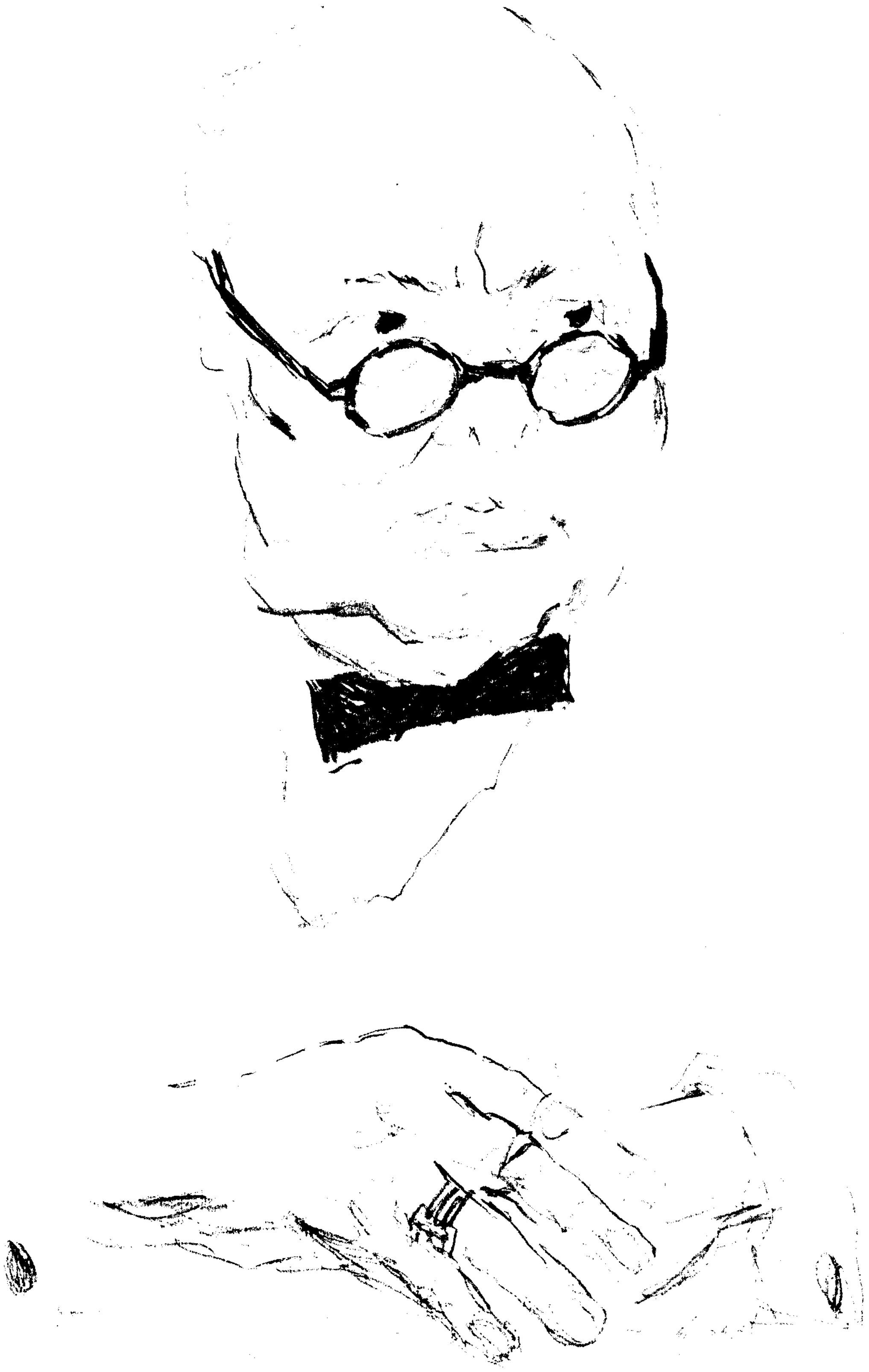
LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS





New Powerfire electrode stands up better in today's engines. Photo shows how ordinary electrode *(left)* burns away. Champion's Powerfire electrode *(right)*, after identical use, is still able to give many more miles of powerful, full-firing, economical performance!

COLLIER'S NOVEMBER 9, 1956



CHURCHILL at 82

By DREW MIDDLETON

London

The manager and staff of the Quellenhof Hotel in Aachen were worried. From behind the door of their best suite, now occupied by Sir Winston Churchill, came growlings, mutterings and strange oaths.

A young English aide reassured them. Sir Winston was not displeased with the hotel. But he was making a speech that day, and although he has been doing so for half a century, he still prepared each speech with the greatest care, worrying over phrasing, construction and delivery. Everything would be all right, the aide promised, once Sir Winston had spoken.

The speech, suggesting that the West had a new and perhaps more agreeable Russia to deal with, was duly delivered, and it shook the composure of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, Churchill's host and fellow octogenarian. But Sir Winston, having once again, as so often in the past, led the planners of Western policies down a startling avenue of fresh thought, did not linger to discuss it. He was off to visit his old cavalry regiment, the Queen's Own Fourth Hussars, at its station in the frontier German state of Lower Saxony.

Talking to the grandsons of officers with whom he had served, the great

CHURCHILL continued

He has retired as Prime Minister but from very little else

BLACK STAR

KEYSTONE PRESS

UNITED PRESS

Top: Churchill wears his medals at official reception given him in West Germany. Center: Crowd of admirers surrounds him at a meeting of Primrose League, of which he is Grand Master. The league is a Conservative party group organized by his father. Bottom: Churchill shakes hands at doorway of 10 Downing Street, the Prime Minister's residence, with his successor in Britain's number 1 post, Sir Anthony Eden

Englishman could abandon for a moment his pressing preoccupation with the future of the Western World. His mind could revert to his service with the regiment in India, the days of drill and maneuvers under the fierce Indian sun, the nights when young subalterns sat smoking under the stars, lamenting the lack of opportunity for ambitious young men.

That was 60 and more years ago, in the golden noon of the Empire. Queen Victoria was Empress of India. Great Britain's position as a world power was unchallenged. All the great things had been done.

NOW HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY is upon him, and the restless young lieutenant has since been twice Prime Minister of the United Kingdom and father of Allied victory in World War II. But traces of the youthful officer remain. The world, the totally different world, still fascinates him. When he sits silent, the head bowed on the thick neck, he thinks not mainly of the past but of the future.

The impish humor of the young Churchill has by no means disappeared. When he left Aachen that day last spring, after an uncomfortable night on one of those sectional mattresses which are among the lesser German atrocities, Sir Winston was approached by the hotel manager for his autograph. He growled that he was not in the mood for autographs, that he had had a damnable night. But he would gladly sign the manager's death warrant.

Unfortunately for Sir Winston, who likes to see his shots go home, the manager understood no English. And since an officer and a gentleman must never take advantage of an inferior, the autograph was duly signed.

Sir Winston retired as Prime Minister in April, 1955. Plainly, he has retired from very little else. In the year and a half since, the first volume of his long-awaited History of the English Speaking Peoples, which he began in the thirties but put aside to make some history himself, has been published. He is hard at work on the other volumes. He has made two highly significant speeches, the one at Aachen and another on Israel. He has fought and won an election campaign in the Woodford constituency. He has attended the House of Commons regularly when he has been in England.

He has spent one vacation in Sicily, four on the French Riviera. Always a man attracted to life's livelier aspects, Sir Winston enjoys the color and gaiety of the Riviera. But when the Commons of the United Kingdom meets, he homes to the massive buildings beside the Thames. For he is, as he himself has said, a child of the House of Commons.

"Winston may have retired," one of his Cabinet colleagues commented, "but he'll never be in retirement. Much too interested in what's happening and going to happen."

His pace of activity is not to everyone's liking. Lady Churchill, for instance, would be happier if there were fewer speeches, less work on the book, fewer visitors. A remarkably handsome woman of commanding presence, she has provided him with the physical comforts and mental stimulation he needs throughout their 48 years of singularly happy marriage. He depends on her companionship. Once, when the Churchills were moving, a friend found Sir Winston standing forlornly in the midst of the confusion in their old house, bellowing: "Clemmie, where's Clemmie?"

The Churchills are a united family. Sir Winston delights his nine grandchildren and their friends by addressing them with the same grave courtesy he uses for their elders. He plays no favorites, although young Winston, son of his son Randolph, caught his grandfather's admiration with some daring skiing exploits. The rest of the family was a little worried at the danger involved. Not Sir Winston. The Churchills, he feels, have lived with danger since the days of John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough, who commanded the British and Dutch armies in the War of the Spanish Succession, and of whom Sir Winston himself has written: "It is the common boast of his champions that he never fought a battle that he didn't win, nor besieged a fortress that he didn't take."

At Chartwell, Sir Winston's comfortable home in the country 25 miles southeast of London, the days begin for him as they have ever since he entered politics: he reads the newspapers, all of them. Lying in bed, with the papers around him, he comments pungently on the affairs of the world, breakfasts, then rises and goes downstairs to work on his history.

The material for it was gathered long ago; most of the work now consists of revising and adding to the original and checking new material that has come to light. He employs two personal secretaries on his writing, dictates, then revises and dictates again. The years have not dulled his delight in the English language. Sir Winston's brow will furrow, perplexity will replace contentment as he looks at a sentence. Something not quite right there. No, that's not what I wanted to say. Perhaps this will do. Yes, that's better. But not quite right. Let's try this.

Such searchings and ponderings are not resented by his staff. For the bulky aging man in the zippered siren suit is one of the masters of contemporary English prose. And he retains in his eighties his ability to transfer his own undiminished enthusiasm for the pageant of British history to those who work for him.

If the weather is fine, Chartwell lures him outdoors. He putters around the stables, feeds his carp in the pool or plans improvements. "Winston is never really satisfied with things as they are," a friend once said.

As he has aged, he has had to drop many of his old pastimes. He has given up bricklaying, although he will proudly point out to a visitor a wall which he put up himself. When he is seated, Churchill's age is not so apparent. The eye is bright and the color healthy. But he walks much more slowly and deliberately than he did, and his head seems to have sunk forward. In office, he was a terror to his doctors, since he believed that the work he was doing was far more important than his life. Nowadays he listens to them. He grumbles, but he listens.

The house and the surrounding estate are largely the result of Sir Winston's facility with the pen. Since, in the nineties, he ventured into the field with a history of the Malakand Field Force, he has supported himself very largely by his writings.

Since his retirement nothing has given him greater pleasure than the critical success of the first volume of his history. And, as the young Mr. Churchill knew the pressure of unpaid bills, the old Sir Winston keeps a keen and

PIX

Lady Churchill (right), Sir Winston's helpmate for 48 years, wishes he'd slow down—but he's "much too interested in what's happening and going to happen"

knowing eye on the sales of his book. (It has been a best seller both in the United States and in Britain since its publication early this spring.)

When he was Prime Minister, Sir Winston's attendance at debates and Question Time was necessarily irregular. Now, when he is in London and the House is in session, he arrives midway through the question hour—that period when the Commons examines the business of Britain. He sits at his corner seat listening intently, smiling at old friends and turning to scrutinize a new member.

"Winston, you spend a lot of time in the House," Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden said this spring.

"I like being in the House," rumbled his predecessor. "Very interesting place. I like to listen to some of these bright young fellers."

Although the Labor party has tried, by citing some of his past speeches, to get the Member for Woodford into the parliamentary cross fire, he has remained silent. Nor has he taken a direct part in the government of Britain—his own decision.

PRIOR TO HIS RETIREMENT, Churchill was offered a place in the Eden government, one of the traditional offices such as Lord President of the Council or Lord Privy Seal. He refused. He did not want, he told an old friend, "responsibility without power." But it is probable that to a man who in his time enjoyed a full measure of both, the offer of a purely advisory position in another man's Cabinet held no great attraction. Finally, he wanted to "give Anthony a clean run," that is, to let the new Prime Minister take office without the presence of his predecessor at Cabinet meetings.

The reasons why Sir Winston refused the dukedom offered him by Queen Elizabeth II are more obscure. It may be he felt that his name was sufficiently well known and his place in history established without this final honor.

Yet Churchill, as a plain M.P., remains one of the most influential men in the Western World. His influence rests on his position as a statesman who voices all that is best and bravest in his countrymen, and as a prophet who foretold with chilling accuracy the consequences to the West of the rise to power of both Nazi and Communist totalitarianism. The mind and the voice that warned the House of Commons about the Third Reich in the thirties and warned the United States and the West about the Soviet Union a decade later from Fulton, Missouri, remain active and keen.

Sir Winston has more than most men to look back on. But he prefers to look forward, to study political trends, to estimate the course of events. His is a glorious past, but that eager, questing mind finds no rest there.

He retains his marvelous sensitivity to the nuances of contemporary events. As these are discerned, they are fitted into his pattern of the future. But his patterns are never monolithic. They are flexible, adaptable to change with the changing times.

Ever since the death of Stalin, Sir Winston's mind has been busy with what he would call "combinations and stratagems." Musing in the garden at Chartwell, or in the villa overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean, he concluded that it was time to offer the Russian people something beyond snarls, and to present their government with some future prospect of friendship.

Sir Winston envisages the ultimate danger to the West of a complete alliance between the Soviet Union and the Communist republic in China. The Russians should know, he thought, that there was an alternative.

Surveying Europe, he also apparently formed the opinion that the Germans were getting a little above themselves. It seemed time to remind them that there were other peoples in the world.

In his Aachen speech, therefore, Sir Winston concluded that the spirit of NATO—and he was careful to emphasize the word "spirit"—"should not

The present doesn't worry him—only the future

WIDE WORLD

PIX

Churchill spends most of his time now at this country home. Known as Chartwell, it's at Westerham, 25 miles from London

Famous visitors from all over the world call on Sir Winston at Chartwell. Here the family turns out to welcome former President and Mrs. Truman. From left: Daughters Mrs. Mary Soames and Mrs. Sarah Beauchamp, Mrs. Truman, Churchill, Truman, Lady Churchill, family friend Lord Beaverbrook (newspaper publisher), and son-in-law Christopher Soames

exclude Russia and the East European states." He added the unpalatable advice that the key question of Europe, the reunification of Germany, cannot be settled in a situation in which "rival blocs" confront each other with "suspicion and hostility."

This, of course, ran counter to what the leaders of the West, among them Chancellor Adenauer, have been saying for years—that by the establishing of NATO and rearming of West Germany the Russians would be somehow induced to abandon East Germany to reunification with the Federal Republic. Churchill's flexibility annoyed Dr. Adenauer, but Sir Winston survived Adenauer's displeasure as he has that of numerous statesmen—British, American and German—in the past.

IN OR OUT OF OFFICE Sir Winston always has been able to cut through the nonessentials and get to the core of a problem. Notably, after his resignation he made his first important public speech on the Middle East; characteristically he raised the best-known voice in Britain to point out to his country the path of prudence and honor.

The occasion came last spring when the steady flow of arms from the Soviet bloc to Egypt raised the possibility of an Egyptian attack on Israel. The Jewish state is close to Sir Winston's heart. In the first World War he was a member of the government which first agreed to the creation of the state. He believes in it. And, because the young cavalry officer is always there along with the statesman and author, he remembers the battle of Omdurman and his early unsatisfactory contacts with the Egyptians as allies.

So he told his countrymen and their government, uncertain of how to handle Nasser's regime, that "if Israel is dissuaded from using the life force of their race to ward off the Egyptians until the Egyptians have learned to use the Russian weapons with which they have been supplied and the Egyptians then attack, it will become not only a matter of prudence but a measure of honor to make sure that they (the Israelis) are not the losers by waiting."

Although he has said nothing publicly on the Suez crisis, Sir Winston—who by courtesy of the government has access to the Foreign Office dispatches—was aware of the steady deterioration of the West's position that led to the crisis. His views are believed to be in accord with present government policy of making every effort to negotiate a just settlement but to be prepared for action if negotiations fail.

There are many points in recent world history on which Sir Winston can claim that he was right and the others wrong. Throughout his career he has repeatedly demonstrated his ability to foresee dangers long before they are apparent to other men and, once the dangers arrive, to find bold and novel means, sometimes too bold and too novel for his colleagues, to defeat them. But in the golden twilight of his career, there is an almost Olympian tolerance in Winston Churchill. As he once wisely reminded the House of Commons: "If we open a quarrel between the past and the present, we shall find that we have lost the future."

The future of his country and of the world is Sir Winston's chief preoccupation. His vast experience, his detachment, the shrewdness that lies beneath the rolling thunder of his oratory all make him a valued counselor. There are frequent lunches with Prime Minister Eden at Downing Street or in the country at which the two Englishmen discuss the state and fate of the world. For Sir Winston can provide the Prime Minister with a more objective view than can Sir Anthony's ministers, harassed with departmental problems and the day-to-day conduct of defense or foreign affairs or Commonwealth relations.

London is the great crossroads between the Old and New Worlds. Sooner or later the Very Important People who hurry through find time to visit the oracle at Chartwell. Commonwealth Prime Ministers, American senators, Continental diplomats listen as through the haze of cigar smoke comes the rich, halting voice weighted with good sense, touched often with mirth and at times with sadness.

One visitor departed convinced that Sir Winston was the only leader in the West whose thoughts dwelt not on the immediate future but on events 15 or 20 years hence. The present does not worry him. It is when he considers the world of 1975 or 1985 that Sir Winston is most gloomy, for he sees a future in which the tremendous economic and military potential of Communist China is joined to the mounting strength of Russia in a power bloc that can overshadow the free world. More conscious than most of the ferocity of nuclear weapons and of the foibles of mankind, he knows with H. G. Wells that man is in a race between education and catastrophe.

Sir Winston has never believed, however, that concern for great affairs should deprive a man of the pleasures of life. Age has not robbed him of zest. He still delights in good food, good wine and tobacco. His taste in food is catholic. He enjoys French cooking but he is as contented with a slice of rare roast beef as with a *coq au vin*. Nowadays his favorite drink is a relatively small Scotch with lots of soda. He likes champagne, most white wines and brandy, although his consumption of the latter has been exaggerated.

His passion for cigars is unchanged, and boxes of them still reach Sir Winston from all over the world. During the war these were inspected thoroughly lest an enemy slip poison or explosives into one. Such inspection tried Sir Winston sorely. Now he is free to experiment.

"This is a most excellent cigar," he will remark. "A truly noble cigar."

Painting is his greatest pleasure. Sir Winston recently completed a copy of one of Cézanne's masterpieces which has been much admired. Afternoons at Chartwell are devoted to the brush. There he paints country scenes; when on the Riviera, he does seascapes. In London he visits the galleries frequently.

PIX

UNITED PRESS

Above: Sir Winston cocks head for kiss from his granddaughter, Celia Mary Sandys. Celia is daughter of Diana, Sir Winston's eldest daughter, and Duncan Sandys, who is a minister in the Eden government. Left: Churchill owns a small stable, including Gibraltar

Oddly, in a man who so surely divined their hopes and fears, Sir Winston has shared few recreations with his countrymen. He never caught the popular enthusiasm for football or cricket. His own sports were, as a schoolboy, fencing and later polo. These are hardly the pastimes of the proletariat. But in the last decade he has turned increasingly to horse racing for relaxation and amusement. Here he shares an interest with vast numbers of his fellow Britons from Queen Elizabeth II down.

During the past season Sir Winston had five horses racing. He owns several other young horses which he may run next year. Like most small owners in Britain, he is satisfied if an occasional win helps pay the feed bill. He is not racing to make money, but for sport. His only moderately successful horse was Colonist II, whose defeat in his biggest race evoked a beguiling Churchillian explanation. "Before the race I whispered to Colonist that if he won he would be retired to stud and would spend the rest of his life in beautiful surroundings amidst agreeable female companionship," Sir Winston said. "Poor Colonist could not keep his mind on the race."

The cheers that mark Sir Winston's progress through the crowd at the racecourse or in London, the national sigh of regret that arose when he left Downing Street, mark a change in the British attitude toward him.

IT IS NOW ALMOST FORGOTTEN that for many years the man who was the outstanding British leader of the century was the object of fierce hatred by the left and was suspected and distrusted by the right.

Socialist propagandists encouraged the myth that Sir Winston had sent troops against the striking miners in South Wales before the first World War. In 1954 a London charwoman refused to watch the television report of the ceremony honoring the Prime Minister on his eightieth birthday.

" 'E's no friend of me and mine," she said abruptly.

Until late in World War II, the more extreme Tories nursed their suspicion of Sir Winston. One never knew where one was with Churchill, they said. He had been first a Conservative, then a Liberal, again a Conservative and finally an outspoken and damaging critic of a Conservative government he was expected to support. Americans visiting Britain were surprised; as surprised as Britons were at the unrelenting enmity of Republicans and some Southern Democrats for Franklin Roosevelt.

The enmity and suspicion died hard, but they died. During the war the great leaders of the Labor party, Clement Attlee, Herbert Morrison and Ernest Bevin, served in the coalition government with the ogre. The daily contacts engendered first respect and then liking.

The education progressed on the other side as well. Not long before he resigned as Prime Minister, Sir Winston remarked that one of the most important developments in British politics in the first half of the century had been "the growth of responsibility in the trade-unions." They have now become in his mind "the Fourth Estate of the Realm."

Nor has he forgotten his old friends. Long after her husband's death, Dame Florence Bevin was invited to formal dinners at Downing Street by the Conservative Prime Minister. And Sir Winston, although he detested Labor's policies, in or out of office could never resist Herbert Morrison's perky, Cockney charm.

A formidable antagonist, there is no meanness about Sir Winston. Once he savagely attacked Aneurin Bevan in the House of Commons. The attack was delivered with all the power of his oratory and all the authority of his office as Prime Minister and his prestige as a national leader.

That night Bevan was talking to a group about it.

"I saw Winston after the debate," he said. "D'you know what he said? He said he was sorry he had to go for me that way, but it was necessary."

Now the long journey is almost done. The life that once encompassed the Kremlin and the White House and the military and political battlefields is narrowed to Chartwell, the House of Commons and the South of France.

Sir Winston is not given to philosophizing about his own career. If he were, he could make one point. It is that his life has been a triumphant assertion of the genius of man in the age of machines. No other life in our times shows such a variety of interests and so much achievement, some of it belated, in so many fields. By turns he has been soldier, journalist, author and statesman.

The many-sided life has been lived against the background of the greatest changes in man's physical power that history has ever seen. The young lieutenant who led the lancers of Queen Victoria against the mail-clad emirs of the caliph has seen the age of the hydrogen bomb.

But Sir Winston's own life testifies that none of these momentous technical developments matters so much as the spirit of man. At eighty-two he stands victorious over the pressures that would mold all men into automatons and establish a complacent conformity as the ideal. It was this unwavering belief in the human spirit that twice raised Sir Winston as the great champion of the West against totalitarianism.

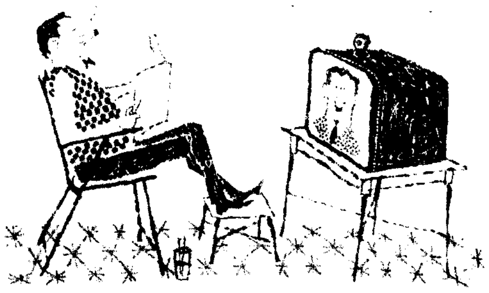
In his ninth decade, Sir Winston is not disposed to yearn for the good old days. His belief in the supremacy of the alliance between the United States and the British Commonwealth is the principal article of his faith. He will concede that wise leadership is necessary on both sides of the Atlantic but that this has always been true. He is certain that when the times call, new leaders will respond.

So many of his friends have gone over to the other side so recently that it is not surprising Sir Winston often thinks on death. But he does not brood about it. There is still much to do, so many more interesting things to think about: the next chapter in the book, a game of bezique after dinner, that debate in the House, a talk with Anthony about what "those fellers over there (the Russians) are up to now."

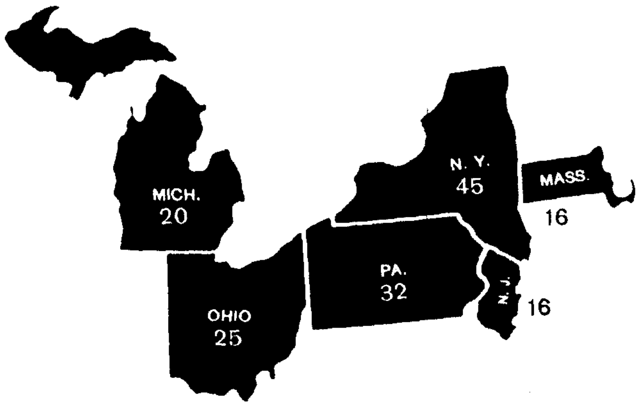
Sir Winston will die. But he never will be old. THE END

BE YOUR OWN 'ARMCHAIR EXPERT'

A TV game for election night



The suspense is heavy while awaiting the first voting returns. And confusion can be worse when figures fly. But it's fun if you hunt the human equations which solve the mathematics produced at the polls



Industrial

	1948		1952		1956	
	D	R	D	R	D	R
MICH.		19		20		
OHIO	25			25		
PA.		35		32		
N.Y.		47		45		
N.J.		16		16		
MASS.	16			16		
TOTAL	41	117	0	154		

By LOUIS HARRIS

After you've voted on Election Day, you want to settle down Election Night and hear who has won the race for President. But it doesn't happen that way. When the inevitable tidal wave of returns engulfs the air and electronic "brains" begin to light up our TV screens, curious Americans are often only baffled.

Part of the reason for the hours of suspense is that we cast our votes in this country in anything but uniform fashion. On November 6th, despite the difference in time zones, New Yorkers, for example, will still be going out to vote long after the polls have been legally closed in Illinois. Elsewhere, some districts will make a quick count from their voting machines; others will laboriously count, and recount, their paper ballots. Election reporting, as a result, can be downright confusing—right up until that mysterious moment when "the trend" sets in and, if you're still awake, the winner becomes clearly apparent.

Part of the reason also lies in the very nature of elections themselves. The fact that human beings are at the root of all the statistics is easily lost in the Election Night shuffle. One number looks pretty much like the next. But a farmer whose vote is being tallied in Vermont does not approach politics the same as a farmer in Minnesota. You can go into two quiet small towns which on the surface look almost entirely alike. Yet one may be carried by Eisenhower and the other by Stevenson.

Chances are that somewhere between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000 Americans will go to the polls this year. The game of detecting what they are up to—and why—is risky. But it's fun, nonetheless. To play such a game with a fair hope of winning calls for wearing out a good deal of shoe leather on doorsteps and byways across the country, where the voters live. The editors of Collier's, therefore, asked me and a nationwide team of other professional election analysts to do the leg work for Collier's readers who want to try their luck at a new form of Election Night entertainment. American Broadcasting Company's network of radio and television stations is co-operating with Collier's by broadcasting on the night of November 6th some special voting returns by which you can match wits with the machines.

The key to our game of "Armchair Expert" is to uncover the cutting edges of the ballots not apparent to the naked eye. In the end, we come back to people, individual in their choice, but who vote in the aggregate along sharp and decisive patterns. Every campaign produces its own peculiar design, although we can't recognize it early on Election Night unless we are able to isolate the key voting groups, areas, and finally wards and precincts that tell the real story of an election as it is happening.

We all remember that, in 1948, nearly everyone expected Harry Truman to lose. Instead he confounded almost everyone by putting together a unique combination to win. After it was over, we realized how he had capitalized on falling agricultural prices to light a prairie fire across the farm belt of the Midwest; how Northern Negroes in the key industrial states had turned out to vote for him as the symbol of opposition to the Dixiecrats; how Catholic voters solidified behind the Democrats when Henry Wallace and the Progressives entered the race.

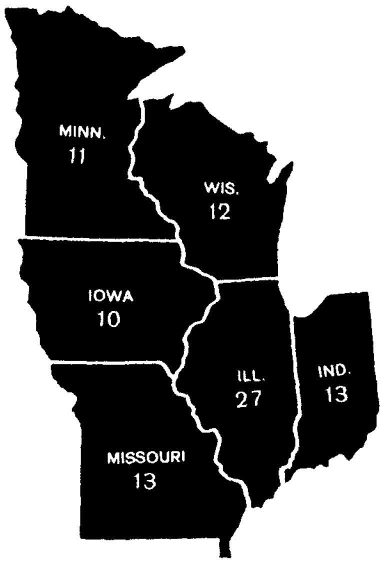
By the same token, after Dwight Eisenhower's 1952 sweep, it was apparent that he had cut into trade-union strongholds, where women reacted to the high cost of living and the Korean war; that he had run well in normally Democratic precincts where Catholic voters were disaffected by the Communist issue; that prosperous farmers had gone back to normal Republican patterns; that he and the Republicans had piled up new and powerful majorities in the burgeoning suburbs of the big cities.

(ELECTORAL VOTES)

In this part of the game, as Election Night returns come in, put down electoral votes in Republican or Democratic column for pivotal states mapped below as indicated by Election Night returns. Add up party totals in each bloc of states. Compare 1956 results with 1948, a Democratic year, and 1952, a Republican year. Note that in 1948 Dewey piled up a huge early lead (117 to 41) in this bloc of Industrial states. But Truman's score in our Farm Belt bloc (76 to 13) nearly closed the gap. Democrats went on to win with decisive margins in states shown in South and West.

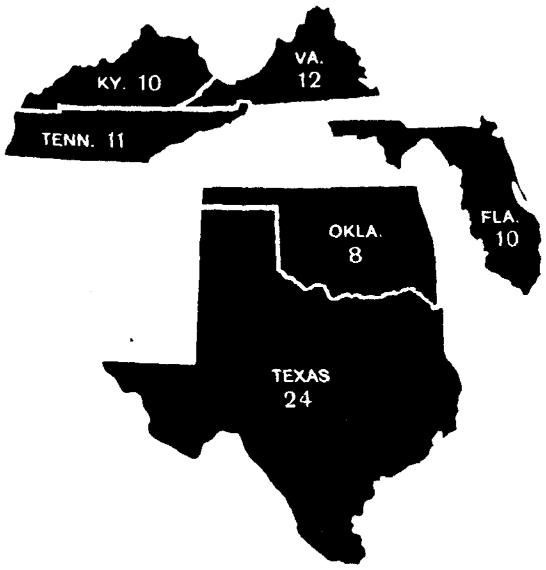
Note also that in 1952 Eisenhower scored a clean sweep over Stevenson (240 to 0) in these Industrial and Farm Belt blocs. Republicans then crossed the winner's line (266 electoral votes) when they broke through unsolid South.

See if you can spot where the winning candidate finds his 1956 combination.



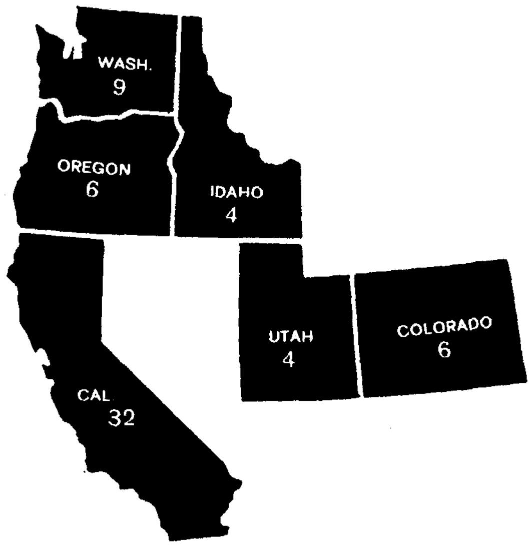
Farm Belt

	1948		1952		1956	
	D	R	D	R	D	R
MINN.	11			11		
IOWA	10			10		
MO.	15			13		
WIS.	12			12		
ILL.	28			27		
IND.		13		13		
TOTAL	76	13	0	86		



Unsolid South

	1948		1952		1956	
	D	R	D	R	D	R
OKLA.	10			8		
TEXAS	23			24		
KY.	11		10			
TENN.	11			11		
VA.	11			12		
FLA.	8			10		
TOTAL	74	0	10	65		



The West

	1948		1952		1956	
	D	R	D	R	D	R
WASH.	8			9		
OREGON		6		6		
CAL.	25			32		
IDAHO	4			4		
UTAH	4			4		
COL.	6			6		
TOTAL	47	6	0	61		

What of 1956? At first glance, it may look like a rerun of 1952. But this year, as four and eight years ago, another voting pattern will cross and crisscross the American electorate this Election Day. There is talk of a potential farm revolt such as in 1948. There are predictions that the President may not cut as heavily into the Solid South as he did in 1952. There is the question of the President's health and of Vice-President Nixon's appeal among Independents. On the other hand, the country is said to be in a mood of contentment and well-being. The President's warm personality is presumed to appeal to "peace-minded" women and farmers. Independents, observers say, rate him higher than Stevenson as a figure riding well above normal partisan politics.

Factors such as these can be evaluated only if they are somehow measured and reported. This means taking a close, hard look on Election Night, 1956, at the Negro vote, for example, on Chicago's South Side (normally 3 to 1 Democratic) which is being cross-pressured with the argument that the Supreme Court desegregation decision took place during a Republican administration. It means watching the labor vote in Lorain, Ohio, which has shown signs of coming back since 1952 to the Democrats. It means keeping an eye on middle-income white voters of the South, as in Jacksonville, Florida, who voted Republican along income lines so sharply four years ago; Catholic voters like those in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who so deeply opposed Democratic foreign policies and who were so deeply stirred by Eisenhower's promise to go to Korea four years ago; restless but traditionally G.O.P. farmers in places like Lincoln Township, Kansas; the suburban and white-collar vote, with which the Republicans have been canceling Democratic pluralities in the cities.

These are the pinpoint elements which will build up to the broad trends ultimately registered in closely contested, pivotal states (like those listed on these pages) and which will account for the swing in electoral votes that make or break a Presidential candidate. In the end, the electoral vote is geography—but geography with human patterns beneath.

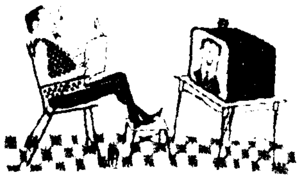
The idea for our Election Night game is simple. It involves the careful preselection of 54 key voting districts across the country—listed in our Election Indicator on the next page. These indicator districts were thoroughly researched before selection, analyzed for past voting behavior, surveyed on the spot for trends during this campaign. To make our game possible these districts also have to meet another requirement: they must report early enough on Election Night so that you will be able to spot the trends well in advance of the massive results that will pour in later on in the evening.

As your own armchair expert you will be able to keep track of these key-district returns as they are reported to you over your own ABC television or radio station.

In the end, this kind of "do-it-yourself" political trend spotting is no more and no less than an effort to allow the people who are the ultimate voice of authority in our democracy—the individual voters—to receive their election returns in orderly and meaningful fashion. Not after the voting, but on Election Night itself.

So be sure to have your copy of Collier's open on Tuesday, November 6th, some sharp pencils handy, ready for your Election Night political game.

Turn page to chart the 'Armchair Expert' game



NORMALLY DEMOCRATIC

Democrats would normally expect to win districts like these. The crucial question is: *By how much* are they winning? The problem for Stevenson is to match Truman's '48 percentages in steel, auto and other union-labor centers. Will he also hold percentages in Northern Negro districts where his party continued to gain even in 1952? Can he, at the same time, bring back normal Democratic margins in the South? Last time there were sharp Democratic drops in areas where Irish, Italian and Polish-American voters defected to Ike. The big cities provide banner pluralities when the trend is going Democratic.

NORMALLY REPUBLICAN

The big question in these districts is whether Republicans turn out their maximum potential. Eisenhower's problem is to match his spectacular '52 percentages in the growing suburbs outside Democratic cities. Can he likewise maintain his vote in the residential sections of business-minded centers in the South? Normal G.O.P. margins in the farmlands of the Midwest slipped dramatically in '48, came back strong for Ike in '52. What will happen this time in corn-hog and wheat belts? Rural areas and middle-income small towns across the country provide solid pluralities when national trend is Republican.

SWING DISTRICTS

Districts like these, which switched from Truman in '48 to Eisenhower in '52, hold the balance of power. Many switched back to Democrats in '54. People in these districts tend to vote more for the man than the party. They tend to be subject to strong cross pressures: the high cost of living and the high cost of credit pushing them Democratic, but peace and steady jobs pulling them toward the G.O.P.; worry over the President's health and Nixon tugging them one way, Eisenhower's popularity drawing them the other. Winner needs at least an even break in independent-voting areas like these across the country.

1956 ELECTION INDICATOI

1st report	1948	1952	1956	2nd report	1948	1952
Chicago, Illinois Wd. 20, Pcts. 69-71	70%	76%		Biddeford, Maine Pct. 5	80%	72%
First report on crucial Negro vote from Chicago's *South Side. If Dems hold 70%* of vote here, prospects may be good among Negro voters in N.Y., Pa., Mich., Ohio.				Textile labor here. Democrat Muskie carrie by 89% last Sept. Dems must hold at leas 82% for safety. Check with Bangor in 1s Report for early Maine trend.		
Raleigh, N.C. Pcts. 8-16	79%	57%		Dearborn, Michigan	51%	51%
Early report on white Democratic South where Stevenson slipped last time. Typical middle-income district for region. With 78% Dems could recapture Solid South.				Auto labor and a first indication for the cru cial state of Michigan. Close city. *Dems shoul* better 51% here to win state.		
Lorain, Ohio Ward 4, Pct. D	66%	58%		Pittsburgh, Pa. Ward 21, ED 1	75%	66%
First returns from a typical steelworker-union area. Union wives turned Republican in '52. Dems should hold 66% here to score comeback in industrial states.				Typical steel labor district. Compare wit other industrial centers, especially steel vot in Lorain. Dems need 75%.		
Jacksonville, Fla. Pct. 8a	56%	74%		University Park, Tex.	77%	86%
Eisenhower scored heavily in such middle-income white districts of South in '52. G.O.P. should hold 69% or risk possible loss this time of Fla., Va., Tenn., Tex. and Oklahoma.				Suburb of Dallas, white voters. Check Jacksonville, Fla., for Southern G.O.P. trend. T win Texas, Ike needs 86% here.		
Bangor, Maine Ward 2	59%	64%		Morristown, N. J. Ward 1	67%	68%
Flash report from Maine. Democrat Muskie won 56% of this normally G.O.P. district last September. Anything like this and Ike could be *in trouble in New England.*				Typical middle-income suburb of New Yor City in key state of N.J. If 67% here, G.O.P repeating in Eastern suburbs.		
Louisville, Ky. Ward 2	51%	57%		Baltimore, Md. Ward 28	72%	65%
Border-state city district with independent G.O.P. leanings. Upper middle-income voters. 57% for Ike means he might cut into border states again and help local Senate race.				Another middle-income district in a borde state. Compare with Louisville in 1st Repor for clue to this group.		
Sandusky, Ohio Pct. 2E	60% D	56% R		Harvey, Illinois Pct. 8	52% D	61% R
Small lower-income industrial district. All Ohio decided by under 8,000 votes in '48. Compare with Dem trend in Lorain, above.				Suburb with industrial voters. If Dems carry, G.O.P. could be in trouble in Ill. Compare with Chicago trend in 1st Report.		
Bridgeport, Conn.	54% D	51% R		Fountain Hill, Pa.	51% D	53% R
A look behind early reports from Conn. If Ike wins this swing city again, could indicate Dems in trouble with Catholic voters.				In a key state with an important Senate race. Many white-collar workers from steel mills live here. Typical industrial swing district in eastern part of the state.		
Chicago, Illinois Wd. 38, Pcts. 23-26	52% D	54% R		Lexington, Kentucky Columbia Pct.	63% D	53% R
Middle-income voters in a big city, where Eisenhower made big inroads in '52. If G.O.P. duplicates 54% here, expect Dems' urban pluralities to be down generally.				Rural service center. Eisenhower should carry to have a chance in Ky. Cross-check with Louisville for line on state.		

● **TUNE IN YOUR LOCAL ABC TV OR RADI**

KEY DISTRICTS)

In this part of the game, fill in 1956 results in key voting districts below. They will be reported over ABC radio and television beginning shortly after eight thirty, Eastern time, on Election Night. They will be reported to you in percentages for each district. Then you can compare 1956 with 1948, a Democratic year, and 1952, a Republican year.

Note that top three rows across the board stayed Democratic even in Eisenhower's '52 sweep. Next bloc stayed Republican despite Truman's '48 upset. As night progresses you can cross-check how well parties are doing locally among groups they must carry decisively to win nationally.

Note that key districts are arranged by "1st Report," "2d Report," etc. This timetable is approximate to the order local polls will close across the country. See if you can spot where winning candidate is making hay in 1956.

d report	1948	1952	1956
adelphia, Pa. rd 32, 3d Div.	75%	81%	
Typical urban Negro district. Compare with Chicago, Ward 20, for Northern Negro trend. If Dems below 75% here and off in Chicago, more trouble perhaps in N.Y.C. and L.A.			
ıx, N.Y.C. AD, ED 3	78%	71%	
First report on pivotal New York from a district with heavy Jewish vote. Dems need 78% for big N.Y.C. plurality.			
alo, New York rd 21, ED 13	66%	56%	
Early return on key Polish-American voting area. Compare with Bronx report above for New York State Democratic hopes.			
ter Township, Ind.	60%	71%	
Rural service town in Farm Belt Midwest. If Republicans are below 62%, could be early *sign of developing farm* revolt.			
dford, Mass. ırd 3, Pct. 3	67%	74%	
Upper middle-income voters in suburban Boston. First check on Massachusetts. Ike should register 70% here to lead in state. Compare with Morristown in 2d Report.			
brook, N.Y. 19	58%	75%	
Long Island area. Another suburban check. Eisenhower needs over 70% to balance normal Dem margin in cities.			
k, Pa.	57% D	51% R	
Typical small-city district in central Pa. State number one target on Dem list. Compare with Pittsburgh and Fountain Hill in 2d Report and Philadelphia, above, *for how it may go.*			
thampton, Mass. 2A	53% D	51% R	
Rarely on losing side in past elections. College professors and suburban businessmen in district. Check against Medford report, above, for trend in Massachusetts.			
eens, N.Y.C. AD, ED 31	59% D	56% R	
Apartment-house dwellers in growing area. Mostly white-collar. Compare with Chicago, Ward 28, in 1st Report. For N.Y. State trend check Bronx, Buffalo, Lynbrook.			

4th report	1948	1952	1956
Tucson, Arizona Pct. 22	68%	53%	
First Far Western report, from a labor district where voters are largely native born. Dems must hold over 62% to show real sign of comeback in Western states.			
Wayne County, Mich.	60%	58%	
Heartland of auto labor in nation. Dems must take by over 60% to return normal big Detroit majority. Compare with earlier results from Dearborn on 2d Report.			
St. Paul, Minn. Ward 6, Pct. 7	62%	51%	
Lower middle-income district from a Farm Belt city. 60% or better required by Dems to have chance to win back Minnesota.			
Polk Township, Wis. Ward 1, Pct. 1	61%	77%	
Typical German-American dairy area north of Milwaukee. First real test of revolt against G.O.P. among farmers. To be safe in dairy districts Republicans should poll 70% or better.			
Cambridge, Ill. Pcts. 1 & 2	72%	80%	
Service town in heart of Ill. corn-hog country. Compare with Center Township in 3d Report for farm-service trend, with Chicago and Harvey for Illinois trend.			
Kansas City, Mo. Ward 8	71%	75%	
Another border-state district with middle-income voters which G.O.P. must continue to win. Check trend in Louisville, Baltimore.			
Barton Township, Ind.	56% D	54% R	
Dairy, livestock area. Compare with Center Township, 3d Report, to see how Indiana is going, with Polk Township, for dairy trend.			
Austin, Texas Pct. 229	63% D	62% R	
Violent swings registered here between '48 and '52. Compare with University Park, in 2d Report, to check Texas, with Raleigh, N.C., 1st Report, for look at South.			
Pigeon Twnsp., Wis.	65% D	55% R	
Prosperous Norwegian-American dairy farmers near Minnesota border. Compare with Polk Township, Wisconsin, and Barton Township, Indiana, heard from above.			

5th report	1948	1952	1956
Pueblo, Colorado Pct. 17	90%	80%	
Railroad workingmen's district with overwhelmingly Democratic voting record in past. Drop-off from 90% serious sign for Dems.			
Birmingham, Ala. Pct. 9	80%	54%	
White, middle-income voters in Southern industrial center showed significant defection to Eisenhower in '52. Compare with Raleigh, N.C., and Austin, Texas.			
Austin, Minn.	64%	53%	
Small Minnesota farm service and meat packing community. Dems must score 62%. Check against St. Paul in 4th Report.			
Lincoln & Enterprise Townships, Kansas	64%	78%	
Typical Republican rural districts in winter wheat belt. Wheat-farmer trend will be with Republicans if they hit 70% here.			
Cedar Rapids, Iowa Pct. 6	58%	67%	
Corn-hog service city in eastern Iowa. To offset possible losses among corn-hog farmers, G.O.P. must hold 62% here.			
Salt Lake City, Utah Wd. 4, Pcts. 173, 174	61%	72%	
Western counterpart of Kansas City, Baltimore and Louisville, reported earlier. Cross-check for G.O.P. white-collar trend.			
Newton Tp., Iowa	61% D	51% R	
Where Eisenhower and Stevenson made major appearances *during* September plowing contest. If Dems approach 60% this time, corn-hog revolt cutting deep in '56 election.			
Denver, Colorado District C	55% D	56% R	
Site of Ike's "summer White House." Bitterly fought Senate contest here. Compare with Tucson, Ariz., 4th Report, and Salt Lake City, above, *for mountain* state trend.			
St. Joseph, Missouri Ward 6	60% D	54% R	
A barometer city in a border state. If Ike carries this one, Stevenson in real trouble. For Mo. trend, compare with K. C., 4th Report.			

6th report	1948	1952	1956
Portland, Oregon Pct. 324	64%	51%	
Ticket-splitting district which gave Sen. Neuberger *majority* in '54. *Employment not* as steady as four years ago.			
Butte, Montana Pct. 42	70%	61%	
Typical Western mining district. State has G.O.P. governor, Democratic senators. Dems must hold 69% to have chance to carry state.			
San Francisco, Calif. 23d AD, Pct. 146	67%	59%	
Good barometer of Democratic strength in northern California. District votes along party lines *more than is general in area.* Highly contested Senate race in Cal.			
San Diego, California	51%	63%	
Mushrooming city in southern Cal. Carried heavily by Eisenhower in '52. This return includes sample from all districts. If G.O.P. no more than 54%, Cal. is close.			
Pasadena, Calif. Pct. 77	51%	59%	
Well-to-do suburb near Los Angeles, G.O.P. *higher-income counterpart to lower-income return from San Francisco, above.* Also compare with San Diego for trend in state.			
Spokane, Wash. Byrne District	71%	78%	
Old-timers here more conservative than more recent arrivals to Northwest. Resisted Truman trend in 1948 election.			
Moscow, Idaho Genesee Pct.	54% D	53% R	
On outskirts of small town which services wheat area. Early *indicator of* how Far Western farmers are going. Good tip-off on trend in Oregon's adjoining wheat areas.			
Huntington Pk., Calif. Pct. 5	57% D	56% R	
Barometer district for southern Cal. Tends to swing with state winner. Compare with Pasadena, San Diego and San Francisco, above.			
Seattle, Wash. 34th Leg. Dist.	68% D	53% R	
Aircraft workers live here. Went for Ike in '52 but Democratic Senator Jackson in same year. If carried by Ike, chances dim for Dems in state. Compare with Spokane, above.			

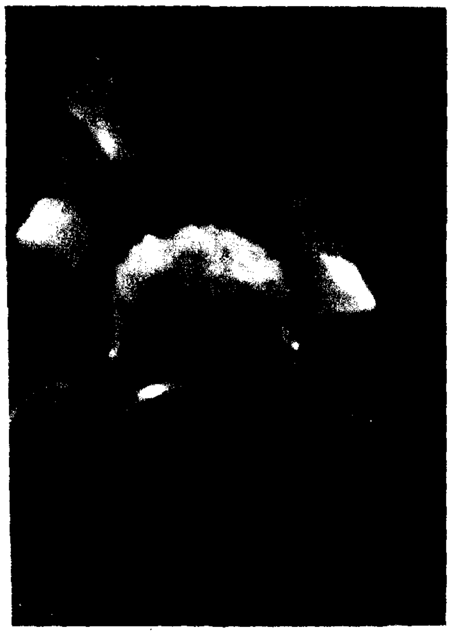
TATION ELECTION NIGHT (NOV. 6) FOR THESE RETURNS

By DANNY KAYE

I've been to 24 countries in behalf of the United Nations Children's Fund. This is the language I speak

AMBASSADOR-AT-LARGE

A clown-diplomat works his healing humor on 40,000,000 kids



As UNICEF's ambassador, I am often called on to deliver solemn addresses

I have some sober advice to offer in case an ambassadorship ever comes your way, and if you think it couldn't happen to you, you'd better think again. It happened to me—and I was born in Brooklyn.

In the past three years I've traveled 100,000 miles across Europe and Asia and into Africa as a special ambassador for UNICEF, an organization that this year will give milk and medical aid to some 40,000,000 underprivileged children throughout the world. I carry a United Nations document so big you have to fold it six times to get it into your pocket. It's very effective with customs guards from Algiers to Bombay; but all its fancy language means, I've found out, is simply, "Let this bum t'ru."

And that's not all I've learned. An ambassador may be called upon to speak any language from Tagalog to Thai. But don't let this scare you; languages are a snap. I wasn't in France more than a week, for example, when I was able to say to the benefit audience in Paris, *"Je ne pas trense electrol ensi tren toi."* Pretty, eh? Imagine my dismay when the audience laughed. It was all straightened out when a friend explained that what I had said was, "I can't help the train although the rattlesnake is limping."

Not knowing languages, you can, of course, use an interpreter. But you must know how to use him. I advise breaking your sentences into even fragments. In Spain last summer I used an interpreter because my Spanish is not as good as my French. Greeting the audience, I said: "I . . ."

The interpreter translated: *"Yo . . ."* I said: ". . . am . . ." The interpreter said: *". . . soy . . ."* I said: ". . . very . . ." The interpreter said: *". . . muy . . ."* I countered: ". . . glad to be able to meet with you ladies and gentlemen to talk to you about the great work being done by the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund."

Such thoughtfulness toward an interpreter is bound to be repaid many times by his undying gratitude. We can dismiss the reaction of my interpreter that day as atypical.

The next rule I learned as an ambassador is also very important: Always observe protocol.

The best way I can define protocol is to illustrate. In Vienna, I called on Austrian President Theodor Körner at the Imperial Castle. That day I had

E. SCOTT

An ambassador must dress decorously and act with restraint. He may attend fiestas but must never lose his dignity. In short, he must follow the example I am setting in this Nigerian village

Says the author, after visits to 24 countries: "There are good kids and bad... but good or bad, Greek or Slav, their reactions are the same"

paid my respects to the mayor, the minister of social welfare and the minister of finance. My feet were killing me. When Herr Körner came into the hall to greet me, he stood and talked. When my feet could no longer take it, I asked him, "Wouldn't you like to sit down?"

He was flabbergasted. "But I'm supposed to ask you that," he said.

"So ask me," I replied, grinning. This is known as protocol.

Perhaps the most important ambassadorial rule of all is this: Neglect no one. In Bonn last year, UNICEF officials gave me a banquet. One by one those at the head table rose and proposed a toast to the guest of honor, me. Each time, when the toast ended, we all stood and drank. We were two thirds of the way through the brass when I jumped up, raised my glass and shouted: "To the gentlemen who serve UNICEF! The waiters!" And so everyone stood and drank a toast to the waiters.

BY NOW I HOPE you realize I'm jesting. I know no more about protocol than what common sense tells me. You couldn't get a top hat on my head because a golf cap is usually there already. As for foreign languages, I don't know them—not even French.

Nevertheless, I'm an ambassador, even though the form of diplomacy I practice is limited to the little world of laughter. I've played to 6,000 Israelis jammed into an amphitheater beside the Sea of Galilee, and to a mere half dozen Greek kids seated in a polio bath in an Athens rehabilitation center. I've clowned before 20,000 Turks at a children's-day parade in Ankara, and before half a hundred kids with yaws in Thailand. I'm not swaggering about all this, for the truth is that my association with UNICEF was an accident. I was about to leave for the Orient on a tour three years ago when Maurice Pate, UNICEF's executive director, asked me if I'd look in on some of his organization's outposts. I did—and I haven't stopped looking since.

I've seen a little Siamese boy whose skin was almost overcome by infectious yaws cleaned up in three weeks with one shot of penicillin; I've seen Korean kids drinking milk who'd never seen milk before. I've seen some unpleasant things, too, like Moroccan children disregarding the clusters of flies on their faces, not because they were lazy, but because to brush them off would do no good. The flies would only come back. I've played ball with little Italian boys balanced on one leg or catching with stumps of arms. But wherever I went—and I traveled through 24 countries—I found UNICEF staffs giving the kids the same devotion, the same quality of help—color and country of origin no matter. That's what really got me.

So I did a little work to help these kids—my kind of work. I tried to make them laugh. I played to crowds that had never heard of America, had never seen a movie, couldn't tell the difference between Danny Kaye and Santa Claus, and what's more, couldn't understand what Kaye was saying.

So what? Kids will laugh at any man willing to act like an idiot. I make no other claims than this one: I am an extremely competent idiot. To those kids, I was the funny man with the red hair.

I'd walk funny, and make faces. I'd get mixed up in dances. I'd mimic every kid I could. If he covered his mouth, I'd cover mine; if he waved me away, I'd wave back. And I'd listen hard to get the rhythm and sound of his language, because among other things I learned in my UNICEF travels is that people flip if you utter so much as a single phrase of their tongue. At a show in Belgrade, the biggest laugh I got all evening came after a chorus of little Yugoslav girls sang a song about a little doll, which in Serbo-Croation is *lutka mala.* All I said was: *"Lutka mala."* In a Roman polio ward, I watched a nurse leading a group of little boys in abdominal exercises. At her count of "one," the youngsters, lying on their backs, would arch their bodies. At her count of "two," they would recover. *"Uno . . . due,"* she went, *"uno . . . due."*

I asked if I could count too. She said I could. I counted: *"Uno . . . cinque."* Just that delighted those little boys.

I have no desire to create the impression that I think all kids are good, or even that I like all kids. There are good kids and bad, and I like some and not others. Some kids don't like me. But good or bad, Greek or Siamese, their reactions are always the same. And so are reactions to them—espe-

As you've seen by now, I'm not really an ambassador. I'm a clown. But about these two pictures, I can't clown. They explain to me why I've traveled 100,000 miles the last three years as UNICEF's "ambassador" to the world's children. Above, a little Israeli boy, a polio victim, tries to walk. I'm saying, "Come on, baby, come on to Danny." He made it. At right, Turkish children come to the airport to say "thank you" to the funny man with the red hair. At that moment, I admit, the funny man was feeling a little funny inside

An ambassador is frequently called upon to hold weighty discussions with the most eminent representatives of the countries he visits. In photo at upper left, I am having a weighty discussion with an eminent representative of Israel; lower left, with an eminent representative of Turkey. Occasionally, ambassadors must also meet with ordinary citizens. White-haired Israeli above is Prime Minister Ben Gurion

cially when they're sick. Adults want to make them well. I haven't met one yet who didn't, and I've been looking for three years and 100,000 miles.

I went to Zagora, French Morocco, this summer. It's a tiny town of 667 people who live in an ancient fortress built on the desert. Zagora in the summer is frighteningly hot, dusty and insect-ridden—a climate favorable to conjunctivitis, an eye inflammation that usually paves the way for a contagious disease called trachoma. Trachoma strikes mainly at children. In many cases, it blinds them. In some southern areas of French Morocco, it blinds them all.

Three years ago, after a government study of preventive treatments, 17 teams of health workers spent five months in heat that reached 115 degrees treating the entire population of one foothill area. Twice a day for half a year, they treated the eyes of 114,000 people with antibiotic ointment. That summer, there was no conjunctivitis in the area.

I can't forget Luc Dulière, one of the doctors in this campaign. A young man, he came from France to devote his life to the trachoma program. I can't forget him because every three or four weeks he gets conjunctivitis himself. He cures himself and he keeps on working. Because of devotion like this, Morocco's war against trachoma is on the edge of success. Once all but a few of the country's three million children had an eye disease of one form or another. By 1960, UNICEF expects to be giving them all preventive treatment.

But UNICEF personnel—and local officials and World Health Organization experts with whom they co-operate—cannot easily step into a community and go to work immediately. Often they must first overcome ancient fears. UNICEF workers four years ago set up a maternity and child health center in a small Syrian village. They were ready for business, but they had none. Their methods were foreign. They were suspect.

One evening a nurse midwife, trained by UNICEF, was roused from her bed by an insistent knocking at her door. Several Arab men stood outside. "Come quickly," one of them urged. A cow was calving, and in trouble. If UNICEF knew all about delivering babies, here, said the men, was a chance to prove it. The midwife rushed off with them to the scene of the difficulty. There was little she could do. But she did that little. In time the calf arrived. The next day, there were women and children at the clinic.

I found perhaps the most striking story of the fight against superstition in Nigeria. The man who leads this fight is a fifty-year-old Irish doctor who could very well double for Barry Fitzgerald, hanging eyeglasses and all. His name is Charles McConnaughy Ross. Ross went to Nigeria 28 years ago to fight leprosy. When I asked him if he intended to stay for the rest of his life, he looked at me as if he didn't understand how I could ask the question.

If he lives long enough, Dr. Ross may well see the end of leprosy. A relatively new group of drugs—sulfones—has revolutionized the treatment of leprosy. Until a few years ago to be a leper meant social and economic ostracism. Today lepers have begun to walk among their people. The new drugs reduce the symptoms and in many cases hasten recovery. As a result, lepers who had stayed in hiding for fear of being ostracized—and had unwittingly endangered their families—are now coming out of hiding for treatment.

ALL THIS MEANS much more than just what appears on the surface. The world's less fortunate people are beginning to understand that the more fortunate want to help them. To the Nigerian or Moroccan this is overwhelming knowledge. For perhaps the first time, he can see a life of work instead of beggary. The people I have met are proud people; they'd rather work than beg. Now that they are being helped, they are beginning to help themselves. They are taking independent measures to protect their health.

One of my firmest beliefs is that there is no common formula for happiness. Each human being finds happiness in his own way and time. To a Nigerian leper the idea of mingling with nonlepers is happiness. I remember a welcome I received at a leper settlement in northern Nigeria. The lepers formed a large, thick circle, and when drummers set upon their drums, some children began to dance. I felt like dancing too—so I got up and started dancing with them. Suddenly out from the crowd came a young lady—a leper—to dance with me. We faced off, shuffled feet, swirled and circled as though we had rehearsed the dance for weeks. I had a great time, and so did my partner. So did the audience—laughing at us.

To be laughed at, you know, is the nature of comedy. Someone once asked me what it felt like to make people laugh who don't have much to laugh about. That question goes to the root of why I've spent so much of my spare time in the last three years working for UNICEF.

I've always had a consuming interest in medicine. At one point I wanted to be a doctor, because the idea of making people happy appealed to me. I never became a doctor—but I think I've made people happy by making them laugh. And I think that when you make someone laugh, you're giving him medicine. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID LEES

7.

THE McHUGH REPORT

This article reports on a unique scientific study into what Americans know and think about sex, what "old wives' tales" they accept as truth, what fears and feelings of guilt interfere with their search for marital happiness. The results are shocking. Even well-educated Americans are tangled in a web of taboos, superstitions and misinformation. The study reveals the failures of sex education in America.

The Sex Knowledge Inventory developed by Dr. Gelolo McHugh of Duke University is a questionnaire that seeks to determine an individual's knowledge and attitudes about sex and marriage. Dr. McHugh estimates that it has been used by 7,000 ministers, 2,000 doctors and 1,200 other professionals, as well as 600 family-life classes. Each professional person is asked to return a carbon of the answer sheet to Family Life Publications, Inc., Dr. McHugh's independent research organization. These anonymous replies from every state, Alaska and Hawaii are the basis for this report, which he hopes will prove helpful to all Americans.

What Americans Need to Learn about Sex

By DR. GELOLO McHUGH with J. Robert Moskin

We Americans seem to be the most sex-stimulated people in the world. But the six-year study I have just completed with the aid of hundreds of doctors, ministers and marriage counselors suggests that many of us have surprising gaps in our knowledge and twists in our attitudes about sex.

The results of this study show that our American youth—and many, many long-married couples—urgently need help if they are to avoid sex experience outside of marriage, escape divorce and increase their potential for marital happiness. It is our hope that, by putting our findings into the hands of the public and those devoted to helping us attain marital happiness, many personal disasters can be avoided. Consider, for example, three facts revealed by our Sex Knowledge Inventory study:

- Nearly three out of every 10 unmarried young people falsely believe that interest in and conversation about sex is the best way to predict whether a prospective husband or wife will be a good sex partner.
- About 60 per cent of all married men and women studied fear that a wife's desire for marital relations will change in middle age.
- Twice as many men as women erroneously blame a wife's unresponsiveness or failure to find physical happiness in marriage on her husband's lack of skill as a lover.

The misinformation in these three findings alone contains enough hidden dynamite to shatter thousands of marriages.

This study, in which we have tabulated and analyzed 7,434 returns, is a continuing research project into what Americans know and think about sex. As the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's research gave us our first statistical information about male and female sexual behavior, it is our hope that the Sex Knowledge Inventory study will offer us, for the first time, organized information about sex knowledge and attitudes in this country.

Expressions of support for our work have been heartening. The Reverend Ewart G. Watts, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Topeka, calls the Inventory "an extremely useful counseling aid." And in the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Dr. Jed W. Pearson, Jr., of Washington, D.C., recommended that doctors use the Inventory for premarital counseling. He wrote: "Properly used, the Inventory can help free the couple from handicapping ignorance and unhealthy attitudes about sex."

From The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Professor Wayne E. Oates writes: "We used the Sex Knowledge Inventory last year in my class in marriage and family counseling in order to square and plumb the knowledge of ministers on this very important subject."

Colonel Loren T. Jenks, chaplain of the U.S. Eighth Army in Korea, writes: "I am utterly appalled at the lack of ordinary knowledge of even those who have been married for 10, 11 and 12 years. . . . I feel that the Inventory has been an extremely useful aid in developing the concept of unselfishness and considerateness on the part of the partners in marriage."

The Reverend Dawson C. Bryan, director of The Institute of Religion, Texas Medical Center, writes to say: "I would not now conduct a premarital counseling session without the benefit of the Inventory."

The most important fact we have learned from our study is that, although researchers like Kinsey have made it possible for people to discuss the need for sex education, not much as yet has been done about it. Kinsey took a bulldozer and plowed up the field; now, you might say, it is necessary to plant a garden.

Many parents are still worried that increased sex knowledge will mean increased sex activity among youngsters growing up. I believe that just the opposite is true. Much adolescent sex activity is actually encouraged by ignorance; the desire to experiment is stimulated by the mystery in which the subject is so often wrapped. Adult ignorance which we, as parents, so often pass on to our children in the form of taboos, guilt feelings and misconceptions will raise the odds against marital happiness later on.

I believe that if we are going to preserve and strengthen the institution of marriage, it will require a tremendous move forward in sex education. Dr. Pearson says: "Of more than 30,000,000 married couples in the United States, at least one fourth will end in the divorce court. If one adds to these marriage failures the large number of unhappy homes as well as the frustrations and psychosomatic disorders which result from maladjusted marriages, the enormousness of the problem can be easily seen."

Why is sex so important? Many people wonder if it *must* loom so large in life, if it *must* be such a substantial element in marital happiness.

To my mind sex is a God-given force for human good; properly oriented, it is the drive that allows humankind to be re-created and perpetuated, and a medium for the expression of love. It is difficult to imagine a more powerful human force for good.

Beyond this, however, we must face the less pleasant fact that in America today sex is constantly used as a lure. Bosomy billboards seek to sell us products and services. Marilyn Monroe wriggles across the theater screen. Elvis Presley excites millions of youngsters with his contortions.

It is clear from our questionnaires that the condition of American sex education is woefully inadequate to meet the growing attention we pay to the subject and the anxieties this produces. Many Americans—young people especially—gain false and even dangerous misconceptions about sex.

Let's look at the detailed results of our six-year study. In reading these results and applying them against your own life and concepts, keep in mind two important points. First, there are rarely right and wrong answers to these questions; what we can tabulate are the *best* answers on the criteria established for the Sex Knowledge Inventory by our Advisory Committee of experts. And, secondly, our sample does not claim to be a precise cross section of the national population. Actually, the people we have studied are, on the whole, better educated than the national average. This would lead us to expect that their answers would represent more correct information and understanding about sex relations than the national average. And yet they are surprisingly uninformed.

APPROACH TO MARRIAGE: What young men or women expect out of marriage can be crucial to their chances of happiness. In addition to un-

Dr. Gelolo McHugh, who is assistant professor of psychology at Duke University, was graduated from Presbyterian College in South Carolina and received his Ph.D. degree from Columbia University. He taught at Barnard College and Hunter College before going to Duke. Dr. McHugh is the author of Training for Parenthood and is completing a book about adolescence. He has spoken to groups of young people about sex and marriage across most of the country. He has been married for twenty-three years and is the father of two teen-age boys.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. ROBERT MOSKIN

"TO STRENGTHEN THE FAMILY," DR. McHUGH SAYS, "WE NEED A NEW AND RESPONSIBLE ATTITUDE TOWARD SEX EDUCATION"

realized expectations, the burden of overcoming deeply ingrained taboos, superstitious beliefs, feelings of guilt and even disgust mar very many marriages.

One of the most shocking facts revealed by the study is that nearly 30 per cent of the premarried group believes mistakenly that interest in and conversation about sex is the best evidence for predicting whether a prospective husband or wife will be a good partner. This indicates a surprising amount of immaturity, a willingness to substitute symbols for sex. The truth is that a good partner in sex talk is not necessarily a good partner in sex relations at all.

The study shows that there is still substantial belief in the old concept that women are by nature slower to respond and less strongly driven by desire than men. If not for the attitudes of our society and the condition of sex education today, the reverse of this might actually be true. But nearly one in 10 premarried persons still believes that the purpose of sex play is to reduce excitement in the man and increase it in the woman. Inhibitory conditioning may retard the compatibility of American newlyweds, but we know of no biological basis for the old belief that there are great differences between the sexes in the degree of desire.

One minister commenting on our work has said that couples often "do not realize that the real cause of their failure to achieve sex happiness is much more likely to be the wife's attitude toward sex or the husband's failure to understand her need for warmth and affection."

Our study also explored the false idea that marital relations require "sacrifice" on the part of one partner or the other. Asked when a wife should agree to her husband's desire for relations, more than one in every 10 premarried men graciously said only when she desires it too. An equal percentage of premarried women, in answer to the reverse question, said, only when the husband desires it.

In marriage there should be no spirit of sacrifice to promote harmony. A wife who "sacrifices" herself to her husband is usually on her way to emotional separation from him.

The study also demonstrates that a vestigial fear of the male's capacity still exists in a substantial number of women. This fear hangs over from the old-fashioned teaching that man is essentially a beast. For example, 22 per cent of premarried women anticipate that a climax increases a man's later desire and capacity—"the more you give a man, the more he wants." Even among married women, 18 per cent expressed this fear.

I counseled one newly married woman who had read some books on the subject and advised her fiancé that they would limit their relations to twice a week.

Her husband wisely said, "We'll have relations whenever we want to express love." He made an important point: control should be present, but it should come not from some arbitrary statistic but from love.

CHASTITY: In a time when premarital experience is apparently widespread, the belief in the possibility of physical proof of female chastity has become an American idea of convenience. The study reveals that there is widespread misunderstanding of physical virginity and false expectation of proof. The study shows that about a third of the premarrieds believe that an unbroken hymen is proof there have been no relations. The medical fact is that sex relations can occur without breaking this membrane.

More than half of the premarrieds also still believe that the membrane will be torn or destroyed by vigorous exercise such as tennis or horseback riding. Although exercise usually has no such effect, even 42 per cent of married men still believe this. Here is confusion, we would suspect, between the facts and what we want to believe.

MARITAL RESPONSIBILITY: According to the study, most American married men blame themselves if their wives fail to achieve complete marital happiness. Men, the study shows, all too frequently feel culpable for their wives' unresponsiveness, while women are much more likely to fix the burden, correctly, on their own attitudes.

For example, nearly 60 per cent of all premarried women correctly said that a woman might best overcome her lack of responsiveness by changing her attitude toward sex. But only 44 per cent of the single men chose that answer.

Even more dramatically, when a wife finds relations painful, 28 per cent of all men blame the husband's bad technique, but only half as many women (14 per cent) blame the husband. Only 42 per cent of the men studied correctly realize that a wife's attitude toward sex relations and her fear of pregnancy are usually the ruling causes of feminine unresponsiveness.

The study confirms that this mistaken attitude is quite common today: that the burden of responsibility for a happy sex life rests mainly on the husband and is almost always dependent on his patience and his skill. The truth is that a bride comes to marriage usually even less well prepared than the groom. Unless she has an attitude of willingness and a desire to learn to express her love to him, his knowledge and skill are of little avail. Her inhibitions are not caused by him; they are already present in her attitudes when she marries him.

The danger in the idea that the man must be ever so wonderful as a lover is that he may develop a sense of failure when his wife does not respond as the marriage books say she should to the techniques he has learned from them. He may be driven to the error of being sexually active beyond his true needs to prove himself both worthy of her and capable of making her love him as he loves her.

The wife's role in relations is also conditioned by our present-day attitudes toward sexual responsibility. In the Victorian era women began to be regarded as abnormal if they were sexually active. This rule of passivity is still dominant today. And ministers, doctors and marriage counselors have found that you cannot just admonish a woman to be less passive without having her husband understand and participate in what she's trying to do. Marriage counselors today appreciate that, for a woman, marital relations must be a full expression of her love and not just passive permission.

THE GUILT CYCLE: A most important bar to satisfactory marital adjustment is a sense of guilt: guilt about the sex relationship, guilt about a desire that may appear to be unusual and, especially, guilt about experience before marriage.

Everyone admits having a guilt feeling about some aspects of sex, but we fail to realize how often these feelings stem simply from misunderstanding our experience. The causes of such feelings of guilt are often things we don't like to talk about—taboos—and our inability to talk about them increases our misunderstanding.

One of the most common causes of such guilt feelings in marriage are erotic dreams. In men these dreams, because of a special physiological characteristic, often involve nocturnal emissions, one of nature's ways of relieving male sex pressures. Guilt is evidenced by 24 per cent of all single males, who believe that these experiences are dependent on thoughts about sex. Five per cent believe they represent lack of self-control. And 52 per cent of premarried women display serious misconceptions about them.

The study turns up a potentially significant statistic in that 47 per cent of all women studied report that women occasionally experience dreams that release similar tensions. Such experience has not been widely recognized.

Differences in sex drive are a second cause of guilt feelings. More than half of those studied answered that adjusting these differences was a matter of "trying." Actually, "trying" can accomplish quite the opposite effect. Serious differences are often caused by complex factors that may require professional help.

Another important source of guilt feelings—and another that we do not like to discuss—is autoeroticism. Most medical experts today recognize its prevalence and that very commonly fear and worry about it carry over into marriage. Twenty per cent of all those studied fear that it injures one's capacity to become a parent and others fear loss of strength or intelligence. Actually, the dangers are not those but in the adolescent fantasies aroused; later on, relations with a mate can conceivably be less satisfying.

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT MENSTRUATION: Clearly, misconceptions about female biology interfere with the modern American woman's efforts to take her proper place in the world today. Men in our society are oversold on the biological fragility of women. For example, the study shows that only 29 per cent of single men recognize that a woman is not ill when she is menstruating, while 59 per cent of single women know this fact.

Sixty-two per cent of married men think a woman is slightly ill at that time, against 29 per cent of the married women.

A surprising number of women as well as men need education in the meaning and function of this female process. Consider these brief excerpts of false ideas which showed up in our tabulations:

- 38 per cent of all women studied mistakenly believe that menstruation clears the unfertilized egg out of the womb, when in fact the ovum has been absorbed into the blood stream long before the process begins.
- 13 per cent of premarried persons and 10 per cent of the married think there is something "impure" about it.
- 11 per cent of all women and 30 per cent of all men believe there is something dangerous about bathing at comfortable temperatures during menstruation. This error, by the way, is clearly related to lack of education; it is much more widely held among non-high-school graduates, for example, than among college graduates.

The study suggests a need to revise textbook statistics as to the length of the menstrual period. The accepted figure is four days for the average woman. But in our study 41 per cent of premarried women and 36 per cent of the married women report periods lasting six days.

CONCEPTION: The whole biological process of sex is widely misunderstood. Nearly 20 per cent of the premarried men and women believe, for example, that a person capable of sex relations is free of venereal disease. The effect of such ignorance on premarital license is obvious.

A considerable number of persons in our study erroneously relate pregnancy and passion—the ability to conceive with intensity of sexual drive. Only 64 per cent of all premarrieds and 73 per cent of married men, against 82 per cent of married women, understand that unresponsiveness has no effect on a woman's ability to conceive.

One of every five single persons falsely believes that in order to conceive a husband and wife must achieve a climax simultaneously. Eight per cent of married women continue to hold this impression.

Fear of pregnancy frequently interferes with satisfactory marital relations. Contraception is, of course, a question involving important spiritual values and must be discussed always within the teachings of one's faith. Our study, concerned only with the level of public knowledge of the subject, shows that Americans are confused and ignorant about contraception's uses and reliability. Seven per cent of the married men and 4 per cent of the married women studied believe that modern birth-control methods are physically dangerous. Nineteen per cent of married men and 16 per cent of married women believe that these methods are not reliable. Both ideas, of course, are false.

Even more amazingly, 45 per cent of premarried men and 30 per cent of premarried women do not know when a woman is most likely to become pregnant and do not understand that ovulation occurs approximately midway between menstrual periods. This is true even of 37 per cent of the married men and 22 per cent of the married women.

This ignorance about the processes of conception is also evidenced by the study's finding that only 27 per cent of the premarried and 41 per cent of the marrieds know that after the birth of a baby a woman can become pregnant again before she menstruates.

One married couple—good students on a meager budget—came to me for counseling and took the Sex Knowledge Inventory a few weeks before they were expecting their second child. Each of them checked the answer indicating their belief that as long as the wife breast-fed their new baby she could not conceive. They learned only then that this was an old wives' tale with no basis in fact.

THE MENOPAUSE AND LATER LIFE: Many marriages end unhappily because of misunderstanding over the relationship between the menopause and sex relations. Only 44 per cent of married men and 39 per cent of married women, according to our tabulations, realize that after the menopause a woman's desire is the same as before, or somewhat heightened because she no longer fears pregnancy. Significantly, only 36 per cent of separated and divorced men and women understand this point which is crucial to marital happiness in later life.

That many persons are concerned about the effect on sex relations of sterilization and hysterectomies is also evidenced by the study's findings. About one in every four persons studied fears unnecessarily that such medical procedures will interfere with marital relations.

Much of the difficulty with sex relations in middle age is caused by the fact that some couples regard sex as a mechanical thing that will die out. I am reminded of the man who told me he had had no relations with his wife for five years, because he believed she had passed "the age of desire." There is no such thing.

More to the point are the numerous communications I have had with married people in their 50s, 60s and 70s, just like those in younger age groups, asking for guidance to achieve continuing happiness through the full and wholesome sexual expression of affection and love.

* * *

OUR RESEARCH into what Americans do—and do not—know about sex has turned up shocking ignorance and misinformation, even among the thousands of better-educated men and women in this sample. The need for more and better sex education—at all ages—is glaringly evident. Most important is the need to raise our youth with wholesome, guiltless attitudes free from the host of superstitions and misconceptions which our Inventory indicates to be highly prevalent in American society today. Good sex education is more than a listing of facts about anatomy, biology and techniques.

We can't expect today's generation of parents to do this job alone. Husbands and wives achieve compatibility for themselves by trial and error. Their own upbringing not only gives them tremendous psychological hurdles to leap to find their own happiness, but erects an almost insurmountable barrier to any effort to pass along what they learn to their children.

After I had talked to parents in a large Pennsylvania church recently, I saw one man waiting out all those who crowded around to chat with me. When the crowd thinned, he walked me across the auditorium to a corner. He told me his problem: he had always been careful not to let his eight-year-old daughter see him undressed. Now he had discovered her watching him and he didn't know what to do.

I couldn't just tell him to relax; that would have been contrary to every moral idea deeply instilled in him. All I could do was urge him to make information about the male figure available to her through books, by his wife and other people in the family. His problem emphasized for me the dilemma of so many people who want understanding and happiness for their children but are immobilized by their own attitudes.

I have talked about sex to more than 10,000 high-school youngsters at the invitation of their parents, their schools and their churches. When I stand in a large assembly room before 30 or 50 or 100 high-school youngsters, I am repeatedly impressed with their hunger for the truth. Their inquiries range over every aspect of marital and sex relations, as exemplified by the questions accompanying this article. They want the best possible chance for happiness; they want to know the truth.

Our youngsters are supposed to be both not knowing and all knowing about sex; it is both an excitement for its own sake and a mystery. Many young people expect it to create happiness. To describe the sex act we often use the phrase: "making love." We expect it to make love, to create love. How very many young people get married expecting that through the intimacy of marriage they can actually "make love."

Sex is one of many ways of expressing love already there. A couple in marriage learns to appreciate sex as a form of self-expression instead of for its physical pleasure alone. When both partners face squarely their hunger for affection and turn to each other for its satisfaction, all is well in sex relations in that marriage.

As the Reverend C. W. Friedman of Loras College, a men's Catholic college in Dubuque, puts it: "It is my experience, as well as that of many psychiatrists, that what couples term as poor sexual adjustment is only a symptom of poor human relationships."

Today the great majority of denominations accept sex as a medium of self-expression as well as the means of procreation. Ministers are really trying hard to educate young people in the real meaning and uses of sex in married life.

And this is fortunate, because the fear with which we have attempted to control youthful sexual behavior is proving less and less effective. We have also beaten the drums of admonition so long that our children have adapted —they no longer hear the drums. Youth today demands reasonable reasons for continence.

Continence before marriage is still worth while, but for much more wholesome reasons than the superstitious fears which are stirred up in youngsters and promise only trouble in marriage later on. The real danger

Dr. McHugh and his Advisory Committee have developed two Sex Knowledge Inventories: Form X, on which this study is based, and Form Y, which deals solely with people's knowledge of anatomical facts. The Advisory Committee includes: Dr. Abraham Stone, author of A Marriage Manual; Dr. Evelyn Duvall, former executive secretary of the National Council of Family Relations; Dr. Reuben L. Hill, professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina; Dr. Walter Stokes, lecturer on marriage and the family at George Washington University; Dr. Robert G. Foster, director of the Marriage Counseling Service of The Menninger Foundation; Dr. Lester A. Kirkendall, professor of family life, Oregon State College; the Reverend Dr. Roy A Burkhart, pastor of the First Community Church, Columbus, Ohio; Dr. Robert N. Creadick, Duke University School of Medicine; Dr. Floyd Boys, associate professor of health education, University of Illinois; the Reverend Dr. Wayne E. Oates, professor of psychology of religion, The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and the Reverend Dr. John M. Billinsky, professor of psychology and clinical training, Andover Newton Theological School.

of premarital experience is that a young person may develop sex needs, techniques and involvements to the neglect of broader preparation for life and marriage. If youngsters were properly educated they would comprehend this danger. They would know from the beginning that sex is wonderful, but it has its place in the whole fabric of life. We have to replace threats with understanding.

Studies now say that thousands and thousands of people have premarital experience. Some Americans are even beginning to believe that premarital relations can help determine whether a young couple should marry. Actually, such relations can drag them into marriage.

I recently conducted a seminar for 75 high-school students under the auspices of a local council of churches. In my counseling sessions afterward six couples came to me individually to discuss sex relations they had been having. In most cases these youngsters felt caught. Some anticipated being separated at different colleges and wanted to know what they should do. In two cases the young people were finished with each other and didn't know how to break off.

These youngsters were obviously ready physically for marriage. But were they ready in other ways? To only one couple could I suggest that they see if their parents would subsidize their marriage and let them attend college together. The others had too many loose ends for marriage. They would not be giving marriage a chance; premarital experience does not ensure a happy marriage.

Many young couples would have entered marriage better prepared if they could have kept their relationship based on friendship for another year or two rather than becoming committed by premarital experience. They would have discovered more about each other's personalities. In some cases they might not have married.

Sex can force them into marriage. The girl says: I let you do this only because I love you. The boy says: I do this only because I love you. These youngsters thereby make commitments to each other. Quite frequently we will see a young man panic at having to fulfill his commitment—right at the church door. Often this young man and wife are through with each other in a couple of years.

IN AMERICA WE HAVE a misconception that much good comes from the male alone being experienced before marriage. Actually we have nothing to gain by having our young men sexually sophisticated. This puts the wife at a disadvantage, makes her fearful; a bridegroom cannot expect his inexperienced bride to act like an experienced woman. Our studies show that 60 per cent of the girls coming to marriage are unprepared even to the extent of knowing how their bodies function in marital relations. More than 80 per cent do not know how their bodies participate actively in these relations.

These facts do not mean that women should have more premarital experience but that they need more education. And equally, I believe that if young men had more sex education they would require and seek less sex experience.

What our young people must have is a new goal for continence. I tell youngsters I counsel that the best reason to avoid premarital experience is that the best sex is in marriage and it is worth waiting for. I tell them their parents may not be as prudish as they think they are, but that their parents cannot pass along their understanding and appreciation of sex in marriage because of things that have happened to them in our culture. We adults need to bring sex out of the closet of fear.

Man's most beautiful possession is the concept of family. If we are to grasp today's opportunity to strengthen the family, we need to create a new and responsible attitude toward sex education in America. Youth today needs a new perspective toward sex, a view that offers a reasonable reason for continence before marriage and an opportunity to replace misconceptions and superstitions with wholesome knowledge. We have an opportunity to help the next generation, and even today's married generations, approach marriage with greater hope and understanding.

More and more aids are available to help our youth grow up with sound knowledge. New books are being offered to parents. We hope our Sex Knowledge Inventories will be used by more and more teachers, ministers and doctors. Family-life courses in high schools and colleges are increasing. Doctors are exhibiting an increased emphasis on helping premarried couples, and the American Medical Association has recently published an excellent series of pamphlets for parents and youngsters. A large majority of theological schools today have courses in premarital counseling and such religious efforts as the Catholic Pre-Cana Conferences seek to help directly youngsters approaching marriage.

These are the visible signs of progress. Less obvious but even more fundamental is the growing feeling in America today that freedom and responsibility go together where sex and family, love and happiness, are concerned. We hope our work will strengthen this feeling and increase the potential for happiness in many people. THE END

QUESTIONS YOUNG PEOPLE ASK

The questions which follow are a sampling of those most frequently asked Dr. McHugh by the thousands of teen-agers to whom he has spoken about sex and marriage. To encourage freedom in asking such questions, Dr. McHugh speaks to parents first and later, at the adults' invitation, talks to the younger group with no parents or teachers present. The questions presented here with a summary of Dr. McHugh's answers were chosen from those written down and passed up to Dr. McHugh at a meeting sponsored by the council of churches in a Pennsylvania city. They are representative of questions young people ask him most often.

1. *Is it right or wrong to joke about sex to the opposite sex?*
The trouble with sex jokes is that they often degrade sex or serve merely as an excuse to talk salaciously. Approached in a healthy way, sex can be a subject for humor as much as any other aspect of human relations.

2. *Do you think coeducation in sex is important, and why?*
The problem in human relations is always to enable people to understand one another. How can men and women learn to be compatible in marriage if each has been isolated in the discussion of such matters?

3. *What does a boy first think of when he sees me or one of my girl friends?*
What you are really asking is whether girls have to be afraid of boys. The answer is no; males are by nature no more predatory than females.

4. *Are boys more interested in girls who show their sex more than others?*
No healthy male wants for a life partner a girl who has no interest whatsoever in being womanly. But men also do not want to marry someone who seems to be promiscuous or to flaunt her sex. Very much depends on how tastefully the girl expresses her femininity.

5. *How old do you think a person should be before he or she goes steady?*
Old enough to have known a variety of members of the opposite sex as friends and companions so that he or she has some real basis on which to choose a partner in marriage.

6. *Should girls go out with, or go steady with, boys four or five years older than they are?*
So much depends on the girl. If she is socially and emotionally ready for male companions who are likely to be interested in activities and friends quite different from her own, she may be mature enough to overcome such a difference in ages.

7. *Do you think a girl of thirteen should be kissed by a boy?*
It depends on what each of them is trying to accomplish by kissing. It is a pity that many boys and girls cannot separate expressions of desire from expressions of affection. This is usually not the youngsters' fault, but the adults', who read into childhood behavior what *they* would be trying to do.

8. *Is petting right or wrong?*
Human beings are built so that beyond a certain point "petting" creates a biological compulsion to go on. That is why many youngsters are dragged into marriage by involvements they didn't really mean to get into.

9. *At what age do you think a boy is more sex-minded?*
Boys and girls become increasingly sexually aware as they approach maturity. However, if they are preoccupied with such thoughts, they do not understand sex well enough to accept it as a normal and wonderful part of mature life.

10. *How should a boy get rid of his sexual desire?*
He shouldn't. Sex desire is a normal thing. He needs to understand his heightening sensitivity and the fact that he is going to use this biological drive later on. In the meantime, a youth can learn self-control and to utilize his physical energy in other ways.

11. *Is intercourse all right with "steadies" if "proper" precautions are taken?*
The possibility of pregnancy is not the only reason for refraining from relations before marriage; in fact, today it is not even the most important reason. Protection from such a possibility does not mean that a young person can escape the emotional impact of sex relations. As I have said before, premarital affairs frequently compel young couples into marriages they do not want by entangling them in emotional commitments they would not otherwise make.

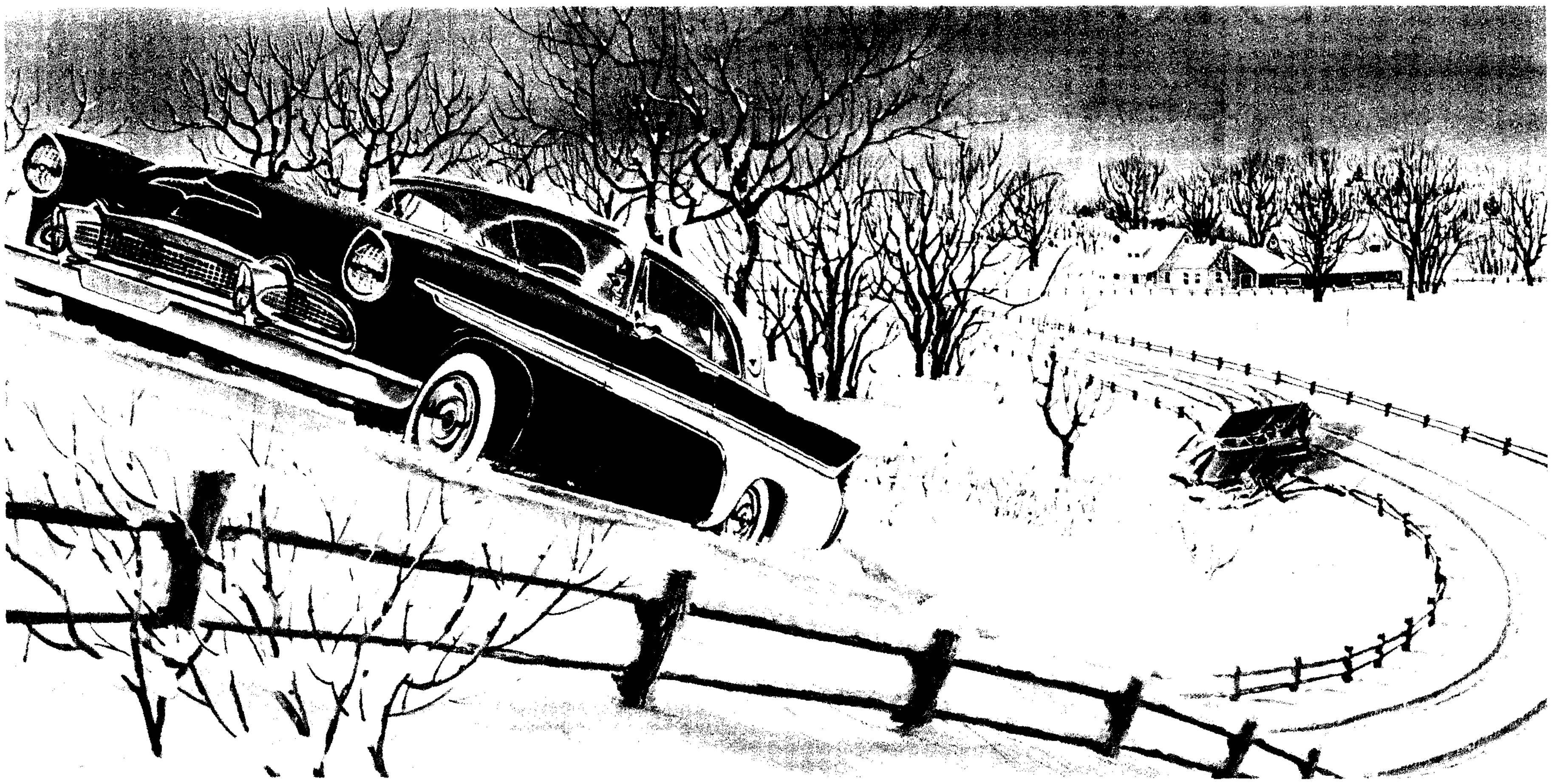
12. *At what age do you think a boy and girl should get married so that their marriage lasts?*
Readiness for marriage is not directly related to chronological age but rather to emotional and social growth.

13. *How do you get started with sex after the marriage or on the honeymoon?*
When you are mature enough to be married and have gone through a courtship period, this will not offer a great amount of trouble where there is a sincere desire to express affection. You can get advice from your parents, doctor or minister and there are books that can help anyone facing marriage and worrying about this problem.

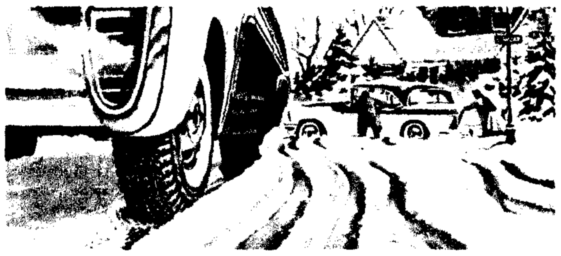
14. *How much advice about sex should a teen-ager be given by parents?*
Every bit their parents are able to give. Many parents are personally well adjusted in marriage but unable to give sound sex education to another person or even to talk directly about sex matters.

15. *Should parents pick your friends of the opposite sex?*
Training in choice must go along with freedom to choose. In most cases adults should not impose their wills on children or be unwilling to have the child learn for himself.

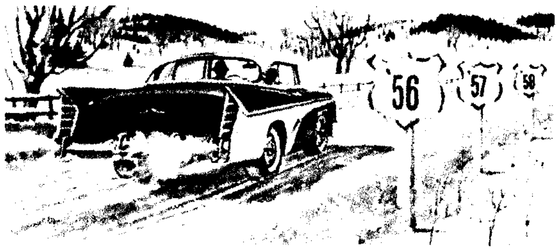
NEW GOODYEAR WINTER TIRE bites through snow... runs quietly on bare roads... lasts a season longer!



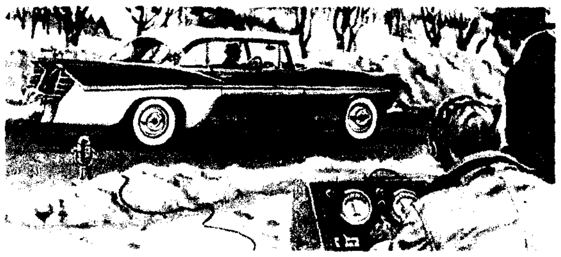
Deep snow needn't stop you! The 5500 biting edges of the revolutionary new Suburbanite tread dig in deep to give you strong, straight-ahead pulling power. Even on steep, snow-covered grades! To go places this winter without tiresome delays, be it through snow, mud or ice . . . get Goodyear's new 3-T Custom Suburbanites. This new type of winter tire proves to be the finest ever to bear the Suburbanite name.



When the going gets slippery, Goodyear's new winter tire has a completely *"tractionized"* tread face that claws slick ice or hard-packed snow to give your car up to 55% better traction.



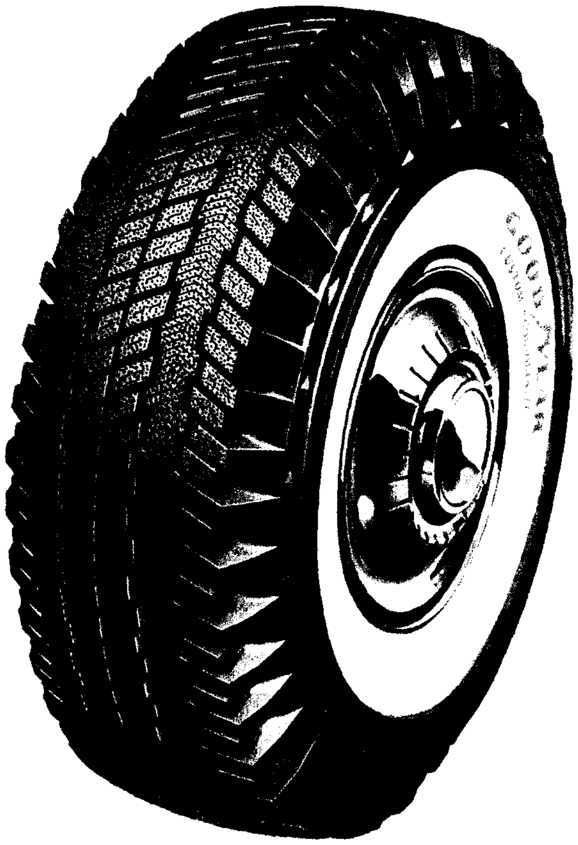
Many months of extra wear! You'll pull through several winters safely and surely with new Custom Suburbanites. Strong 3-T Cord body, new tread and tougher, long-lived rubber add up to more miles of wear—a season more for many motorists.



Hi-fidelity tests have proved that new Custom Suburbanites are much quieter than old-style winter tires. On cleared highways you roll along with a quiet, restful smoothness.

Now Goodyear brings you the *new* 3-T Custom Suburbanite. *New* because it has a revolutionary tread with wide, deep-digging "V-GRIP" notches and thousands of tiny traction teeth for better grip.

So, equip the rear wheels of your car with Goodyear's great new 3-T Custom Suburbanites. They're available at your Goodyear dealer's now in black or white sidewall; tubeless or tube-type. See him soon, for safer winter driving. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

GOODYEAR TIRES

NEW 3-T CUSTOM
SUBURBANITE

GOODYEAR

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

Suburbanite, T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Siobhan of Arc

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALFRED WERTHEIMER

Ireland's Siobhan (pronounced Shi-vawn′) McKenna, an actress of phenomenal range and versatility, has been playing George Bernard Shaw's Saint Joan for more than six years in her own country and in London. This season, she brought her interpretation to New York, where she created as big a stir as any actress in the last 25 years. The rest of the country recently had the opportunity of seeing Miss McKenna on television as a murderess in NBC's production of The Letter. Now, they can hear her in a recorded version of Saint Joan which RCA Victor will release this month on three long-playing records. This recording, in line with a growing vogue in the music business, will be Siobhan's fifth release in the last 12 months. Along with her Broadway and TV appearances, it adds up to a record year for Siobhan. —THOMAS C. RYAN

An intense Siobhan listens to playbacks at the Saint Joan recording session

Above, Miss McKenna throws herself into scene with the Dauphin, Michael Wager, with as much fervor as on the stage. Here, she shouts, "Oh, be a man, Charley"

Below, three moods of Siobhan: pensive as she discusses recordings, then gay as the session ends successfully, finally impish, as she mugs with Michael Wager

Outlook for Christmas - perfect!

It's a safe prediction this Christmas that more people will give and get Four Roses than any other whiskey.

It happens every Christmas—and for a very good reason. Four Roses is America's favorite gift whiskey because it's the very finest of American whiskies. It's richer, smoother, brighter tasting—always most warmly welcome.

Yes, Four Roses is a great whiskey, a great Christmas tradition, and is so perfect for so many on your list.

Time to give the finest...

FOUR ROSES

FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Progress and foresight would cure his country's ills; of that Mr. Chandra was sure. But alas—dear, foolish man—he completely forgot about love

Mr. Chandra's five-year plan

By CHRISTINE WESTON

The river was the color of stale tea, and various objects floated on its surface—branches, old kerosene tins, a drowned buffalo on whose upturned belly a water bird rode with the jaded air of an old experienced voyager.

Young Mr. Chandra picked his way carefully along a narrow strip of ground that separated the shore from the sodden fields. He had removed his shoes to preserve them from the wet and carried them in one hand; in the other he carried a blue, paper-bound book, wrapped in a handkerchief. Wherever he went Mr. Chandra carried this book. It was the Government of India's Five-Year Plan for the economic development of the country, but Mr. Chandra had come to look on it as something he might have written himself. What the Bible is to Christians, the Koran to Moslems, the Ramayana to Hindus, this Five-Year Plan was to Mr. Chandra. There were days when the statistics set forth in its pages danced before his eyes like notes of music and the prose sounded like poetry in his ears. This morning to enliven the tedium of his walk, he found himself humming the words, entire sentences that conjured up a glorious vision of the future, against the drab expanse of the river, the flooded fields and rooftops crumbling under days and nights of lashing rain.

"When the targets
Of additional production
Are achieved,
The deficiency in food grains
Will largely be wiped out . . .

Gaps
In respect of commercial crops
Will remain,
Though they will be reduced
Considerably.

The Plan therefore
Provides
For imports of one point two
Million bales
Of cotton, and
Point eight million bales
Of jute!"

A week had elapsed since the government welfare department at New Delhi had dispatched Mr. Chandra on a tour of inspection of the flooded areas, to report on the condition of the villagers and make recommendations for their relief. Almost every year during the monsoon season the country suffered from such floods, but this was Mr. Chandra's first experience of this branch of his work, and he was appalled by what he saw. Not only was everything under water for miles around, but most of the villagers seemed at a loss as to what to do about it. Wherever he went Mr. Chandra came upon them importuning their gods or huddled on doorsteps in a trance of resignation, or fleeing to other communities not much better off than themselves.

His superiors in New Delhi had advised Mr. Chandra to make his headquarters at the village of Patwa as the one most central to the area, and this he had done, but because floods had made other modes of travel well-nigh impossible, he was forced to conduct his excursions to neighboring villages on foot. Between tramping from one place to another and compiling his reports, Mr. Chandra—a firm believer in personal initiative—found time to exhort the villagers to some sort of self-help: "Exert yourselves! Build embankments, put up shelters, dig drains, pool your resources for the common good. . . . But *do something!"*

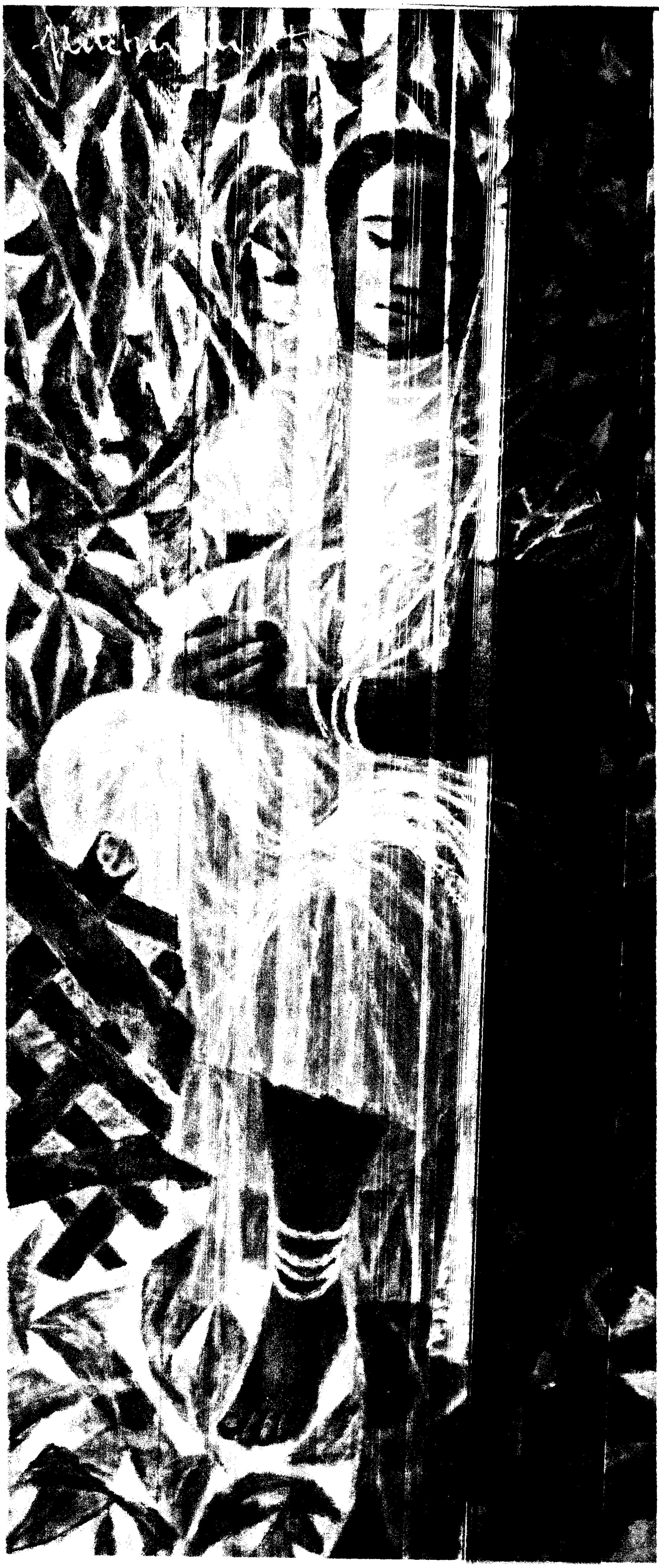
Spurred by his vigor, the poor wretches set to scratching up a little dirt and piling it against the riverbank, whence it was promptly washed away. They dug a few drains and, nagged by Mr. Chandra, some even went so far as to share their meager hoard of flour and sugar with their neighbors, but no sooner had he turned his back when they reverted to a hypnotized contemplation of the downpour, the drowning miles of earth, and their own immemorial fate.

In the evenings, with rain pelting on the roofs of Patwa, Mr. Chandra invited the villagers to sit with him while he read from the blue, paper-covered book, translating as he went, pausing to sketch diagrams in the air and to show them the photographs with which it was illustrated—inspiring photographs of crops grown from improved seed, cattle from improved breeding methods, new wells, irrigation works, railway bridges, fertilizer factories, welfare centers, shipyards, schools. In all these photographs the villagers of Patwa saw people like themselves energetically at work, young men poring earnestly over test tubes, women bathing babies, old and young alike engaged in the great task of helping their country by helping themselves.

"Why don't we leave our miserable huts and go and live in the places where these wonderful things are happening?" demanded a villager named Lila Ram, plaintively, and his wife Lakshmi echoed the question: "Yes, why not?"

"It is not necessary that you go elsewhere," Mr.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLETCHER MARTIN



Chandra answered, reprovingly. "In a few years, given intelligent planning and hard work, you can have these things for yourselves. It is coming. It is already on the way."

"So is the rain," murmured Lakshmi, and they listened to it falling on the roof, its hammer blows mingling with the sound of the river as it churned along its banks, rising higher and higher, rising past its last water level, rising toward the nearer doorsteps, toward Lila Ram's hut and his mango tree, whose leaves shone like glass in the steaming air.

THIS MORNING, however, the rain had stopped, but in spite of heavy clouds and a stifling sense of moisture in the air, Mr. Chandra was sweating, and his thin shirt stuck to his back. The weight of his shoes and the book dragged at his arms, and his feet had a tendency to glue themselves in the ooze through which he walked. He was on his way back to Patwa after an early-morning tour of inspection upriver, and what he saw had convinced him that the sooner the villagers of Patwa evacuated their homes the better. Fields lay flooded, distant villages seemed already partly submerged, and the drab figures of men and cattle could be seen moving drearily toward the hinterland.

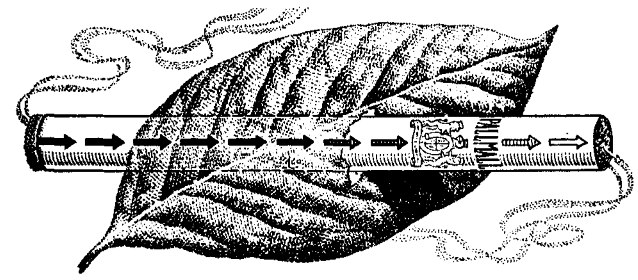
Mr. Chandra hoped that by the time he regained his headquarters the occupants would have begun their own trek, carrying their scanty belongings, driving their flocks, trailed by old people, children and dogs. How like them, Mr. Chandra thought in sudden exasperation brought on by fatigue—how like them to wait until the last moment before making a move—with no preparation, no provision against hunger and disease, nothing between them and the open sky, to wait (*Continued on page* 48)

Don't miss the

fun of smoking

Mildness is a Pleasure with PALL MALL

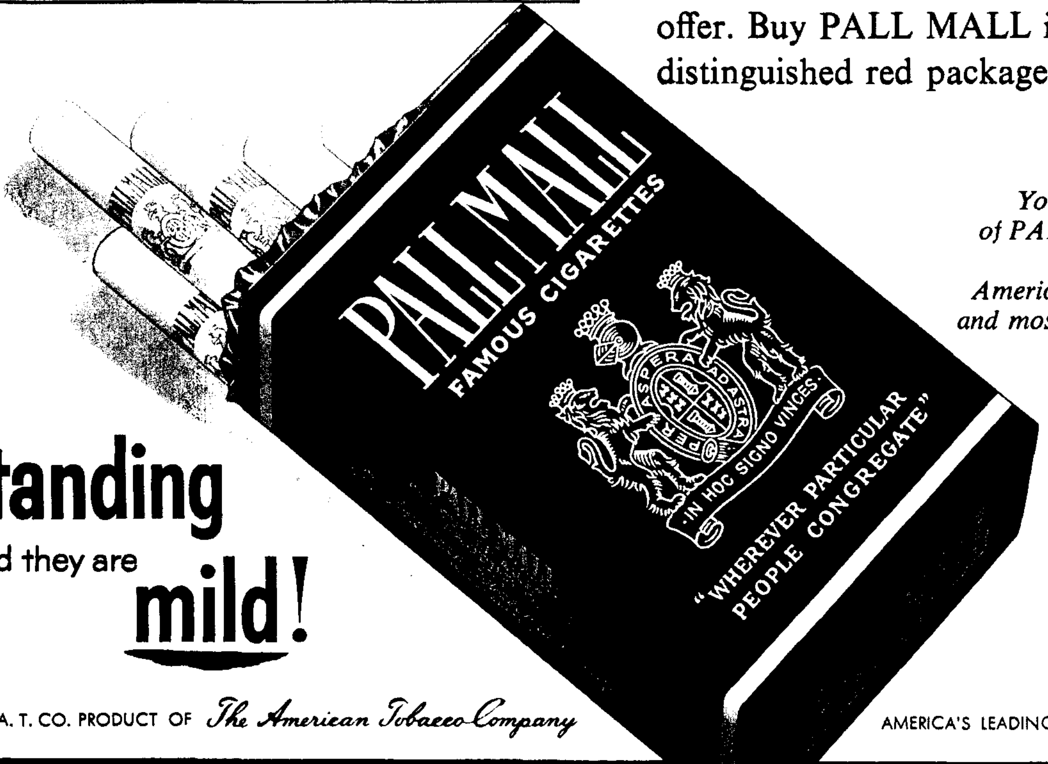
For Flavor and Mildness



Fine Tobacco Filters Best

● Don't miss the *fun* of smoking. Mildness is something you enjoy . . . it's a *pleasure* with PALL MALL, because PALL MALL's natural filter —greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos—travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.

● So—get more *fun* out of smoking! Enjoy smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer. Buy PALL MALL in the distinguished red package today!


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

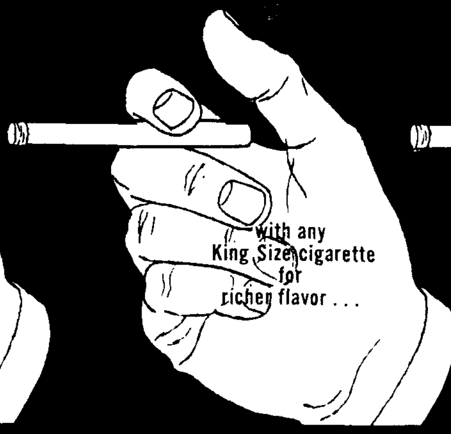
Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

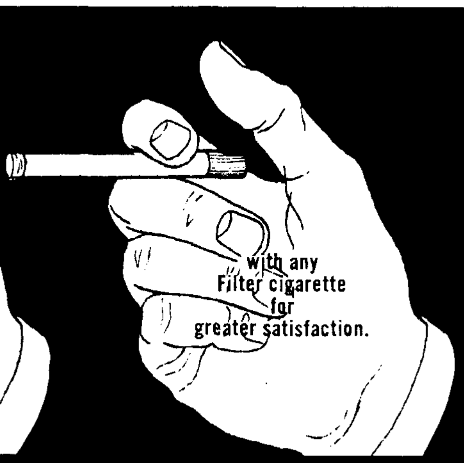
Outstanding ...and they are mild!

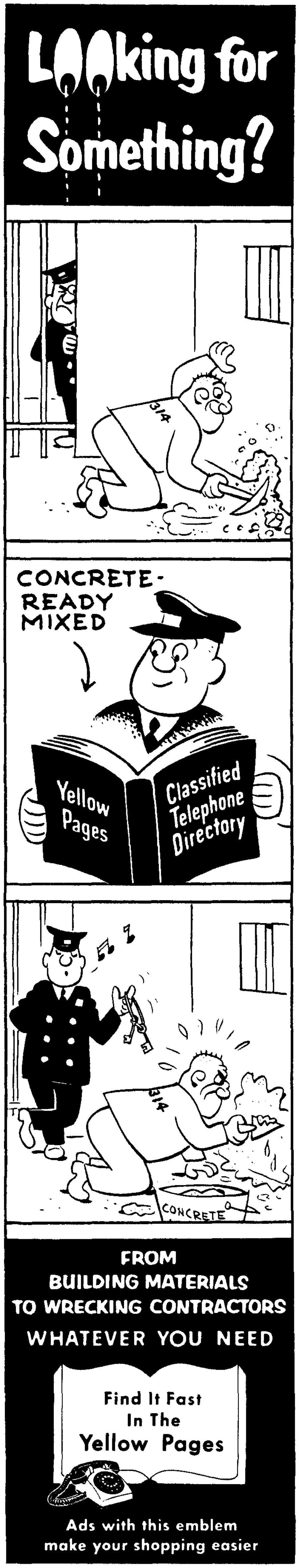
©A. T. CO. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES.

Compare Pall Mall for Straight Smoking Pleasure

with any
Regular cigarette
for
extra mildness . . .


with any
King Size cigarette
for
richer flavor . . .


with any
Filter cigarette
for
greater satisfaction.


LOOking for Something?
314
CONCRETE-READY MIXED
Yellow Pages
Classified Telephone Directory
314
CONCRETE
FROM BUILDING MATERIALS TO WRECKING CONTRACTORS
WHATEVER YOU NEED
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Ads with this emblem make your shopping easier

(*Continued from page* 45) like sheep for gods or government to come to their aid.

Pausing for breath, for he was unaccustomed to walking in the country and under such conditions, Mr. Chandra clamped the Five-Year Plan under one arm while he changed the shoes from his left hand to his right and, in doing so, dropped the book in the mud.

"Damn!" he said in English.

Picking up the book he dried it on his handkerchief, and on straightening up, he saw three small children approaching at right angles across the steaming fields—three children driving a small brown goat and followed by the indispensable village cur. Although they were still some distance away, Mr. Chandra thought he recognized them as three of the nine children belonging to Lila Ram and Lakshmi, his interlocutors of a few nights ago. Of all the inhabitants of Patwa, Lila Ram seemed the most shiftless. He had apparently early made up his mind that it is more blessed to receive than to give, and though still fairly young and in good health, made his living by doing as little work as possible, by begging, borrowing and, so Mr. Chandra suspected, by sundry light-fingered enterprises when no one happened to be looking his way.

Watching the children approach, Mr. Chandra decided that they were indeed Lila Ram's offspring, for they came down the age scale in steps, a year apart, almost as naked as when their mother had borne them in that smoky hole of a hut under the mango tree. Shortly—in a week, so Lila Ram had whined to Mr. Chandra—Lakshmi would be brought to bed with another child—her tenth. Mr. Chandra had ignored the hint that he reach for his purse to help out in this emergency.

"You already have nine," he reminded the expectant father, severely, "nine children and not a penny to your name! What is to prevent your having eleven, twelve—twenty?"

"Nothing," conceded Lila Ram with a melancholy smile. "Nothing, for after all, if the gods decree that it must be, then it must be!"

POOR as they were, Mr. Chandra had noticed, Lila Ram's family seemed never to go really hungry. Other men's children might starve or die of cholera, snakebite, boils, but Lila Ram's brood not only survived, they actually flourished; and on one point there could be no argument at all—they were by far the handsomest boys and girls in the village, intelligent, attractive, with their father's insinuating manner and their mother's lovely nose. But while Mr. Chandra had a soft spot in his heart for the children, he disapproved sternly of both parents. Their irresponsibility and apparent indestructibility threatened his concept of human perfectibility, and he had more often than not caught himself reflecting that the world would be infinitely better off without them.

The children caught up with him, and the eldest of the trio promptly volunteered the information that during Mr. Chandra's absence from Patwa the river had risen so that it was now almost on a level with their doorstep.

"My brothers have built a platform in the mango tree, and if the river should rise much further we will all climb into the tree and be safe."

"No doubt," said Mr. Chandra. "Like monkeys, all of you. Like tree rats, like . . . like fleas!"

They giggled, pleased by what they evidently took to be a compliment.

"That goat," Mr. Chandra said suddenly. "Whom does it belong to?"

"We have no idea. We just found it wandering about in the fields."

"Well, you had better see that it doesn't accidentally get its throat cut and end in a stew for certain other small animals who live in trees."

They giggled again, and Mr. Chandra felt their eyes, round and black as plums, fixed speculatively on his face. Presently one of them inquired with great politeness about the book he was carrying. "Is it the one with the pictures? The one you read to us the other night?"

Mr. Chandra nodded.

"Will you read it to us again, sahib, and tell us how our village is going to look in five years' time?"

The others echoed this request, their voices reminding him of the piping voices of frogs. "Yes, sir! Tell us about the wonderful things that will happen to us in five years' time!"

"Will there be fields of sugar cane, and *bajara* higher than a man's head, and a dam to hold back the river when it floods, and schools built of brick, and electric lights in every house, and cows which give forty seers of milk a day?"

Mr. Chandra smiled, feeling a slight lift to his spirits.

"Improvement in milk yield
Will take place
As a result of better breeding
Provided in the key village scheme . . .
Agriculture
Veterinary and animal husbandry
Including dairying,
Forests, co-operation, fisheries . . .
Tra la
Rural development and
Community projects
Tra la la
Local works program
For scarcity affected areas . . ."

He sang the words, and the children joined with him, their voices rising as such frail sounds can rise, above the menacing growl of the river which flowed beside their path.

"Everyone will have clothes," the children chanted, hopping through the mud in their bare feet. "Everyone will have shoes, medicine, and clean houses to live in! Our cattle will be fat and will shine like silver, like gold. There will be no mosquitoes. We shall grow up without malaria and dysentery and become like Mr. Chandra, and enter the field of social welfare and assist in the economic betterment and cultural development through social participation in co-operative effort!"

Mr. Chandra burst out laughing. "What! All nine of you?"

"All ten," they corrected him in chorus. "Our brother is soon to be born—any minute now."

"Our sister," objected one, firmly. "Our sister Radhi. Mother has already named her."

"Father has named *him* Kalu. Our new brother's name will be Kalu."

"And after Kalu?" inquired Mr. Chandra, his spirits subsiding. "After Kalu, what? Another sister, another brother?"

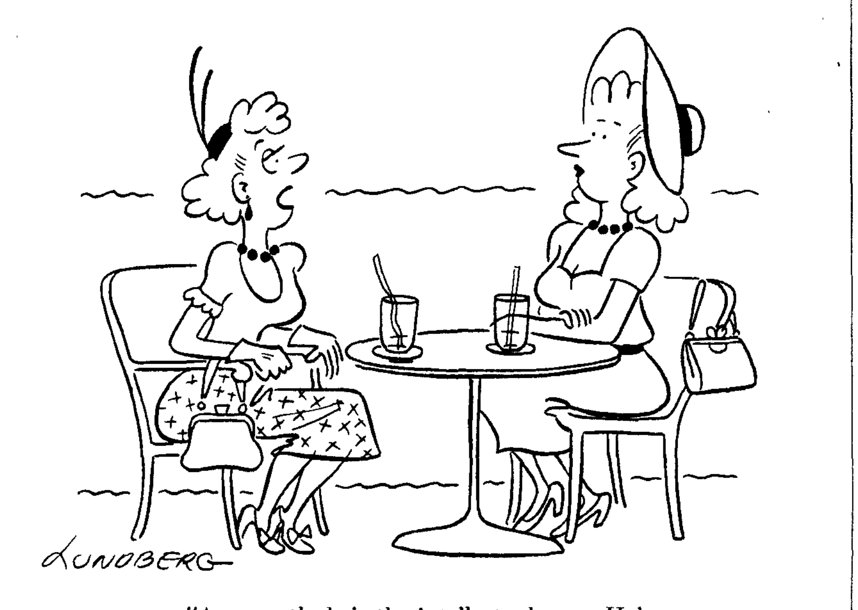
"Another sister!"

"Another brother!"

THEIR voices crumbled into laughter. A few enormous drops of rain shot out of the sky. All three began to run toward the village, driving the goat before them and followed by the dog.

Mr. Chandra watched them disappear, his feelings a mixture of amusement, pity and despair. A man could be expected to feel whole emotions about an individual, about two individuals, even three, but what kind of emotion could he possibly entertain toward *nine?* This fecundity appalled him, and he reflected somberly on Chapter XXXII of the book he carried in his hand: "Compared with other countries the expectation of life at birth in India is low . . . nearly 40 per cent of the total deaths are among children under ten years of age . . . about 200,000 women die in childbirth annually and the morbidity resulting from causes associated with childbearing would run to about four million . . ."

Mr. Chandra checked his thoughts. He did not feel like putting that paragraph into verse or song. Lakshmi's face was suddenly vivid in his mind, Lakshmi moving down the village street, her bright skirts swinging with her stride, anklets clinking, the children running at her heels or clinging to



"Apparently he's the intellectual type. He's always trying to get me alone in the library"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

her hands. Agile, strong, indomitable Lakshmi, who showed no inclination whatever to join that unhappy four million of her sisters.

The village of Patwa rose before him, its trees shining after the rain. Given order and imagination, what a transformation might there take place! Broad streets, strong walls, gardens filled with fruit and flowers, rich fields and plump cattle. Sanitation, hygiene, health!

Sighing, he continued on his way, and saw Lila Ram coming toward him, accompanied by two neighbors, Madhu the grain merchant, and Anoop Singh, the headman of the village. All three appeared to be in an unusual state of elation, and they greeted Mr. Chandra with smiles and gesticulations. "Sahib!" they said. "We are saved. The river is falling, and everything is going to be all right."

"You have received word by some heavenly courier, no doubt?" Mr. Chandra said, with weary sarcasm.

Anoop Singh smiled indulgently. He was a handsome old man with a white beard and wore a green turban and a clean shirt.

"You do not have to exercise yourself further on our account, Sahib," he said. "An overseer at the canal downriver stopped by with the news that since the rain ceased the water level has started to fall. The canal gauge shows a drop of seven inches, and if it does not rain for another twenty-four hours the emergency will be over."

Lila Ram nodded importantly. "Only this morning I made a mark with red paint on a stone by the river, and when I last looked at it I could see that the water had definitely begun to recede," he said.

"And thank God for that," said Madhu, a pudgy man with a notable dislike for exertion. "It would be simple enough to save oneself, but quite another problem when there is property to be considered."

"So far as I am concerned," said Lila Ram, "I have more reason to feel relieved than any of you. My wife's time is almost upon her, and I've been in anguish, wondering what to do should we be forced to leave our home at such a juncture, what with the nine little ones, a scarcity of food and blankets, to say nothing of transportation."

MR. CHANDRA was too tired to expostulate with them, and when he was asked by Madhu if he had seen a goat, a small brown goat with white forelegs—"She did not come home with the flock, and I fear she may wander too near the river and drown"—he contented himself with telling the bare truth: "I saw such a goat in the fields about half a mile away," and continued toward the village, accompanied by Lila Ram and Anoop Singh.

It was late, and in a little while the swift Indian night would descend, shrouding the land in a darkness more impenetrable than usual, pierced by the glimmer of kerosene lamps and the smoky glow of charcoal braziers where figures crouched over their evening meal.

Anoop Singh had placed one of his own rooms at Mr. Chandra's disposal, and as he prepared for bed after a meager supper of lentils and tea, Mr. Chandra lingered for a few minutes, gazing across his doorstep into the deepening night. The air was heavy with impending rain. He could almost feel it leaning toward him out of the overburdened sky. Twenty yards away the river rushed along its bank, and a gleam of light from an open door marked Lila Ram's hut poised three feet above the stream that hissed and muttered at the roots of the mango tree where, in daytime, the children frisked like the striped tree rats which lived among its glossy leaves.

As he stood in his doorway Mr. Chandra heard a child's sudden laughter, then Lakshmi's voice, softly admonishing. There was a clatter of cook pots, and then, through the dank and heavy darkness, the scent of savory, cooking meat was wafted toward his nostrils. Sighing, Mr. Chandra turned back to his room, closed the door, and lay down on the string cot which Anoop Singh had provided for him.

HE DREAMED that he was in his comfortable apartment on North Avenue in New Delhi, and that he could hear the breeze rattling the palm fronds in the garden and his servant preparing morning tea in the kitchen nearby. Sensuous content coursed through Mr. Chandra. Home, he thought, smiling in his sleep, home!

A hand grasped his shoulder, shaking it violently, and Anoop Singh's voice cried in his ear: "Sahib, get up! The river has overflowed its banks and is pouring into the village!"

Mr. Chandra woke up at once. Anoop Singh was bending over him in the gloom, holding a lantern. The room was filled with strange noises; a liquid gurgling mingled with muffled shouts from the darkness beyond the open door. Mr. Chandra reached for his flashlight and, swinging his feet over the edge of the bed, felt for his shoes, but they were gone, washed away on a tide of water that flowed over the doorstep like a miniature sea.

"The river!" Anoop Singh cried distractedly. "It is everywhere. Already many must be drowned. We must leave at once."

Mr. Chandra played his flashlight around the room and saw the blue, paper-covered book sail across the floor and out the door into the darkness. A returning wave carried in an agitated duck and her ducklings, then they too retired as they had come, followed by Mr. Chandra and his host.

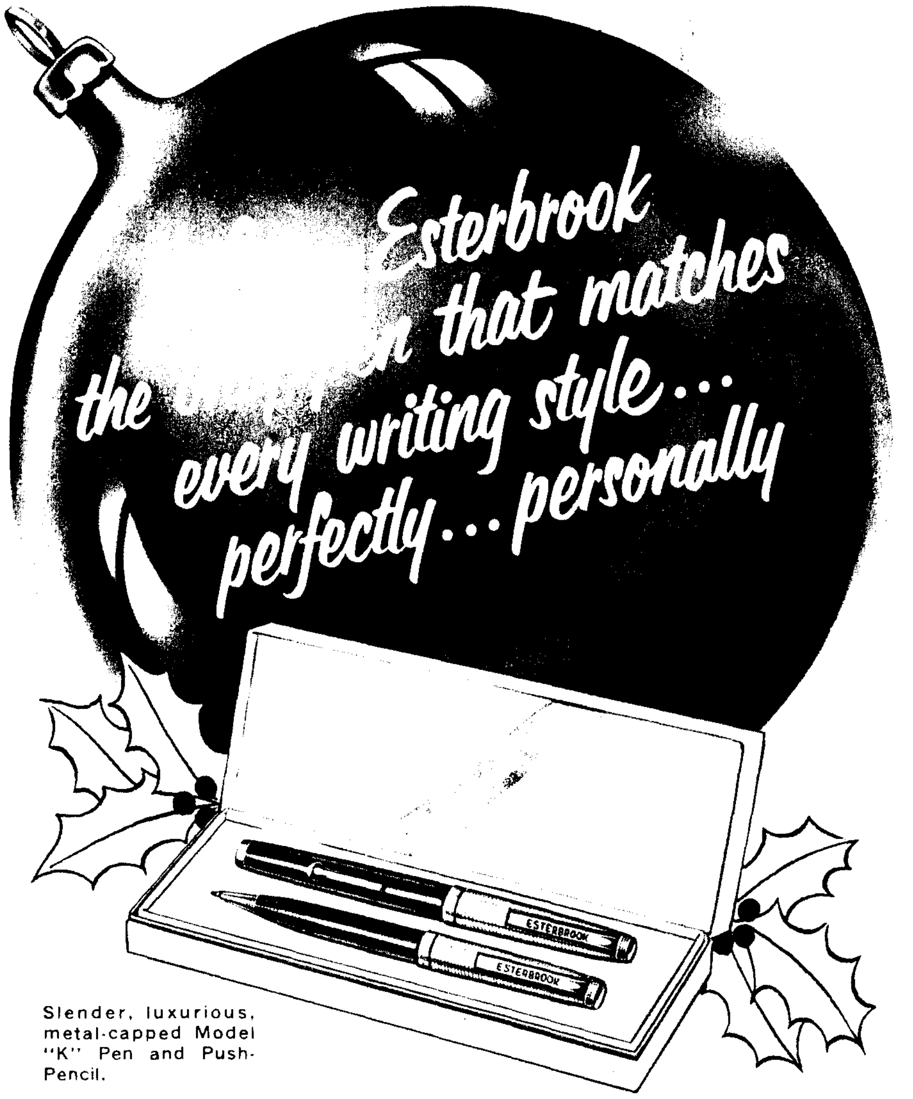
It was raining hard, and the water washed round their legs. Mr. Chandra could hear a humming sound which rose to a sort of subdued roar, pierced by the shrill cries of people running for safety. Lanterns bobbed feebly in the darkness. One of Anoop Singh's geese fled between Mr. Chandra's legs, almost knocking him down, and Madhu's cows swept by, lowing with terror.

Anoop Singh shouted to make himself heard: "I know a path which will take us to higher ground. My family have already gone. I would have gone with them, but I did not want to leave you. You were sleeping so soundly I feared you might drown in your bed."

Madhu staggered past them, carrying his mother on his back and trailed by various members of his family laden with their possessions, and looking like a frieze of ghosts.

Mr. Chandra felt a sense of urgency running through him like some queer revitalizing force. "Go, Anoop," he said, commandingly. "Save yourself. I shall be all right."

Something bumped against him in the darkness—a calf, bellowing forlornly and swimming in circles. More people appeared, wading through the flood, a man carrying a child on his shoulder, followed by several bedrag-



Slender, luxurious, metal-capped Model "K" Pen and Push-Pencil.

Give Esterbrook—the pen with the *unusual touch*. Truly personal, because it is the *only* fountain pen offering more than 30 points—all instantly interchangeable at any pen counter—to assure exactly the right point for any, and all, writing styles. In matched sets with the Esterbrook Push-Pencil or matched with the new precision Ball Point.

For a lifetime of personal writing satisfaction—give Esterbrook this Christmas!

Matching barrel and cap in this Standard Model Pen. A variety of beautiful pearlescent colors. And—there's a matching Push-Pencil and Ball Point for every Esterbrook Pen.

The NEW precision Ball Point with King-Size ink cartridge. 4½-mile writing capacity. Instant starting—dependable. Choice of line widths. To match any Esterbrook Pen or Pencil.

Esterbrook®

AMERICA'S OLDEST PEN MAKER
CAMDEN 1, NEW JERSEY

COPYRIGHT 1956, THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY

The Esterbrook Pen Company of Canada, Ltd., 92 Fleet St. East, Toronto

gled women with bundles on their heads.

"Lila Ram?" Mr. Chandra called, unsure in the gloom, and the man answered hoarsely: "Lila Ram is lost. You cannot even see the door of his house. They must all be drowned, and so will you be if you linger another minute in this accursed spot!"

Mr. Chandra thought: That hut filled with children . . . the woman carrying her unborn child, or perhaps one already born . . . Trapped, all of them! His throat tightened with horror. Holding the flashlight high to keep it out of water and ignoring Anoop Singh's cries of protest, he started wading toward the spot where he could just discern the dark mass of Lila Ram's mango tree against the sky.

Things kept bumping into him or he into them—crates, baskets, birds, animals. A dog clawed his legs, whimpering, and something that looked like a human body cruised softly past his knees. The family of ducks accompanied him for several yards, the mother quacking frantically as she strove to keep her brood together.

WHEN the water had reached his armpits, a bedstead came sailing toward him and he seized it. Pushing it ahead of him he began to swim, using his legs. The flashlight slipped from his grasp and vanished in the flood, leaving him in almost total darkness and without a landmark except for the tree toward which he steered doggedly, obsessed by the thought of Lila Ram's children imprisoned in their tiny hut.

It rose before him suddenly out of the gloom, and he shouted through the downpour: "Lila Ram! Lakshmi!"

A voice answered faintly from the direction of the hut, and he spied a little bunch of figures huddled on the roof. Mr. Chandra steered to leeward and brought his craft to a halt against one of the walls. "Come down," he shouted. "Hand me the children one by one, and I'll get you away from here."

Lila Ram obeyed, lowering three children over the edge of the roof and dropping them into the bed while Mr. Chandra steadied it as best he could. Lowering his feet, he found he could just touch the ground with his toes, but the current was pushing hard against him and he gasped to Lila Ram to hurry. With the children safely deposited, Lila Ram jumped into the water beside Mr. Chandra, and both men began to swim, holding on to the bed and kicking with their feet.

"Lakshmi?" Mr. Chandra asked between gasps. "Lakshmi and the others?"

"God knows!" Lila Ram answered with a sob. "When the river burst through the door I seized these three and managed to get them on the roof. It happened so suddenly. There was no time to think, no light to see by."

A voice hailed them in the darkness, and Anoop Singh waded out to help bring the bed and its passengers into the calmer reaches of what had once been the main street. Anoop Singh peered at Lila Ram. "Bhai, you should go down on your knees and thank the gods! We found two more of your children. They appeared suddenly out of the blackness, don't ask me how or why, and my wife has taken them with her to safety."

That makes five, Mr. Chandra thought, with a gust of relief.

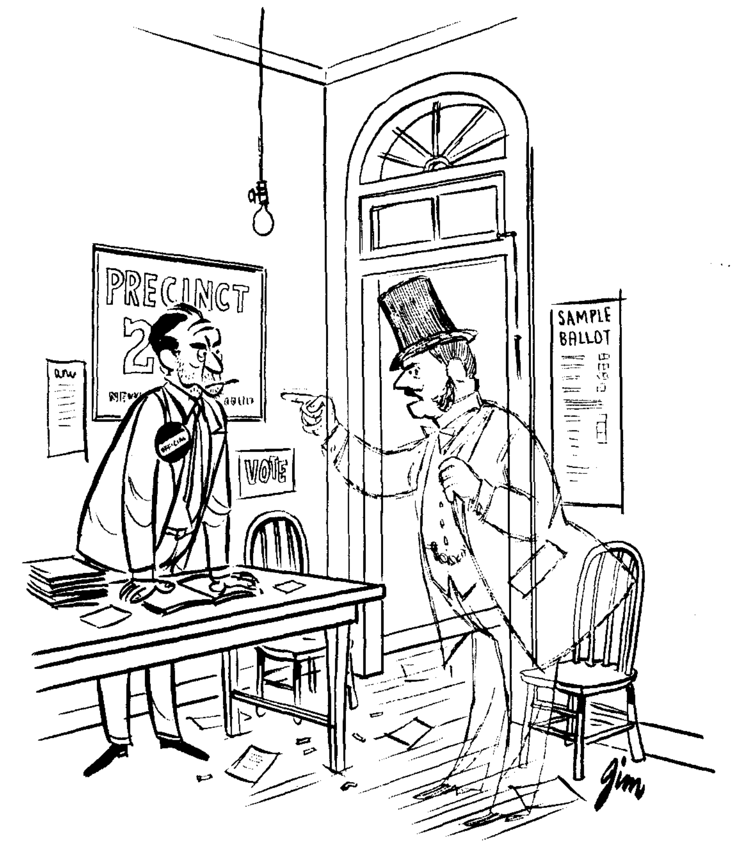
Lila Ram was weeping. "My wife! My wife and my unborn child!"

Anoop Singh shook his head. "One of your sons told us that he saw his mother swept into the river," he said. "He heard her cry out once . . ."

Mr. Chandra put his hand on Lila Ram's shoulder. "Come, brother," he said firmly. "This is no time to weep and beat your breast. Anoop will take care of the children while you and I go in search of Lakshmi and the others."

Side by side they pushed out into the darkness, threading between walls, the trunks of trees and a nameless debris which swept around them. Everyone who could walk or run had gone; a few, the old and decrepit, the sick and the lost, remained clinging to their lintels or to whatever offered some semblance of anchorage. Mr. Chandra sensed these forlorn souls rather than saw them. Like specters, like images, they waited numbly for day to break and for whatever certainty it might bring.

The sky was changing color, when, almost unconscious from fatigue and the chill which comes from strain, the two men heard a rhythmic throbbing and saw the powerful beam of a searchlight bearing down on the drowned village, on the outskirts of which he and Lila Ram had finally anchored their makeshift raft to the half-submerged spire of a little shrine.



"They registered me, and by golly I'm going to vote!"

COLLIER'S JAMES V. CULBERSON

THE light came from a motor launch sent down-river in search of survivors; the first wan light of dawn shone on its trim brasswork and on the khaki ponchos of the crew. It came alongside the bedstead, and friendly hands dragged Mr. Chandra and Lila Ram aboard. The cockpit was already crowded with men, women and children, sodden bundles of belongings, even livestock.

As Lila Ram tumbled over the side into their midst, four young voices shrieked in unison: "Papa!"

Stupefied though he was from the night's ordeal, Mr. Chandra's mind registered the miracle that all nine of Lila Ram's family were now safe, and he managed a faint, painful smile as he watched them rush to embrace their father, no less miraculously restored to their sight.

Lila Ram's glance passed from their ecstatic faces to the other passengers, some from his own village, others unknown to him. "My wife?" he whispered. "Has anyone seen my wife?"

There was silence, and the children huddled against his knees as he sank to the deck, the mug of hot tea that the crew had provided standing untouched beside him.

Slowly, as the launch moved downstream, Mr. Chandra drank his own tea, and with the warmth nestling in his stomach, made his way to Lila Ram's side and put his arm around him.

"Bhai," he said softly, "Lila Ram, brother, listen to me."

The sun was groping its way through lemon-colored clouds, illumining the wasted land in a brief splendor of gold and pearl as Mr. Chandra began to talk to Lila Ram, and he talked not of the past but of the future, of a new beginning, a life of honest work and honest gain, of a purpose transformed by the discipline of suffering into a dedicated service toward all mankind.

Although his discourse was aimed primarily at the bereaved husband, the other passengers listened with growing attention, for this promise of a new life seemed to apply as much to them as it did to anyone. Each had lost something in the flood—a wife, a husband, a mother, a child; crops were ruined, homes reduced to mud and the future looked bleak indeed unless, as this inspired stranger pointed out, each of them prepared to grasp it fearlessly, with vigor and hope.

"The young man speaks truth," observed one of the audience, a neighbor of Lila Ram's, when Mr. Chandra paused for a moment to get his breath. "What use to sit and mope? What is done is done. Better try and forget the past and set to work to build anew." He shook his head at Lila Ram. "Pull yourself together, brother! Lakshmi is dead, but that doesn't mean that there are not other women in the world."

"No, no!" said Mr. Chandra hastily. "That is not what I mean. Lila Ram must learn to put his mind to other things. He has nine children to care for, and that is sufficient for any man. They will grow up to be fine men and women . . ."

Suddenly remembering something, he began to quote: "They will grow up in a new world . . . without malaria and dysentery, free of the dangers of famine and flood . . . and will enter the field of social welfare and assist in the economic betterment and cultural development through social participation in co-operative effort. . . ."

Almost unconsciously he had begun to chant, and after a slight hesitation Lila Ram's children joined in, while the older passengers listened wonderingly, smiling and nodding approval. The song ended, and Mr. Chandra turned once more to Lila Ram. Discerning what he fancied must be a gleam of humility and regeneration in those lackluster eyes, the young man went on to suggest that there might be occasions when men or fate find it necessary to destroy in order to build afresh on firmer foundations, with experience as a warning and a guide against the weaknesses of the flesh, against the sins of greed, irresponsibility, sloth.

Wound up to a high pitch of eloquence, carried away by the close attention of his audience, Mr. Chandra had a queer feeling of being somehow the chosen instrument of destiny itself. Indeed, it seemed to him as though he and destiny must see eye to eye, for was it not destiny which had directed his heroic impulse toward the rescue of Lakshmi's children at the very moment when it was quietly and mercifully making sure that she would never have any more?

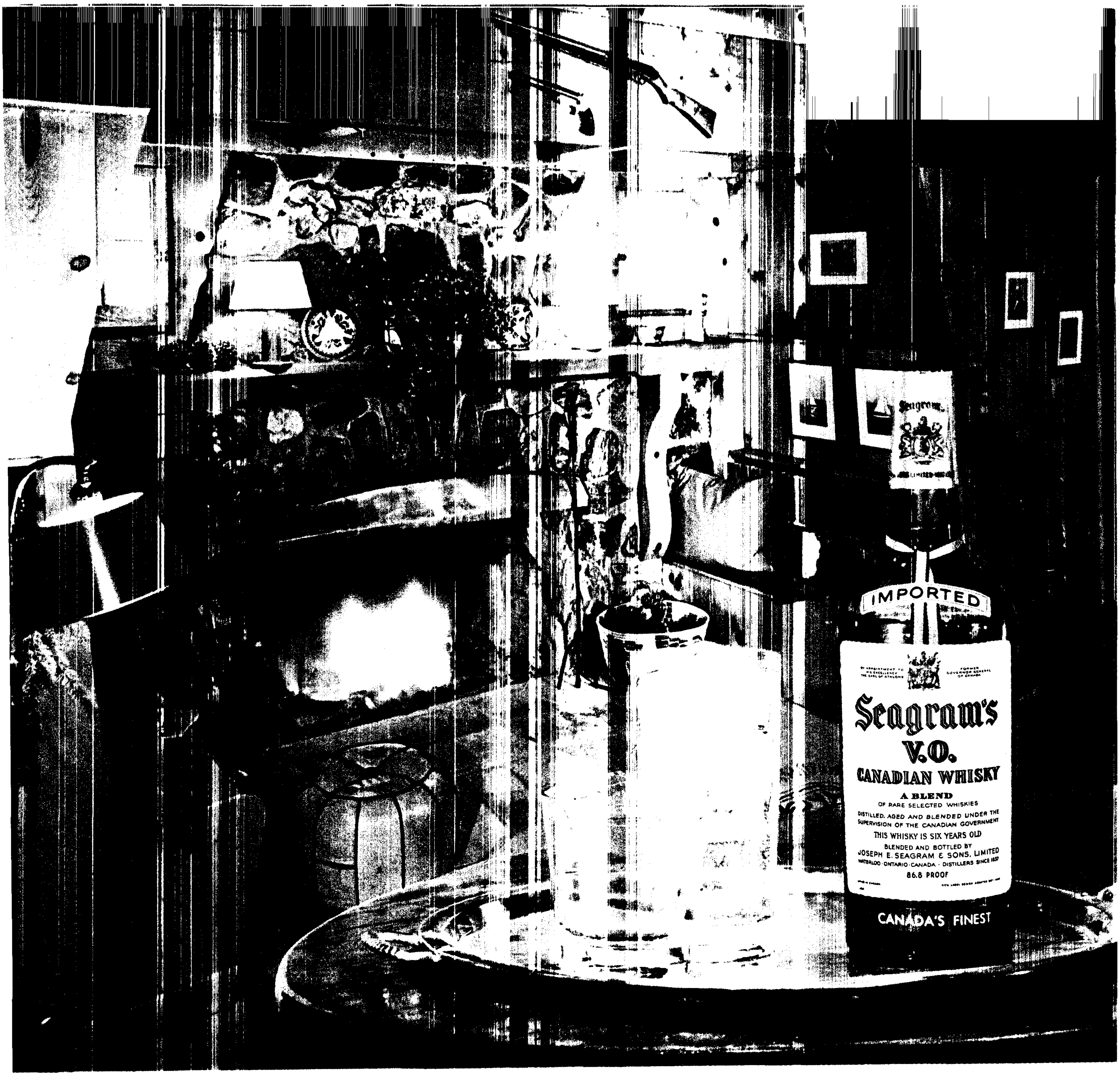
IMPOSSIBLE to say how long Mr. Chandra would have gone on talking if he had not been interrupted by a shrill cry from one of Lila Ram's sons: "Look, there is our home! There is our mango tree!"

Lila Ram roused himself from his stupor and rushed to the rail. Slowly the launch drifted toward the broken walls of the hut and the tree whose leaves shone brilliantly in the morning light. A silence which had fallen on rescued and rescuers alike was broken by a sound that came sifting downward from between the leaves. It was a totally unexpected sound, yet one which is heard everywhere in the world, at all hours of day and night, by every human ear: the clucking, breathless cry of a newborn child. And as the bows of the launch bumped gently against the tree trunk, the baby's crying was followed by a woman's voice, plaintive and querulous:

"Am I to stay up here forever? This one is eating me alive, and not one morsel of food has passed my lips since . . . since . . ."

Since Madhu's goat, thought Mr. Chandra bleakly, as, staring into the branches, he saw a round, brown leg dangling over the edge of a rough platform high up in the tree, a comely leg, its ankle encircled with silver, and above it, gazing down at him with black, unfathomable eyes—Lakshmi.

—CHRISTINE WESTON


IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADA'S FINEST

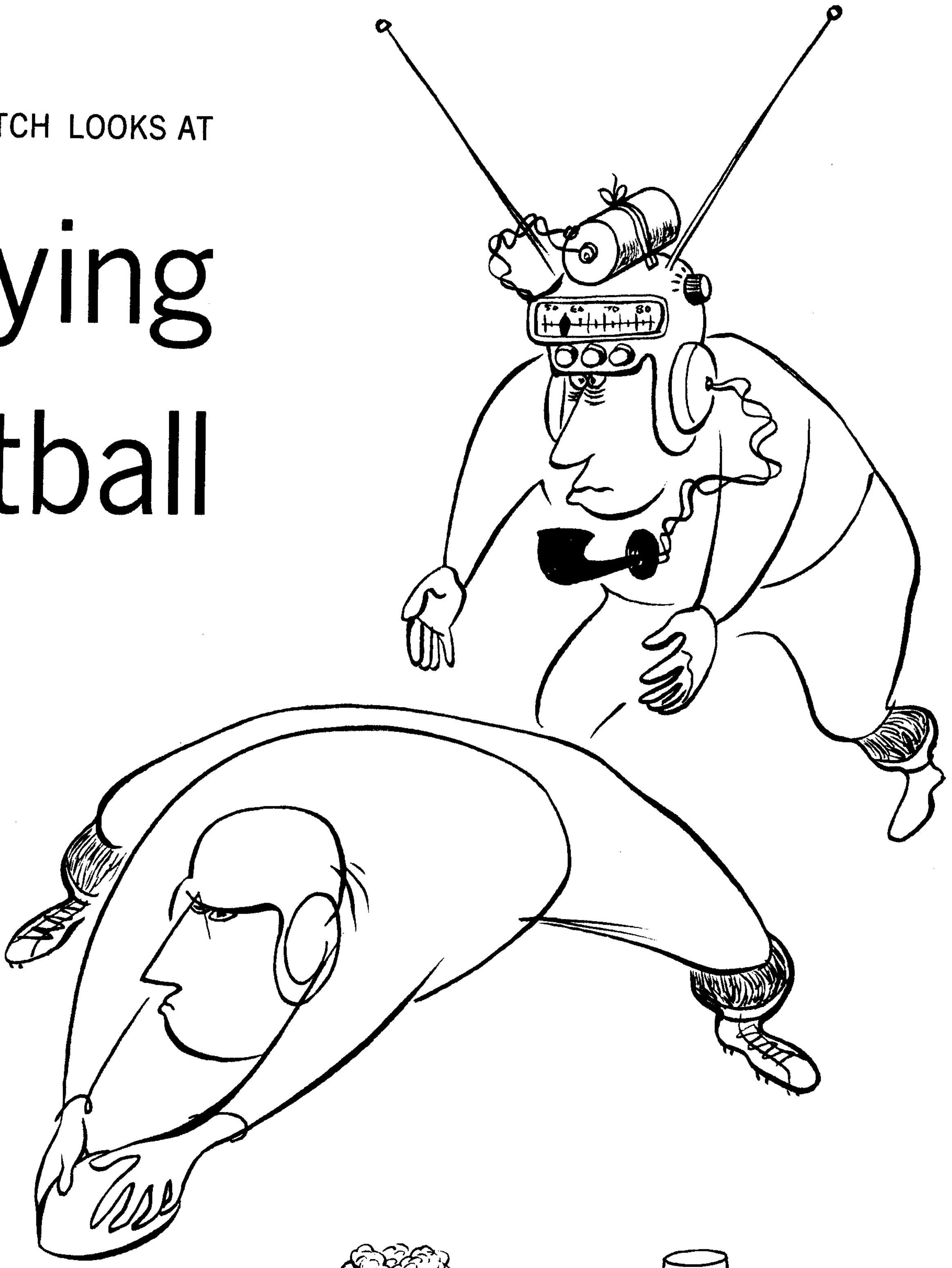
Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

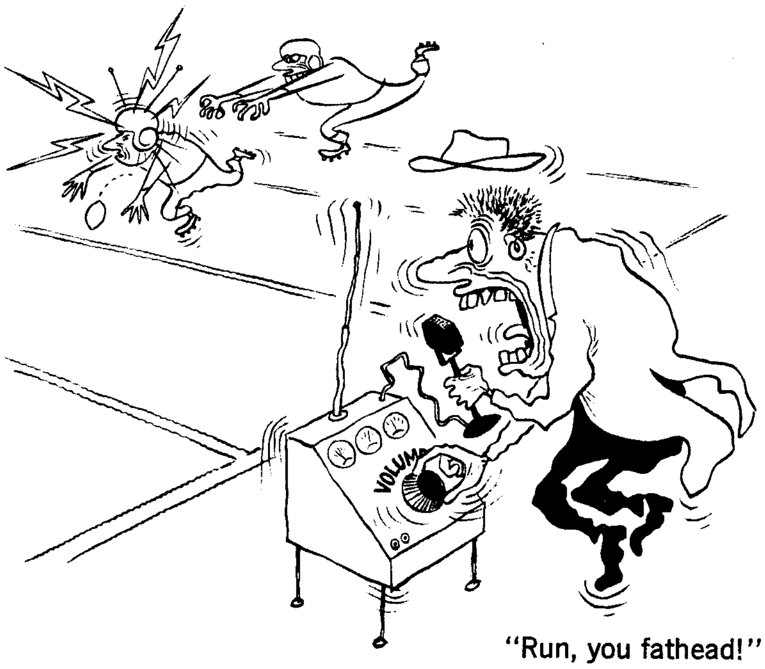
SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 86.8 PROOF, CANADIAN WHISKY—
A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD

VIRGIL PARTCH LOOKS AT

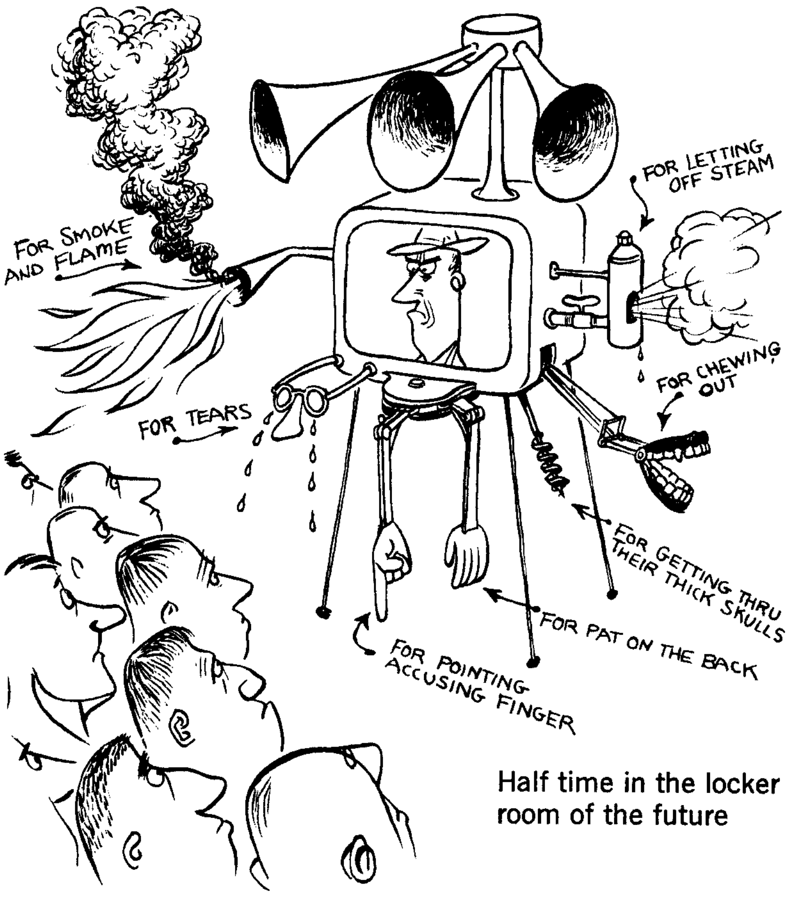
Electrifying football



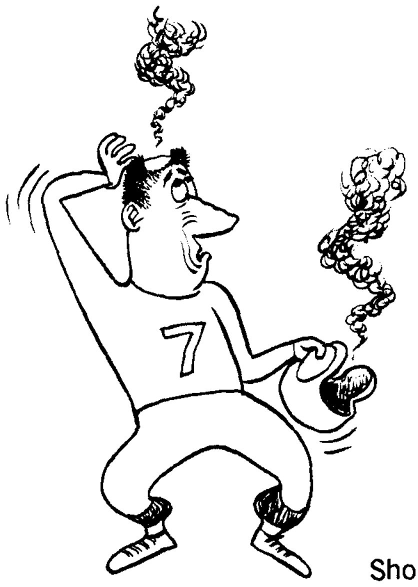
The helmet of tomorrow
will be a masterpiece
of electrical engineering



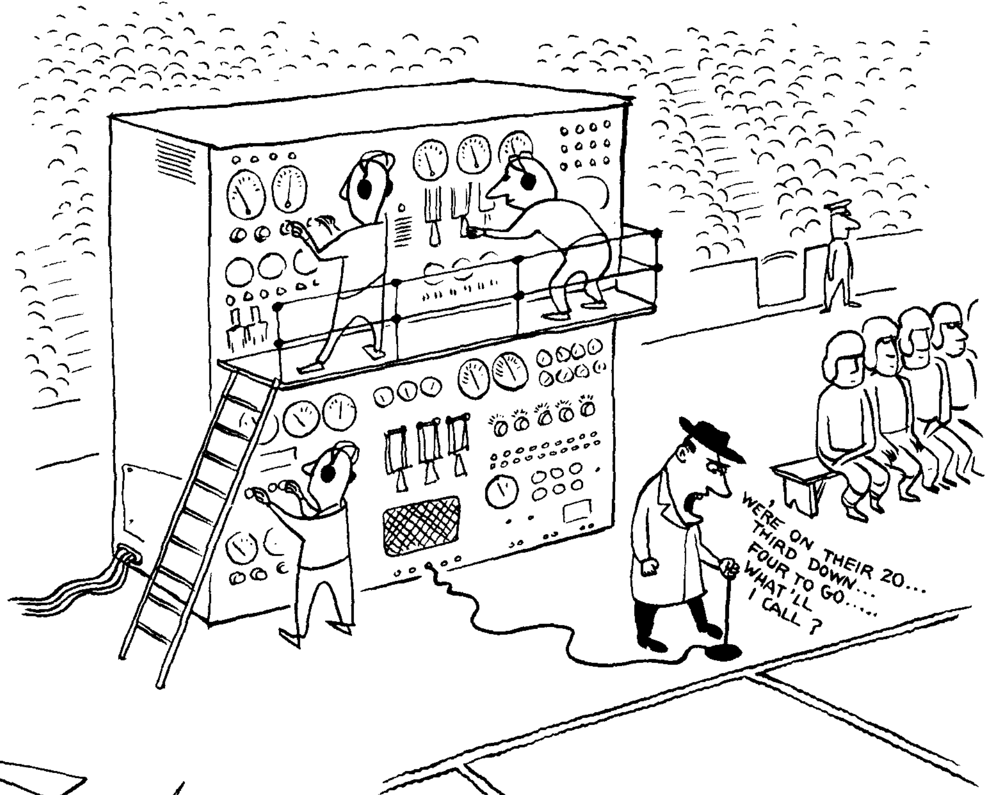
"Run, you fathead!"


FOR LETTING OFF STEAM
FOR SMOKE AND FLAME
FOR CHEWING OUT
FOR TEARS
FOR GETTING THRU THEIR THICK SKULLS
FOR PAT ON THE BACK
FOR POINTING ACCUSING FINGER

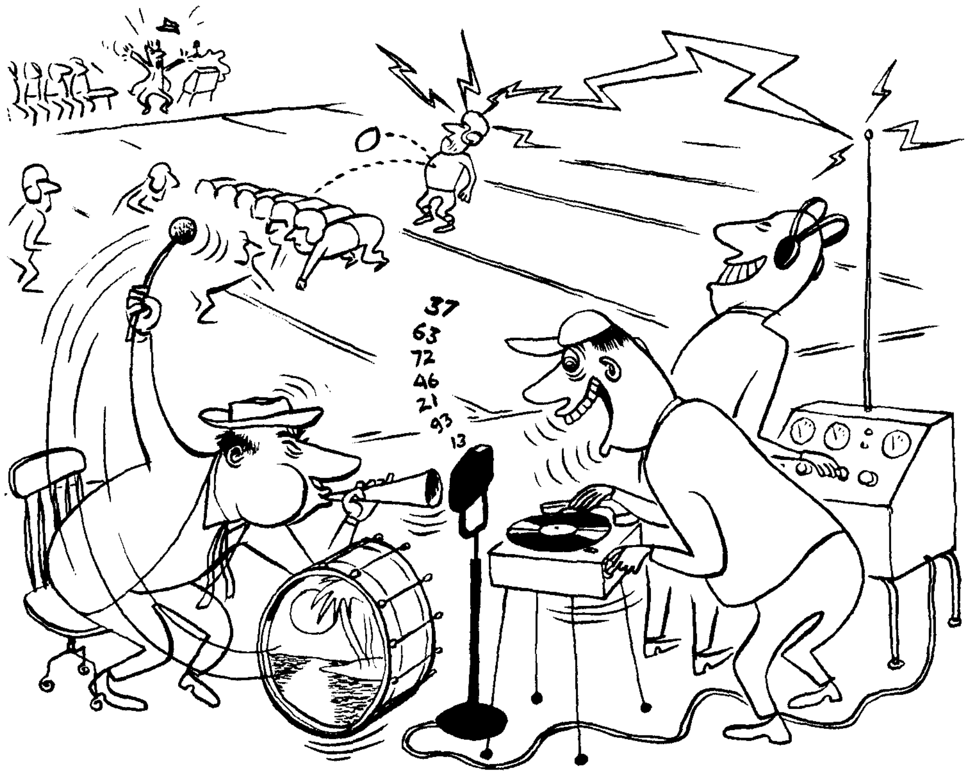
Half time in the locker
room of the future



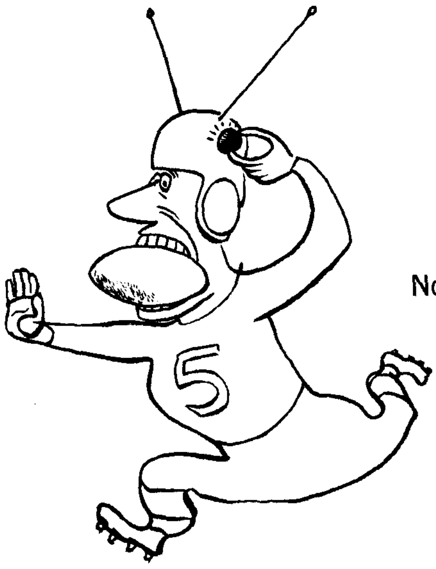
Short circuit


WE'RE ON THEIR 20...
THIRD DOWN...
FOUR TO GO.....
WHAT'LL I CALL ?

An electronic brain helps in the tight spots

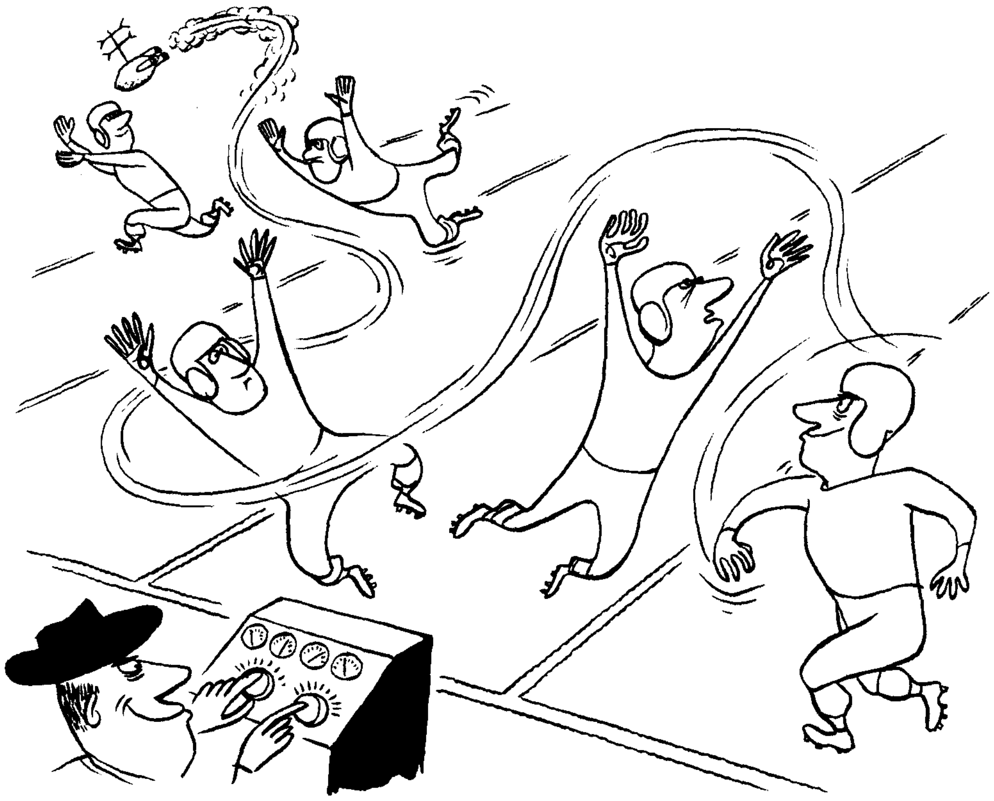


Opposing coaches will jam the air waves

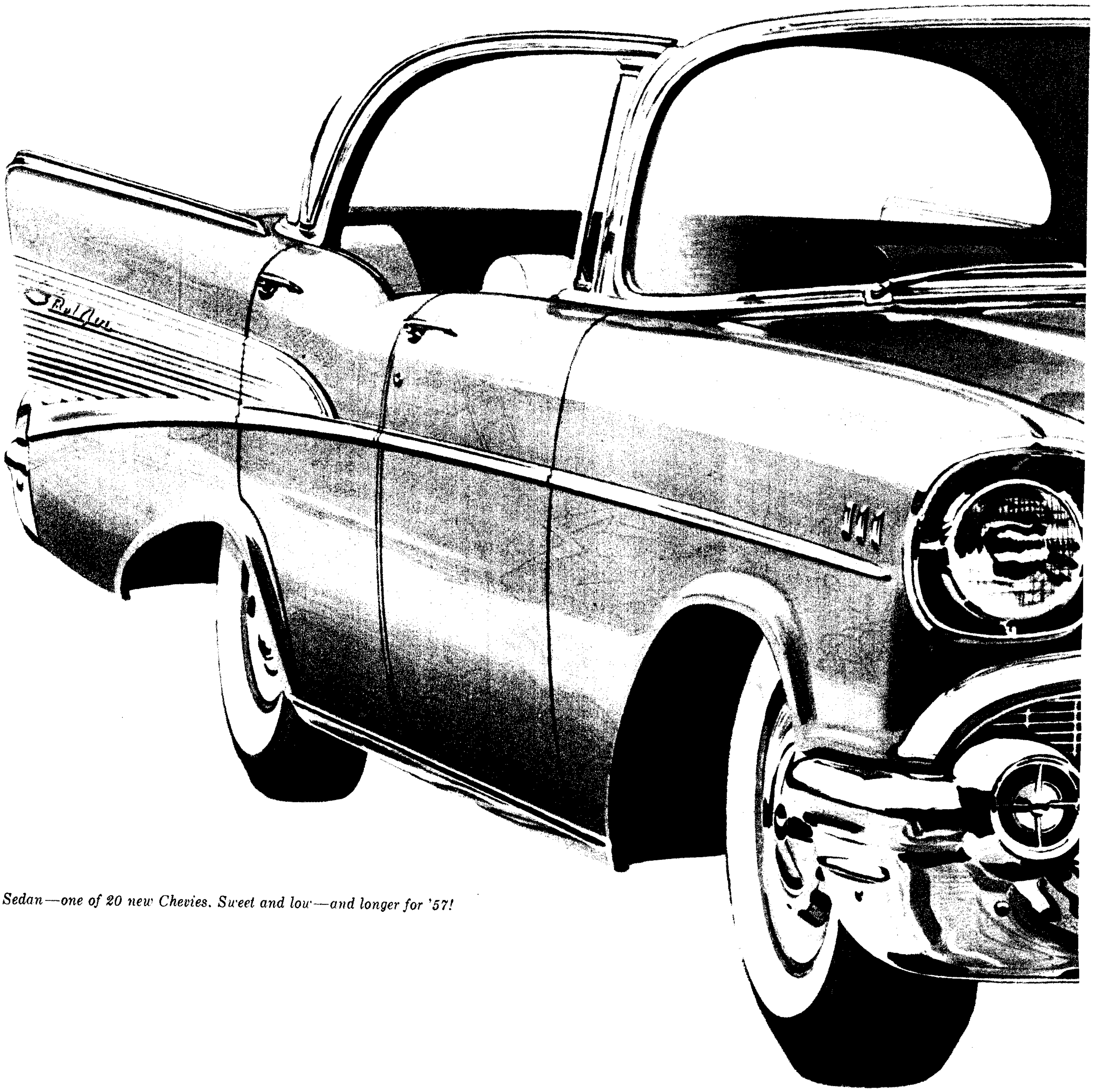


Not enough hands

Short-wave radio has come to the rescue of frustrated football coaches who want to call all the signals! The side-line pacers are now able to broadcast their instructions from the bench to the field via a receiver in the quarterback's helmet. Coach Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns has already used the device in games this season, and has predicted that "in a couple of years every pro team in the league will have its own wave length." On these pages cartoonist Virgil Partch looks ahead to the electronic gridiron of the future.



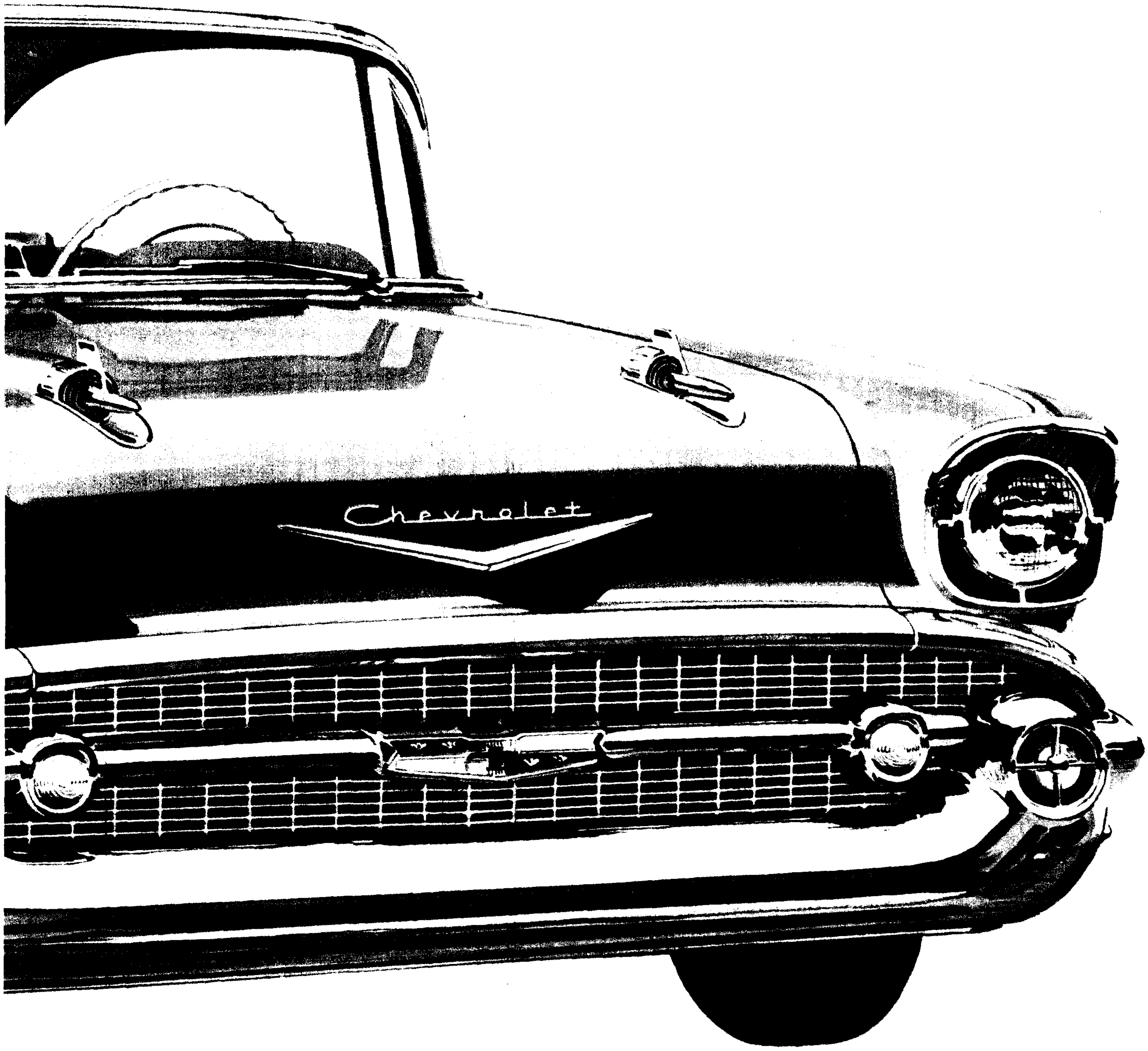
The football itself will
become a guided missile



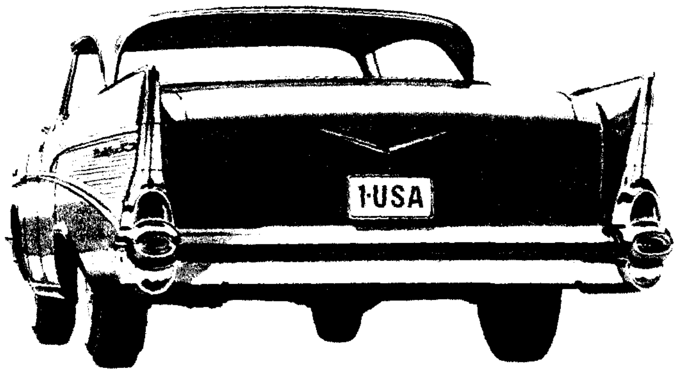
The beautifully new Bel Air Sport Sedan—one of 20 new Chevies. Sweet and low—and longer for '57!

'57 CHEVROLET! SWEET,

Chevy goes 'em all one better for '57 with a daring new departure in design (looks longer and lower, and it is!), exclusive new Triple-Turbine Turboglide automatic drive, a new V8 and a bumper crop of new ideas including fuel injection!



SMOOTH AND SASSY!



Chevy's new beauty wins going away! Body by Fisher, of course.

Chevy's new and Chevy shows it—from its daring new grille and stylish lower bonnet to the saucy new slant of its High-Fashion rear fenders. It's longer, too, and looks it.

And new style is just the start. There are new V8 power options that range up to 245* h.p. Then, you've a choice of *two* automatic drives as extra-cost options. There's an even finer Powerglide, and new nothing-like-it Turboglide with Triple-Turbine take-off.

Go see the new car that goes 'em all one better. Your Chevrolet dealer's got it! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

1 USA
'57 CHEVROLET

**A special 270-h.p. engine also available at extra cost. Also revolutionary Ramjet fuel injection engines with up to 283 h.p. in Corvette and passenger car models.*

David Stone Martin

Beginning a new two-part serial **By WALT GROVE**

WHEN DISASTER STRIKES

Fighting hurricanes was trouble enough; now the Major was kindling a fight within our crew

I didn't belong to the squadron when the Major had his accident, but when I was assigned to Bermuda I heard what happened. The B-29s we fly have been modified for weather recon. An engine had been changed on the Major's aircraft; and he took it up for a trial flight. He circled the field, and landed, then took off again. That time fire broke out—later it was learned that it had started in the electrical system, probably because of a short. The Major ordered his pilot, engineer and scanners to jump, and they did. By that time the Major had flown the downwind leg of his approach, and he was at a point where he either had to turn and land or get out himself—and if he had bailed out the B-29 would have crashed into our installation. The whole cockpit was in flames, but the Major turned and came in to land lined up dead center with the runway. The B-29 touched down, rolled, then stopped. The crash truck and crew were tearing for the plane, although it could have exploded any minute. Before they could get there the Major managed to get out somehow. Suddenly they saw him fall out, his clothes on fire, then stagger to his feet. He didn't know which way he was going, and he almost walked right back into the flames. But somebody piled off the crash truck and knocked the Major down and started beating out the fire on his clothes.

The first thing he said when he regained consciousness in the hospital

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

We're so sure you'll like it–

United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Pipe Mixture
Mild and Aromatic

your first pack's on us

WE'RE so sure you'll like Old Briar—so certain you'll relish this rare and aromatic mixture—we'll treat you to your first pack just to prove it.

Here's all you do. Buy a pack of Old Briar at your dealer's. Enjoy this mellow blend of Burley, Southern Maryland, Flue-Cured and Latakia—right down to the last puff. Then—send the empty pouch to United States Tobacco Company and we'll return your fifteen cents.*

So get a pack of Old Briar today. Have yourself a grand smoke—on us.

**Exclusive of local taxes. Offer expires December 31, 1956.*

Mister, You Said a Pipeful

Old Briar
Old Briar

Opens wide to let you dip

Fills without a single slip

Folds down neatly till smoked completely

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
Dept. A. 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

was, “Tell me, did they save my ship?”

“No, sir. It was a total loss.”

“What's the matter with that damn' crash crew?” he demanded from under the bandages all around his head. “What do they think I got myself burned *for?* Fun? That's inefficient as hell. If that's the best they can do then those boys need a little jacking up.”

When the Major got out of the hospital he raised hell about it. He could do that because he was the best pilot in the squadron. Everyone said so. He had always had the best crew, too. The squadron commander and the operations officer, people like that, always gave serious consideration to whatever the Major said.

Plastic surgery is painful, and it takes time, but they certainly did a good job on the Major. I met him right after I joined the squadron. We were both at the bar in the club when we were introduced, and the only thing I noticed was something a little odd about his eyebrows. One side of his face was a slightly different shade from the other, and of course he wore white cotton gloves because of his hands. That was the only thing about him a person would have noticed, really. He wore white cotton gloves all the time.

It didn't bother the Major that he looked slightly different. His appearance didn't seem to matter to him at all. I think that was partly because he wasn't a lady's man. He was single, but the whole time I was with the squadron I never saw the Major even dance with anyone else's wife at the club. He spent his leisure fishing with the enlisted men on the crew. Everyone remarked that he was certainly a man's man. The gentler side of life, the side that includes women, didn't appeal to him at all. And he never mentioned the pain he had suffered, either, or the anxiety, and fear he must have felt—and overcome—when he was making that landing.

When I met him all he said to me about his experience was that the crash crew had been inefficient.

“They just weren't on the ball,” he said, still sounding slightly disgusted. “I contacted the tower in plenty of time. Why, they could have looked up and seen me. I don't mean they could have put the fire out in time for the plane to ever have been flyable again. But they could have saved it so it could've been cannibalized. It won't happen again. I talked to the colonel, and he shook those boys up, but good.”

WHEN the Major returned to flying status I was assigned to his crew as navigator-radar operator. In weather recon there are two navigator-radar operators on a crew, and every other mission the crew flies they switch duties. The first thing the Major did was have a talk with me.

“Captain, I've got a reputation for being a hard man. It's true. When they send me out for some information, I'm going to get it and bring it back no matter what. I expect my navigator to be perfect—absolutely perfect. I want you to realize that, because I don't want anybody coming to me and whining they want off my crew. That's not the way I operate.”

“I don't want off your crew, sir,” I said. I used to be a lead navigator in the Eighth, and I've got over four thousand hours, and I thought I was good enough to be on anybody's crew.

The Major immediately held out his hand, white cotton glove and all. I thought he wanted to shake hands, and I took his hand and started to shake it. But he gripped my hand in his, as hard as he could and held it.

“Swear to me you'll never make a mistake,” he said.

“I won't,” I said automatically, almost as soon as he spoke. It was like I'd been hypnotized.

“Swear it,” he insisted.

“I swear I won't make a mistake.”

The Major seemed to relax, and he took a cigar out of his pocket. “Okay, that's all I wanted to talk to you about,” he said. “See you around.”

I found out later he did that with everyone assigned to his new crew. That was the kind of person he was. The only thing the Major cared about was accomplishing his mission. He didn't seem to care about anything, or anyone, else. And that wasn't because he was a cold person; the Major wasn't cold. There were a lot of rumors about him, but the only one who really knew what had happened was the weather observer on our crew—Davy. . . .

Davy's older brother had been on staff the same time the Major had, and they'd shared an apartment in Georgetown. What happened was simple in a way. The Major fell in love. Korea was on, and he was waiting for his orders. He knew he would leave in a matter of days. He met her at some crazy cocktail party a congressman's wife gave. She was about his age, a tall dark-haired woman with a big, classic body. Davy's brother said every time he looked at her he felt as if he'd just bitten into a ripe grape.

She spent every minute with him that she could. The Major didn't want to marry her because he was going to Korea and he didn't want to leave a widow. In a way, you know, it can happen. She did not mind waiting until he came back, and she knew he would come back. But the Major's orders, sending him to Korea, didn't come through. Instead her husband came home. And he *had* been in Korea. I won't mention his branch of service, but he was very high-ranking. They even had a fourteen-year-old boy in a prep school in Connecticut somewhere.

In one way it was simple. She had not wanted to ruin anything for the Major before he went to Korea. She planned to get a divorce while he was gone, then tell him when he came home. Of course that was the easy way out; it was not honest or right. Then her husband came home, and he asked the Major to visit him in his room at Walter Reed Hospital. He was very high-ranking, but just the same he had suffered severely from frostbite on that long retreat down from the North Korean border.

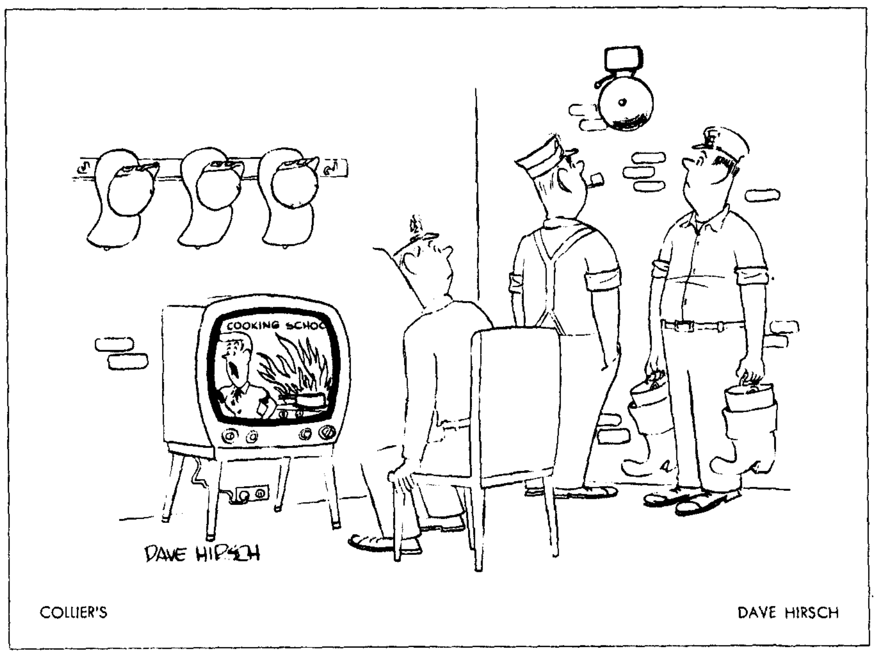
They were all nice people. She had simply been trying to take the easy way out and not hurt anyone. Davy's brother didn't know what the Major and her husband had said to each other that afternoon. They decided what was to be done; they didn't consult her. After the Major had been to the hospital he never saw her again. That was his idea, I think. And it was at about this time that his life became limited to flying, that his ideas of right and wrong began to solidify. He was never sent to Korea, by the way. He was sent to Bermuda instead.

The Major was never wrong, ever, as far as flying was concerned, and so his crew had to be perfect too. I think we very nearly were. Everyone in the squadron said we were the best crew. We functioned just exactly like a machine. You should have seen us.

THE first week in February there was a conference at the Joint Hurricane Warning Center in Miami, and our squadron commander wanted the Major to go. The Major asked me to go with him. The conference was for Navy and Weather Bureau personnel as well as Air Force. In the Caribbean area we're all involved with hurricanes, either tracking them or forecasting them. That first day one of the subjects we discussed was whether a B-29 could penetrate the eye of a hurricane at night or not. No one had ever done that. We'd always flown our missions during the hours of daylight when you can see.

The Major stood up and said he thought he could do it, that he had been thinking about the possibility for some time, and he volunteered that his crew be the first to try. Somebody from the Warning Center said they would keep his suggestion under advisement. That was all they *could* do then. It wasn't the hurricane season and wouldn't be until late summer.

When we broke up for lunch and began to push back our chairs, somebody came up behind me and grabbed my shoulder. I turned around and there was Bill Rigley grinning at me. I was really surprised because I hadn't seen him since Africa and I'd always liked him. He was a nice guy. In Africa, if someone had said something about the dirty Arabs, Rigley had never got angry at their shortsightedness; he'd have



COLLIER'S DAVE HIRSCH

For 1957 **THE *FORWARD* LOOK** makes styling news again!

THE NEW SHAPE OF MOTION

LANA TURNER
Motion picture actress

WILLIAM HOLDEN
Motion picture actor

BOB CONSIDINE
Columnist and TV personality

LILLY DACHÉ
Fashion and beauty authority

in the newest new cars in 20 years!

When these famous people previewed the all-new Chrysler Corporation cars for 1957, they instantly felt the excitement of discovery. What they saw was styling so striking, so right that it's called "The New Shape of Motion." And they loved it!

But the beauty of these cars is just the beginning. Chrysler Corporation's engineers have produced five complete lines of cars with total newness! A new kind of ride that carpets the road—Torsion-Aire! A new kind of transmission, swifter and smoother than anything on the road—Pushbutton TorqueFlite! A new kind of braking, surer and more dependable—Total-Contact Brakes.

To see and experience all this newness and much more is something every new car buyer owes to his pocketbook . . . and his heart! See the 1957 cars of The *Forward* Look at your dealer's October 30th.

CEIL CHAPMAN
Famous fashion designer

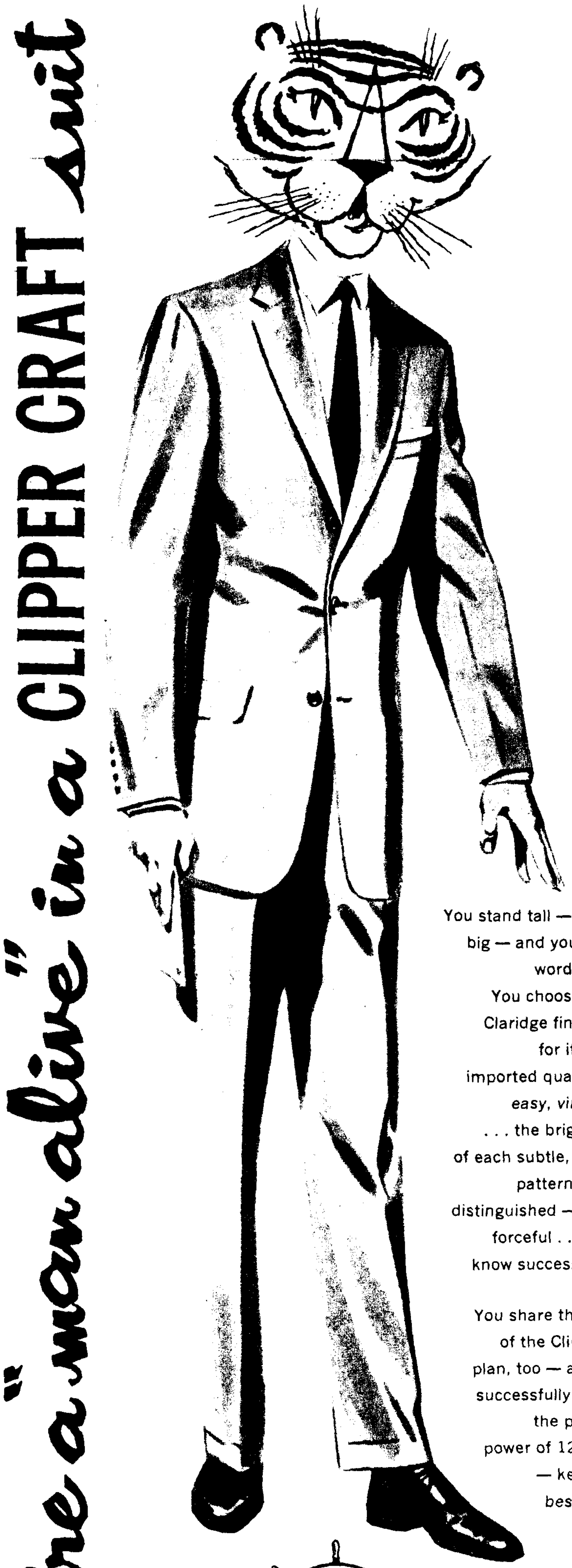
DONALD W. DOUGLAS, JR.
Douglas Aircraft Corporation

ALEXANDER P. de SEVERSKY
Aircraft designer and consultant

CHRYSLER CORPORATION > THE *FORWARD* LOOK

See the new **Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial** beginning October 30th

COPYRIGHT 1956 BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION


"you're a man alive" in a CLIPPER CRAFT suit

You stand tall — you think big — and your favorite word is Action. You choose a suit of Claridge fine worsted for its superb, imported quality . . . its easy, virile styling . . . the bright dignity of each subtle, masterful pattern. You look distinguished — manly — forceful . . . and you know success is yours.

You share the success of the Clipper Craft plan, too — a plan that successfully combines the purchasing power of 1226 stores — keeping you best-dressed, for less.

CLIPPER CRAFT CLOTHES

For the store nearest you, write: Dept. C119
CLIPPER CRAFT 18 Station Street, Boston 20, Massachusetts

simply agreed that some Arabs were dirty and then pointed out the fact that water was at a premium on the desert—or else he'd have mentioned the price those people had to pay for soap. I couldn't help but like him.

"Well, what're you doing here?" I said, because the conference was only for people concerned with hurricanes.

"I'm being transferred to your outfit," he said, grinning. He was a navigator, too, and also a captain.

"Well, no kidding," I said. "Listen, let me introduce you to the best aircraft commander in the business. Major, this is Captain Bill Rigley."

THE MAJOR had been listening to us intently, like he always listened to people. He held out his gloved hand and stared into Rigley's eyes. "The work we do is very interesting," he said. "I'm sure you will like it."

"Oh, yes, sir, I'm sure I will," Rigley said quickly. "I asked for this transfer." Then his face seemed to fall, and he lost part of his starch. "I asked for it some time ago, as a matter of fact, but it only came through last week."

"And now you don't want it, because you've changed your mind," the Major said quickly. "That's what bothers you now, isn't it?"

"Oh, I haven't changed *my* mind, sir," Rigley said, looking worried. "You see, I'm married—"

"Did you marry that little girl?" I asked. "The one you used to have that picture of?"

"Un-huh, after I got back," Rigley said to me, then turned to the Major. "You see, sir, my wife's pregnant. She got pregnant *after* I put my transfer in for Bermuda. I didn't tell her when I put in for it that I'd done it because I didn't want to give her any false hopes about going to Bermuda. But she's pregnant now, and I'm in a terrible jam. That's why I'm so glad to see you here, old buddy," he said, looking at me again. "Maybe you can help me out."

"Help you out?" the Major said sharply. He didn't like anyone to ask for help. He said it wasn't because he didn't want to give it, but that it simply strengthened a person's character to help himself.

"Sir, my wife doesn't want to leave the States now that she's having a baby. We've been stationed in D.C. and almost every weekend we've been going to visit her mother in Toms River, New Jersey. That's where my wife lived all her life until we got married. She planned to have the baby there, in her mother's house, in the same room where she was born herself. Her mother has been keeping a little cradle and some other stuff all these years out in her garage. So she doesn't want to go to Bermuda and she can't understand why I don't do something about it. She doesn't know I asked for the duty, and I can't tell her now."

"So you've got a problem," the Major said. "You either go to Bermuda, or do what your wife wants you to—whatever that is. You have to make up your own mind, Rigley. No one else can do that for you."

The Major turned and walked out of the room. Rigley stared after him. "Well, what the hell," he said weakly, angry but unable to do anything about it. "I don't need a lecture. That's not what I need. I need help."

I liked Rigley and I wanted to help him, but I knew he didn't understand the Major. I tried to explain about the woman who had been married, her husband coming home, and how the Major had felt.

"What's that got to do with me?" Rigley said. "I'm not in love with anyone's wife. My own wife's pregnant. That's my problem."

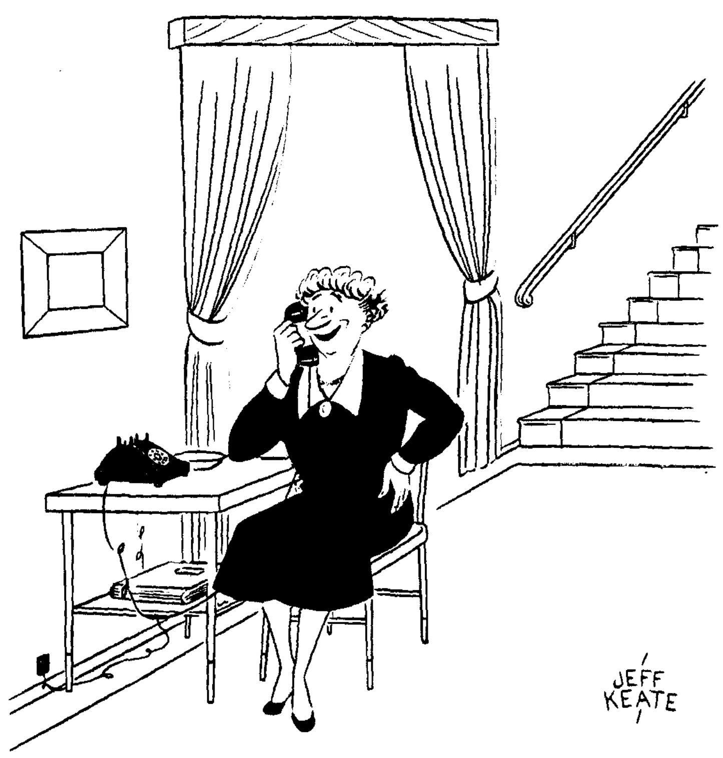
"I'm trying to explain how he feels about women," I said. "He never has anything to do with women. I don't think he trusts them."

"He thinks Helene's lying about being pregnant?"

"No," I said. "He's got very strict ideas about right and wrong, that's all. He thinks it's right for Helene to go to Bermuda."

"Hell, I agree with him."

"And he thinks it was wrong for you

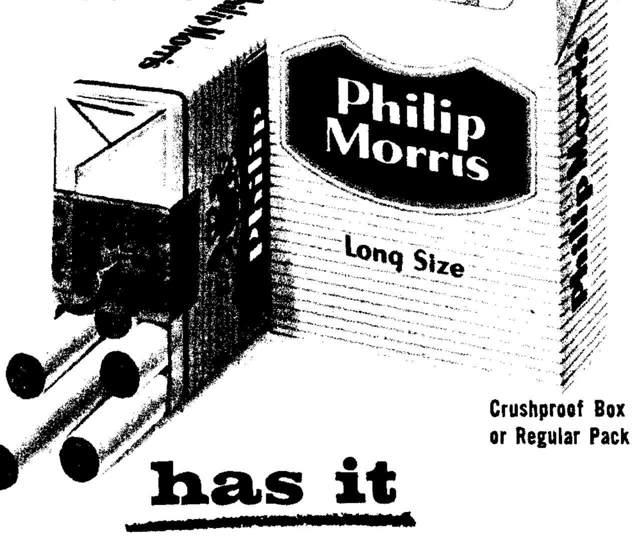


"Well, I must dash, Helen. If I don't get to the polls by seven, I won't be able to kill my husband's vote"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Natural tobacco goodness

THIS NEW PHILIP MORRIS HAS IT! A new roll of sweet, rich, true tobacco. And it's all tobacco, lip end, tip end—all the way through! Before you light it give it a couple of puffs. Get that taste? That's natural tobacco goodness. Then light up, and have a real good smoke. One is a promise. A pack is proof. A carton will really convince you!



Crushproof Box
or Regular Pack

This NEW Philip Morris has it

who's
your
friend?

Plymouth's **TOP O' TWEED®** is a friend-in-deed, the handsomest of all-weather coats. Loomed from 100% imported wools, TOP O' TWEED is the coat that goes all out to take care of you in style through any weather. With Zip-In All Wool Lining, at about $42.50.

and an IVY favorite is this "knee-action" ¾ length raincoat, campus-styled in combed cotton gabardine, with three flapped pockets, tartan plaid lining. In Oyster, at about $20.00.

At good men's stores, or write
PLYMOUTH MFG. CO.
BOSTON 18, MASS.

Plymouth
OF BOSTON
WEATHER-READY COATS

not to have told her in the first place. He feels strongly about that, because of his experience. And you *should* tell her now—immediately. If he gave you any advice at all I know that's what he'd say."

"He's always right himself?" Rigley asked.

"I've never seen him make a mistake," I said, "not since I've been flying with him. He's perfect."

"Then he should be put in a bottle of formaldehyde and preserved for future generations," Rigley said. He was still angry. "The man who never makes a mistake! Say, what's wrong with his hands? What does he wear those gloves for?"

"He got burned," I said shortly. "Tell you about it sometime. I've got to go in to lunch now."

"Listen, if you could just talk to my wife this afternoon—" Rigley said. "She's at the hotel right now. If you could just tell her about Bermuda—if you could just tell her how much your own wife likes it and what fun everyone has— The climate must be wonderful for children."

"It may not help," I said.

"Listen, she's got to go to Bermuda," Rigley said. "I'm not going without her."

I LEFT him and went in to have lunch with the Major. He had finished and was patting his mustache with a napkin. I sat down and began to eat my fruit cup.

"Well?" he said.

"He wants me to talk to his wife," I said. "He wants me to sell her on the idea of Bermuda."

The Major snorted. "You keep out of it. It's his personal problem. Take my advice and never get involved in an argument between a husband and wife."

"Well—" I said. I knew he was right, though.

"If he was on our crew it would be different," the Major said. "He's simply in the squadron, that's all. I can't overstep my responsibilities. It's not as if he was on my crew. If he was, then I would do something about it myself personally. I'd straighten him out fast."

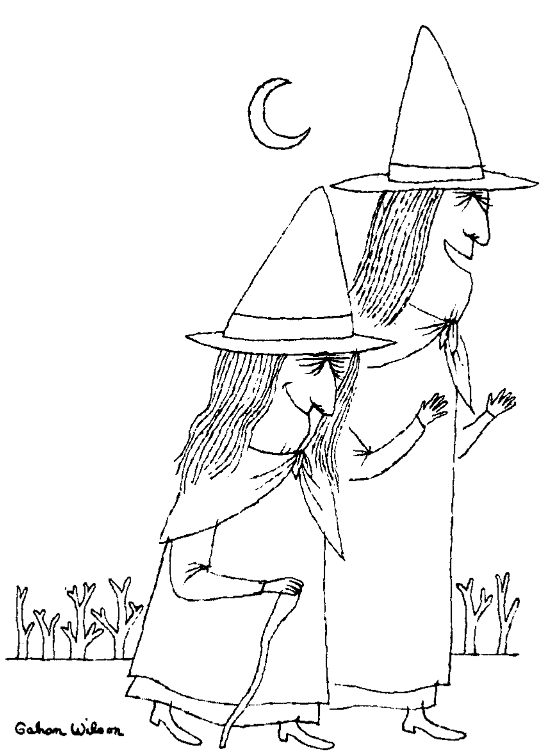
That afternoon when the meeting broke up, the Major took me to a couple of bars he'd gone to when he was stationed in Miami. Actually I didn't enjoy it, because all the time I was worrying about money. Before I left for the conference my wife had said she didn't want me to spend too much money because we were still slightly in debt from Christmas and there were some things we needed for the kids.

That's one reason why I completely forgot about Rigley's problem—I developed one of my own. But that didn't make any difference.

One place the Major and I went turned out to be the cocktail lounge of Rigley's hotel. We were sitting at the bar when Rigley came up and slapped me on the back.

"I knew you'd make it," he said gratefully. "I knew you wouldn't let an old buddy down."

"Why, sure," I said. "Of course not." Only I had, and not only that—the Major was sitting right there, and I knew how he felt.



"Wouldn't it be wonderful if folks had the Halloween spirit all year round?"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

"Why don't we go to my table?" Rigley said. "My wife's there, and we can sit down."

I knew which one she was, because when Rigley had slapped me on the back I had noticed a young blonde girl staring at us.

It was obvious who she was from the way she was staring. She was a lot prettier than her picture. It had been a high-school photograph I'd seen in Africa, and she'd been wearing a cap and gown.

"We're going to have a baby," she said to me as we sat down at the table. "I guess Bill told you all about that."

"He certainly did," I said. "Congratulations."

"Tell Helene what a keen place Bermuda is," Rigley said. "Tell her what fun you have down there."

"We have a lot of fun," I said. "Everybody's got kids. It's a great place. People come there from all over the world for vacations."

HELENE stopped smiling and began to look apprehensive. "Well, I don't want to go there for a vacation or anything else," she said in a sulky voice—and I could tell that was because she was scared. "This is the first baby I've ever had. I don't know about the rest of your wives, but I want to have mine in the United States. I don't want to go off someplace."

"Why do you say that?" the Major asked.

"Well, I've got a doctor in Toms River who's been like an uncle to me," she said. "He delivered me; that's how long I've known him. And I want to have my baby at home, like my mother did."

"You still don't want to leave Mother?" the Major said. "Don't you trust your husband?"

"That isn't what I said," Helene said, turning pink. "Can't you understand a girl wanting to be with her family, some member of her family?"

"Look, face the facts," the Major said. "You're married. Your husband's been assigned to our squadron. There's nothing you can do now. He asked for this transfer."

"You're just making that up," she said. "You're just trying to make me mad." She turned to her husband and she was so indignant she kind of bounced in her chair. "You didn't ask for it yourself?"

"Honey, it was a long time ago. How did I know you were going to get pregnant—"

SHE looked angry enough to spit on him. "Well, that's about the most insulting thing anyone ever said to me, do you know that? And I am not going to Bermuda with you at all now, Captain Rigley. What do you think of that?"

"Honey, you have to go with me," Rigley said.

"Think again," Helene said quickly. "There is nothing in this world that I have to do, except die."

"Honey, nothing can be done about it now."

"Oh, yes?" Helene said. "I can think of several things that can be done. I suppose you'll be flying into hurricanes?"

"It's what the squadron does."

"How asinine," she said. "You're having a child, and you ask to do something that may very well get you killed. Oh, the whole thing simply makes me sick. I'm so sorry I'm having this baby I don't know what to do. I wish I'd never even seen you, that's what I wish." She was sitting there, giving him hell, and suddenly she burst into tears like a kid. You know the way a kid does—their mouths open and their eyes—and tears and noise burst forth. She jumped up and ran out of the lounge and almost stumbled going up the steps. Rigley gasped.

"Acting like that never changed the world or much of anything else," the Major said. He sounded fed up.

Rigley got red. "I guess you're the best aircraft commander in the squadron, sir, because everyone says you are. And I know that means you must be intelligent. But there's one hell of a lot you don't understand, and I'd appreciate it in the future if you'd keep your nose out of my affairs."

"If you don't want help, then don't ask," the Major said. "And while we're on the subject, stop letting your wife make such an ass out of you in a public place when you're in uniform."

Rigley jerked several bills out of his pocket and dumped them on the table. "See you around," he said to me. "And thanks for what you tried to do, telling her about Bermuda." He didn't look at the Major or answer him. He hurried across the lounge and went up the steps.

The Major laughed shortly. "Well, we tried. What else can you do? Thank God he isn't on my crew. Aren't you glad he isn't on the crew?"

"That would be a mess," I said. I didn't mean it the same way the Major did, but I meant it. . . .

We had two navigators on the Major's crew, so Rigley couldn't be assigned to us. I was one of them, and

George Leonard was the other. Leonard was a big healthy guy, very athletic, and he hadn't gone to the conference. When the Major and I got back to the squadron, the first thing we heard was that Leonard had come home from playing volley ball, and running upstairs to shower, he had tripped and broken his right leg in two places. It would be three months before he could fly again. When the Major reported to the colonel about the conference the colonel told him that he was assigning us another navigator, a new officer in the squadron: Captain Bill Rigley.

TWO days later Rigley arrived at Kindley Air Force Base on a MATS flight, and I met him when he got off the plane. He was alone, and he had a yellow, strained look as if he'd lifted something far too heavy. We didn't say anything to each other except hello until we got to his quarters. Then he flopped down on the bed and said, "She left me."

I didn't know what to say. I was married, and I know how I would've felt.

"She's applying for a legal separation. I got some papers from her lawyer. Later, I'm supposed to get some more when it becomes legal. And she's pregnant. That's what's killing me. It's all his fault, too. You know who I mean."

"Now wait a minute," I said, because Rigley hadn't heard whose crew he was on.

"I know, I know," he said impatiently, "he's a brave man. And I give him credit, because I probably wouldn't have the guts myself. But for God's sake, *everybody* isn't like *him*. That's just my point. Everybody *can't* be like him. I can't go through my life smiling no matter what happens to me. I just can't do it."

Before I could answer someone knocked on the door, then pushed it open. It was the Major. He was smoking a cigar. "Want to speak to you, Rigley," he said.

"I've got a few things to say myself," Rigley said, coming off the bed.

"No, you listen to me," the Major said, getting tough. "You've been assigned to my crew. I didn't ask for you, you were given to me, but that's all right because I do my job without whining about it. But you get this—I've got the best crew in this squadron, and it's going to stay that way. You make one mistake and you're through."

"I won't fly with you," Rigley said. "I'll quit this racket before I'll fly with you."

That's a lot easier to say than to do. Rigley was thirty-two, or something like that. He'd had a lot of training and he'd been in for more than ten years. What else could he do as well if he got out?

"Major, his wife left him," I said.

"Did she?" the Major said. "Why, that's the best thing that could've happened. You should realize that, Rigley. She would have left you sooner or later anyway. It's best to make the break while you're still young."

"You don't know what you're saying," Rigley said, almost in horror. "Listen, I'm married to Helene. She's pregnant. That's what's important."

"You'll get over it," the Major said. "You'll have to, because you're a member of my crew now. And that's the way things are on my crew, no problems, only efficiency; because we're the best."

"What're you talking about?" Rigley said in despair. "You think being on your crew is going to make up for anything? How can anything like that make up for what I've lost? I've got no interest in doing something so people will slap me on the back and say good show. I don't care whether I'm on your damn' crew or not."

"Captain, lower your voice," the Major said, and his eyes underneath those funny eyebrows were on fire. "I'm your superior. You take orders from me, and you're going to fly with me. And before I'm through with you, you'll fly with me and you'll like it."

I don't know whether Rigley asked the colonel to let him off the crew or not. If he did, it didn't do any good because he stayed on the crew. The Major rode him all the time about everything. I felt sorry for Rigley and told my wife about it. She said to ask him to dinner. He came once, but that was all. When he wasn't flying he spent most of his time alone, worrying.

Rigley's wife wouldn't write to him, but his mother-in-law—a kindly, well-meaning person—wrote to him, and she must have written every day. The letters were filled with details about Helene's pregnancy. They made Rigley happy, and everyone on the crew was glad for his sake, but he always insisted on reading them to the entire crew. We learned all kinds of things—about his wife's dietary supplements and why she took them, when they painted the baby's room blue and bought the dotted-swiss curtains, how late she began wearing maternity clothes, the weight she gained. After a while it got on our nerves. No matter how much you like a person, if he insists on reading something to you that you're not interested in, then it simply gets on your nerves.

All spring and all summer Rigley kept reading his mother-in-law's letters to us. Those last days in August, before the hurricane season actually began, were almost too much for us.

THE first indication a hurricane is developing can be reported in one of many ways. Maybe one of our own aircraft, flying a routine mission, will discover lowering pressure over a wide area off Puerto Rico. Or a steamer at sea will report winds, a rising sea and a drop in barometric pressure. Information may even come from some of the automatic weather stations on one of the islands in the Caribbean. All this goes to the Joint Hurricane Warning Center in Miami. The chief forecaster notifies the Air Force liaison officer, and together they decide what kind of further information they want. I mean, do they want us to fly into the storm, or just around it, or what. After they decide, a call goes out to our operations officer at Kindley Air Force Base in Bermuda, and he alerts a crew. The navigator and weather observer and radar operator immediately get together and work out their flight plan. They have to consider the location of the storm, its path, the time when a fix on it is wanted, gas consumption, and all that. This flight plan is filed with operations, and a time is set for take-off.

During the season we had only four storms. Only four, and that's below the average of the past few years, although there's no such thing as an average number of hurricanes. Some years there have been only two, and one year there were twenty. Our first hurricane didn't come until September. September 10th, to be exact, was the date it was recognized as a full, genuine hurri-

Look who's here!
TRADEMARK—FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
...and look what he wants most
FLEER
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

IT'S SMART
TO DRINK
SMIRNOFF

(in more ways than one)

There's nothing to compare with *SMIRNOFF, the vodka of vodkas.* It makes the smartest, smoothest, *driest* of Dry Martinis. In a Collins, Tonic or with orange juice or any soft drink. Smirnoff mixes politely—*never shouts down a delicate flavor.* Smirnoff drinks are always delicious . . . and discreet. How wise you are to *stay* with Smirnoff!

it leaves you breathless!

Smirnoff® THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA

80 and 100 proof. Distilled from Grain. Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls. (Div. of Heublein), Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., France, England, Mexico.

cane with hundred-mile-an-hour winds, moving due west from a point several hundred miles below Puerto Rico. It continued to blow straight toward the Gulf of Mexico until it was a few hundred miles south of the western end of the island of Cuba. There it suddenly slowed down and swung around to the north, blew across the island of Cuba, causing a certain amount of devastation and the loss of six lives. Then it continued north, bisecting Florida at just about the middle. They were all prepared for it there, and there wasn't any loss of life. But instead of beating its way into Georgia, like you might expect, it changed its course again, blew straight east after leaving the coast of Florida, and then out to sea, where it dissipated its energies in the Atlantic.

We didn't make a flight into that one because we weren't needed. But the second one, the one that was fully developed and pounding its way north out of the horse latitudes by September 22d, that's the one we did penetrate, and that's quite a story. I'll have to tell you about that in detail, because that time I thought we were gone.

By this time, September 22d, Rigley had made a penetration flight into the eye of a hurricane once with another crew. He had been scheduled to go along as an observer, but somebody got sick at the last minute and Rigley ended up navigating. So he'd had some experience when the second hurricane started moving out of the Caribbean slow as hell. When they move slow like that, or stop, you have to watch them, because usually the pressure's still dropping and the winds are building up. This storm took six days to reach a point midway between the island of Bermuda and the east coast of Florida. It still looked like it was headed northwest for the south Atlantic states, but the last crew that flew into it reported the forward motion of the storm had slowed to about five miles an hour. That was late on the day before we took off. The winds then around the eye were one hundred and forty miles an hour plus, as accurately as they could be measured. And that's when we were told that we would have to make a flight into it the next morning. We would have to find out how far, and in which direction, it had traveled during the night. It could go on and hit the mainland of the United States, or it could swing sharply and go right over Bermuda where we all lived, and we would have to evacuate our aircraft. So Rigley and Davy, our weather observer, and I made our flight plan and filed it.

RIGLEY and I walked out of operations together. I'd noticed all the time we'd been making the flight plan that he hadn't been very cheerful. I wondered if he was concerned about flying into that storm.

"You're not worried?" I said.

"Worried?" he said, and he stopped walking. "I've worried so much already I don't know if I've got a worry left in me. I don't know what to do now. I've been dreading it—and this morning, I got a letter from her lawyer."

I had been talking about the flight into the hurricane, and he had been thinking of his wife. That's how wrapped up in his personal problem he was. I didn't like that at all.

"What about?" I asked.

"Separation's legal," he said, looking at the ground, "and all along I thought she would change her mind. The closer it's got to the time when she's going to have the baby the more I thought she would. I've been writing to her, telling her how nice it is here. I don't know how to get her back now."

Listen!
Read!
Talk!
Argue!
Think!
then VOTE

I put my hand on his shoulder. "Listen," I said, "try to think about that flight tomorrow. You'll be navigating."

"I wish I wasn't separated!" he said fiercely. "That's what I wish. I had a nice life, too, until *he* had to open his big mouth."

"You think about that flight tomorrow," I said, "and take it easy," I added, because he was beginning to make me nervous. I left him standing there and looked for the Major until I found him out on the line with the crew chief. They were running up the engines.

"We've got a problem," I said.

"We can solve it, whatever it is," the Major said confidently, smoothing the fingers of his white cotton gloves and pulling them tighter. "What is it?"

"Let me navigate tomorrow," I said.

"Why should you?" he said, staring steadily at me. "It isn't your turn."

"Rigley's in no shape. He's nervous because of his wife. He got the separation papers today."

"Well, thank God that's finally over with," he said. "Now he can forget about her and concentrate on his work. Best thing that could've happened."

"Major, all I'm interested in is that he doesn't foul us up tomorrow," I said. "That's why I want to navigate."

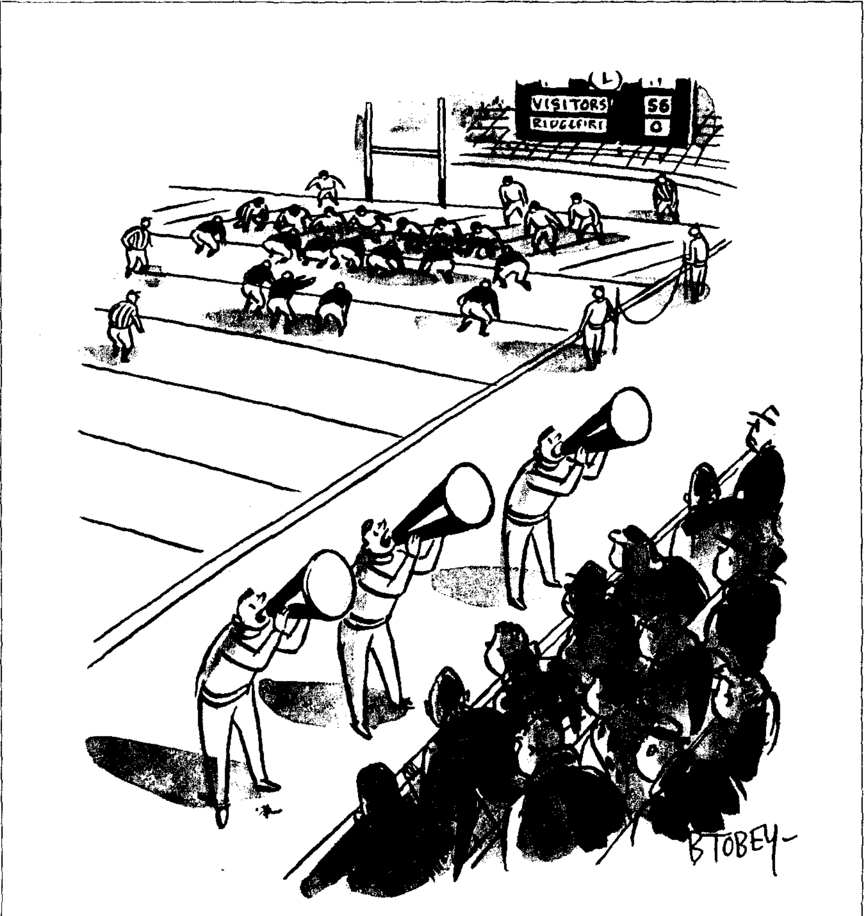
"Now, look. This is *my* crew," the Major said gently. "No one is going to make a mistake."

"I hope not," I said. "But I still want to navigate."

THE MAJOR said sharply, "Captain Rigley will navigate, because he is scheduled to. That's the way I operate. When Captain Rigley is unable to navigate, then I will take some action. But until that time we proceed by the book, understand?"

The next morning everybody on the crew was at the field around five thirty. Rigley still didn't look or act worth a damn to me. He walked around like he was in a fog. He kept dropping things and forgetting things. First he'd leave his chute on a chair somewhere, and when he'd go back to get it, he'd lose his cap. When he finally found his cap again he'd discover that he'd misplaced his charts. Now, when you're getting ready to fly into the center of a hurricane and you see somebody on your crew doing something like that, it can almost drive you out of your mind.

We took off at seven o'clock. In a B-29 that's been modified for weather recon, the weather observer sits in the nose with his instruments, radio altimeter and pressure altimeter and synchrometer and so on. Down in the nose, but at one side is the radar operator and then the navigator at his table. The aircraft commander who flies the plane and the pilot, which is what we call the person who would be copilot on a commercial flight, sit on a raised deck. There isn't any partition between them and the men in the nose. You can look up any time you can spare a second and see the commander and pilot sweating and straining at the controls as they fight the ship when it's getting closer and closer to the center of the storm. The rest of the crew is back in the tail section: the two scanners who sit and watch the engines all during the flight in case there's engine trouble, then the

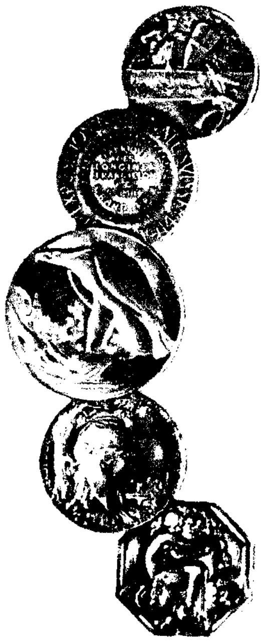


"All together now—'*We want a new coach!*'"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

November Is Longines-Wittnauer "90th Anniversary" Month At Your Jeweler

Longines



THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes · 28 Gold Medal Awards

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

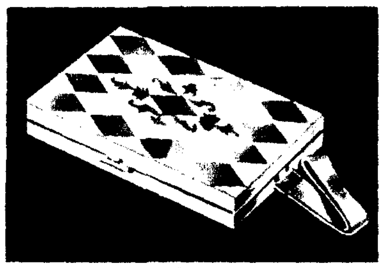
Official Watch For Timing Championship Sports The World Over

THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION, EXPLORATION AND SCIENCE

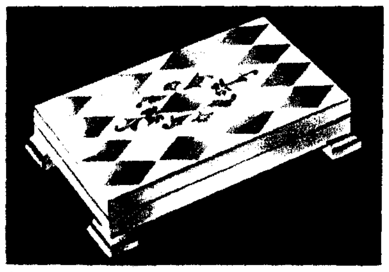
XII
1866
LONGINES
WITTNAUER
90th
ANNIVERSARY
1956
VI

Longines Watches Mark 90 Years Of Progress

For all who receive a Longines Watch, this will be indeed a Christmas of good-fortune. ℭ The Longines watches now at your jeweler were created to mark a milestone of progress. Ninety years of fruitful experience were concentrated in their making. We consider them our finest achievement. ℭ If you are planning the purchase of a watch as a Christmas gift, see these magnificent, new Longines 90th Anniversary watches. In all the things that have made *Longines the world's most honored watch,* these have special distinction.



The Longines Presentation Case *for Her*—Glittering metal case with mesh wrist strap; doubles as a glamorous evening carryall.



The Longines Presentation Case *for Him*—Substantial polished metal; so handsome it can be used as a cigarette or a stud box.

A gift-within-a-gift—Special Longines 90th Anniversary watches boxed in the double-duty Presentation Cases illustrated: (left to right) Byron, $90; Laurel, 14K gold, $90; Arcadia, 10K gold with two diamonds, $95; Bristol Automatic, shock-resistant, sweep second hand, $95. Federal tax included.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

Clearly finer in the bottle...

Clearly finer to your taste!

Schenley

Elegance

Ever look at whiskies in the light?

Some whiskies are hidden in dark bottles. Not Schenley! It comes to you in a *crystal-clear* bottle—because it's made *clearly finer* by the exclusive *Schenley* process. You can *see* this clearly finer quality when you buy Schenley...*taste* it when you drink Schenley. Get more enjoyment—get Schenley!

© 1956 SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

radio operator and the dropsonde operator. A dropsonde is a device we drop by parachute that automatically transmits back to us by radio the temperature, pressure and relative humidity, as it floats down to the surface of the ocean.

About two hundred miles from the center of the storm we ran into lowering cloud conditions, and everything got milky white outside and we went on instruments. The turbulence wasn't so bad then, and there was still an occasional break in the scud so you could see the ocean below all whipped to a frothy white. Then about a hundred miles from the center of the storm it was closed in solid, and the turbulence had increased to a point where if we hadn't been strapped in we would have rattled around like a handful of marbles. The Major and his pilot both had to hang onto the controls to try and keep the plane straight and level. Of course, they couldn't.

As we got closer to the eye, which is the calm center, the winds increased in velocity. I could see this on the radar, because the clouds are thickest where the winds are the strongest. I spent all my time looking for a break in the clouds, because that's the way we go into the eye if we can, through the weakest point in the wall of clouds. I was looking and looking and trying to find a break to take us through but everywhere I looked it was just solid. It was a real bear of a storm, and we must have been about eighty miles from dead center when the radar suddenly went out.

That sure gives you an awful feeling. You can't see a thing outside, because you're in the midst of all this dirty cotton. You could be flying upside down, or on your ear from all you can tell by looking out. The radar is your eyes. When you lose it the shock's almost the same as if you suddenly went blind. My heart came right up in my throat.

"Radar operator to commander," I said quietly into the intercom because you always speak calmly on the intercom, even when you don't feel like it. "We've lost our radar."

"Commander to radar operator," the Major said. He was breathing hard because he was wrestling with the controls. "Can you fix it?"

"Radar operator to commander: Negative."

"Commander to radio operator: Notify the base we have no radar."

There was a breathing space then.

"Radio operator to commander: Base requests can we make a penetration without radar?"

"Commander to navigator: Can you get us into the eye without the radar?"

RIGLEY said, "Navigator to commander." He was right beside me, sweating like a horse. "Affirmative."

"Commander to radio operator: Affirmative. Relay that to base."

There's a standard procedure for entering the eye of a hurricane. Seventy miles from the position that the storm has been forecast, the navigator gives the aircraft commander a heading that should take the plane twenty miles ahead of the eye. The weather observer finds out what point along that track has the least atmospheric pressure. When you reach that point you fly three minutes beyond, then change your heading 135 degrees to the left. You continue on this new flight path until you reach a second point of minimum atmospheric pressure. Then you make a 90-degree turn to the left, and right after that you break through the wall into the calm eye of the storm where you can see the sun and the water below. All this time the aircraft commander's been on instruments, following the navigator's directions, and it's a tremendous relief for him to be able to see what he's flying toward again. That last little bit, just before you break through the eye, the tension really builds up in the whole crew.

Before on flights I'd been too busy to watch or to think very much. Now the radar was out, and I was just sitting there. I looked out and the wings were *bending* up and down, that's how hard the wind was blowing. The turbulence was really violent, and even though I was strapped in I was holding on too. The rain was terrific. It was so dark it was like being at the bottom of a pit. It seemed to me, perhaps because I was only sitting there, that we had never been in such violent winds before.

THE MAJOR was struggling so much at the controls his face had turned red. "Damn it, Rigley," he said hoarsely over the intercom, and that was a thing he never did because he was always very particular to use precise English over the intercom. "This *can't* be the right heading."

"Navigator to commander," Rigley said quickly, his voice sounding high and dried out. "Maintain your heading. I won't be responsible if you don't maintain your heading."

We were all nervous as cats at this point because there was nothing we could do if something went wrong. If something had happened to our aircraft we couldn't have bailed out in that wind—it would have ripped a parachute canopy to shreds instantly, even if the shock of its opening didn't break your neck. And we certainly couldn't have ditched in those seas. The 29 would have rammed into those waves like a brick wall and broken up immediately and gone under. None of us would've had time to get out. We *had* to get into the eye of that storm, or else drown.

Then all of a sudden we got hit with some very violent winds. I couldn't even guess what their velocity was, but the gusts must have been close to two hundred miles an hour, or maybe even more. And then I saw—and felt—the wing start to come up. We were rolling over on our side and if we rolled far enough we'd be out of control and go into a spin and we'd never come out of it until we hit the water. My eyes must have been sticking an inch out of my head because I kept watching that wing, and it kept coming up and up and up. It wasn't going back down. We were lying at a 45-degree angle then, and that wing kept coming up and up and over until we were about 60 degrees and then 75, and it was still coming up. On the intercom I heard somebody whispering, "Oh, God!" and somebody else breathing like a bull elephant wrestling logs out of a swamp. That was the Major. I looked up at him. His face was almost purple he was straining so hard at the controls. He and his pilot were fighting to keep the B-29 from going over on its back, but it was going. I didn't see how they could keep it from doing that. This can't be happening to us, I thought. We were always the best crew, we've always been perfect before, like a machine. But it was happening all right, and I knew it—we'd had it.

—WALT GROVE

(This is the first of two parts)

SHOES AVAILABLE AT STIX, BAER AND FULLER, ST. LOUIS; ROBINSON'S, LOS ANGELES; JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON AND MIAMI

FOREIGN POLISH AFOOT

These suavely beautiful shoes represent a new team of talent—America's lustrous leathers and Europe's designing skill

Newly rich American leathers are making the grand tour to Europe and returning home styled into elegantly beautiful shoes. The talents of French and Italian bootmakers have been famed for centuries and, in this generation, the names of Perugia, Ferragamo, Dior, Jordan and Fontana are hallmarks of shoe perfection. Now these European designers are turning to the United States for leathers that American skill has made as silken and fluid as satin.

Textures too have become fabulous—suèdes with golden dots tanned into the leather; snakeskin overprinted with patterns resembling Japanese brush strokes; new suèded calfskins printed with floral designs to resemble the softest silks; a luster-pearl leather that looks like satin, has the wearing quality of leather and can be cleaned with a damp cloth. All this, plus a kaleidoscope of brilliant, lasting colors.

The shoes we show here are available now in limited quantity at prices that are fairly limiting for the average woman. But, thanks to the technological advances made by the American leather industry, these and more custom designs—in the same superb leathers and soft Continental construction—will be on the moderate-price market come spring.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN SOMOROFF

Many-Splendored

MEALS

At harvesttime, with the tinge of autumn turning to the twinge of winter, appetites sharpen accordingly—often they soar. So, too, does the restless spirit of the menu-conscious lady in the kitchen.

Caught up in the recurrent splendor of the season, Collier's presents five casserole dishes—to please practical women and to prove to reluctant males that a casserole supper can not only rescue a food budget and an overworked dishwasher, but also can be filling and downright good.

These recipes are year-round fare. Take advantage of the field-ripened ingredients now and hang on to the recipes—they're superb with the canned and frozen vegetables that are always as close as your favorite store.

SPINACH SOUFFLÉ WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE—served with chilled vegetable juice cocktail and hot corn muffins

Ingredients for four:

6 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons flour
1½ cups hot milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg
6 egg yolks
1 package of frozen chopped spinach, thawed
6 egg whites
1 10½-oz. can condensed mushroom soup
⅓ cup milk

In a saucepan melt butter and stir in flour. Gradually add hot milk and cook while stirring until sauce is smooth and thickened. Add salt, pepper and nutmeg and cook over low heat for 5 minutes. In a large bowl beat egg yolks until blended. Gradually stir in the hot sauce, then the spinach. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; fold them into the egg yolk mixture. Pour into a 1½-quart soufflé dish and bake in a 400° oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve immediately with hot mushroom sauce. (Empty soup into saucepan; add the milk slowly and heat, stirring constantly.)

BEEF, CORN AND TOMATO CASSEROLE—serve with water cress and endive salad and hot biscuits

Ingredients for six:

2 tablespoons olive oil
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 pounds ground round steak
1 teaspoon brown sugar
1 teaspoon curry powder
2 teaspoons paprika
2 teaspoons salt
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 1-lb. 4-oz. cans tomatoes
2 1-lb. 4-oz. cans whole kernel corn, drained
¼ teaspoon pepper

In a large skillet heat olive oil and add garlic; sauté for 1 minute. Add the ground steak and cook, stirring, until meat is browned—about 10 minutes. Stir in brown sugar, curry, paprika, and 1 teaspoon of salt and set mixture aside. Melt butter in a saucepan and stir in flour. Add tomatoes and cook, stirring until juice is thickened. Add corn, pepper and remaining salt and heat to boiling. Pour this mixture into a baking dish and surround by the meat. Bake in 425° oven for 15 minutes.

Hearty supper dishes, with the bounty that inspired them: (foreground, l. to r.) spinach soufflé; beef, corn and tomato casserole, and cheese and onion pie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SERANNE AND GADEN

Many-Splendored MEALS continued

CHEESE AND ONION PIE—serve with tomato juice cocktail, crisp raw vegetable sticks and corn on the cob

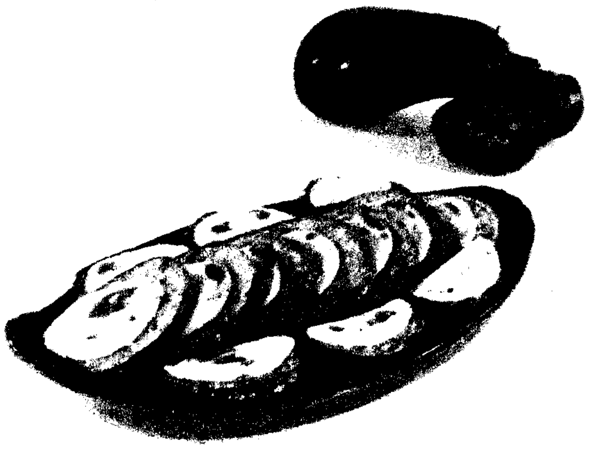
Ingredients for four:

pastry for a 2-crust pie
4 cups sliced onions
¼ pound butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese

1 cup cream
1 cup milk
6 eggs, lightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon orégano (or any favorite herb)

Line a baking dish with pastry rolled ⅛-inch thick and flute the edge deeply, pressing pastry firmly against edge of dish. Chill.

Cook onions slowly in the butter for about 15 minutes stirring frequently; onions should be soft but not brown. Stir in the flour and then arrange onions in bottom of pastry-filled dish. Sprinkle onions with the shredded cheese. Combine cream, milk, eggs, salt, pepper and favorite herb and pour mixture over the onions in baking dish. Bake in 450° oven for 15 minutes; reduce heat to 325°, bake 20 minutes. Serve either hot or cold.



Eggplant Parmigiana is sturdy fare, a favorite on Italian menus

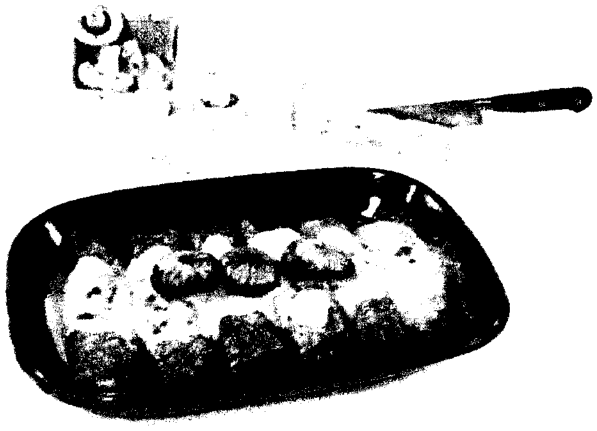
EGGPLANT PARMIGIANA—serve with a tossed green salad and hot Italian bread, garlic buttered

Ingredients to serve six:

1 1-lb. 13-oz. can of tomatoes
1 6-ounce can tomato paste
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cloves garlic, minced
8 tablespoons olive oil

2 medium eggplants
½ cup flour
2 eggs, lightly beaten
1 cup fine, dry bread crumbs
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
½ pound Mozzarella cheese

Combine in a saucepan: tomatoes, tomato paste, salt, pepper, garlic and 2 tablespoons of olive oil. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer uncovered for 30 minutes. Wash, dry and cut eggplant into ¼-inch-thick slices. Roll slices in flour, dip in beaten egg and roll in bread crumbs. Sauté eggplant in remaining hot olive oil until soft and lightly browned, about 3 minutes on each side. Put a layer of eggplant slices in the bottom of a baking dish, sprinkle with a little of the Parmesan cheese and cover with a layer of tomato sauce. Alternate layers of eggplant, cheese and tomato sauce until all ingredients are used, ending with a layer of eggplant, and cover the top layer with thin slices of Mozzarella cheese. Bake in a 375° oven for about 10 minutes, or until the cheese bubbles and begins to brown.



Slightly French and filling: pancakes with chicken, mushrooms

CHICKEN AND MUSHROOM PANCAKES—serve with avocado and grapefruit salad and hot Melba toast

Ingredients for four:

THIN QUICK-MIX PANCAKES

1 cup pancake mix
2 eggs
2 tablespoons melted butter

1 cup milk
1 tablespoon brandy or brandy flavoring
2 tablespoons shortening

Place the pancake mix in a large mixing bowl. In a separate bowl beat the eggs until light and frothy. Add eggs to pancake mix along with milk, butter and flavoring and beat with a rotary beater or electric mixer until batter is smooth. Melt about a teaspoon of shortening in a 6-inch fry pan over moderate heat. When shortening is hot and begins to bubble, pour in 2 tablespoons of batter and tilt the pan to spread it evenly. (Pancakes should be thin and delicate, about 5 inches in diameter.) When pancake is light brown and begins to bubble, turn and cook other side. Continue until all batter is used, covering cakes with clean cloth. Makes 1 dozen pancakes.

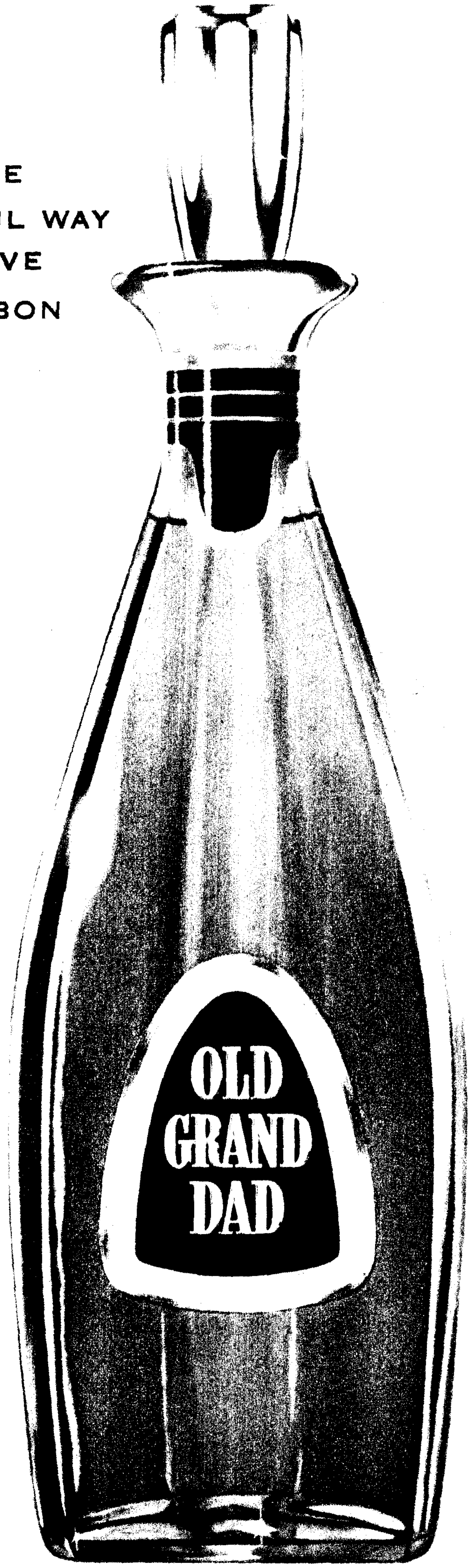
CHICKEN AND MUSHROOM FILLING

⅓ cup butter or oleomargarine
⅓ cup flour
3 cups milk
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

1 12-oz. can chicken or 2 cups minced chicken
1 3-oz can chopped broiled mushrooms, drained
½ cup shredded Swiss cheese
Pinch cayenne
2 tablespoons instant powdered cream

Melt butter in a saucepan over moderate heat. Stir in flour. Gradually add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thick. Add seasoning. Cook over low heat for 5 minutes. Set aside 1 cup of the sauce. To the remaining sauce stir in parsley, chicken and mushrooms. To the 1 cup of sauce add cheese and cayenne and cook until cheese melts, then add instant powdered cream. Place about ¼ cup of chicken mixture on end of a pancake and roll. Arrange filled pancakes in a baking dish, spoon cheese sauce over and add mushroom cap if desired. Cook under broiler heat until sauce is brown and bubbly, about 3 minutes.

THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL WAY
TO GIVE
FINE BOURBON

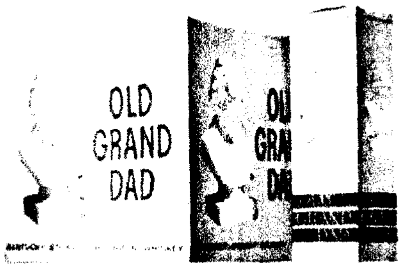


OLD GRAND-DAD

"HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY"

Classic Decanter
FOR 1956

FOR YOUR holiday gift-giving, Old Grand-Dad is presented in the most beautiful of all decanters. Selling at the same price as the standard bottle, it contains the same measure of the same fine bonded bourbon whiskey. It is your annual opportunity to honor the true bourbon fanciers among your friends.



A TRULY MAGNIFICENT GIFT

Both the Old Grand-Dad Classic Decanter and the regular bottle are available in Presentation Cases of one dozen, with beautiful holiday cartons of matching design. A most generous gift for the top people on your list!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · 100 PROOF · BOTTLED IN BOND · THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION

The body in roomette 9

By HOWARD and LURAINE RIGSBY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LIDOV

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jeff Byrne:	*A show-train promoter*
Stacey Sutton:	*A blonde in a trap*
Harold Willets:	*A murdered executive*
Grace Willets:	*A wandering wife*
Ellen Tice:	*A seductive secretary*
Dick MacDonald:	*A ruthless opponent*
Peter Deems:	*A bitter inventor*
Martha Kneedler:	*A talkative eavesdropper*
Arthur Aranz:	*A frightened lawyer*
Paul Bowers:	*A calm engineer*
Roberts and Kernan:	*Of the police*

The trip to New York was a bonus from the boss to the employees of Willets and Company . . . Just one big happy family, they seemed, until a smoldering hatred flared up into murder, and terror took over the train

IT WAS 4:00 A.M. when the porter came along through the empty club car toward me, and as soon as I looked up and saw his face I knew something was very wrong. "Mr. Byrne," he said, "will you come with me?"

I got up and, since I didn't want to leave Stacey Sutton sitting there all alone, I said to her, "You'd better come too."

Stacey and I followed the porter out of the club car and along the sleeping-car corridor to Roomette 9. The porter slid open the door of the roomette; then he just stood there looking in. I gazed at him. "What's wrong?"

"That's my roomette," Stacey said.

The porter pointed inside and, though the roomette was dark, I could see the outline of a man's body crumpled on the floor against the seat. When I reached in and snapped on the light, I could see the man on the floor was the president of Willets and Company—or rather the late president.

Mr. Willets was fully dressed and his eyes were open, staring at nothing. His jacket was unbuttoned, and on the front of his white shirt, about eight inches apart, there were two blood spots about the size of fifty-cent pieces. The spots were darker at the center. Near Mr. Willets's hand a gold bead glittered on the seat. I glanced quickly around the roomette, but I saw no gun.

Stacey Sutton moaned, and I caught her as she swayed toward me. I told the porter to get the conductor, and then I slid the door of Roomette 9 shut and started back toward the club car with Stacey. . . .

Have you heard of show trains? Well, they're the rage these days. Pay your money down, and you get entertainment in a great big package; a trip to New York on a special train and tickets to some hit Broadway shows, plus hotel accommodations, meals, sight-seeing, culture—even romance, maybe. My name is Jeff Byrne, and I'm a promoter of such trains. Making up one of these package trips always presents plenty of headaches and trouble, but I never really knew what trouble was until I got murder mixed in with the package.

While my partner, Joe Axton, holds down a desk on Broadway, I go out into the small cities and drum up business. Then, once a package is sold, I go along to see that the people who bought it get their money's worth. On the Willets and Company deal, as you may gather, the customers got more than they had bargained for. But that was a special package right from the start.

Harold Willets was president of an electrical-appliance manufacturing plant in a small city out in the hinterland. He saw my ad in the paper while I was there drumming up a train, and he came to see me at the travel agency where I was working on the deal.

Willets was a driving type, a man who gets what he wants. He was a big, handsome character in his early fifties, and smooth as a Madison Avenue media salesman. He wanted to hook a sleeper and a club car on to my show train and take a group of his employees along to New York for the package. It was to be a special Christmas bonus for his department heads and their assistants, and his company was to pick up all the tabs.

I was, of course, delighted to accommodate him. I was even more happy about the arrangement when we pulled out for New York that Wednesday afternoon and I went into the club car. I was looking for Mr. Willets, but instead I found someone I'd been looking for all my life. She was a lovely blonde, and she was talking to a young man who looked very unhappy about something. Since I was along to keep the customers happy, I had a good excuse to introduce myself to the pair.

The young lady's name, I learned, was Stacey Sutton, and she was assistant to the chief designer at Willets and Company. The young man was Peter Deems, an electrical engineer with the company. After a bit of my bright banter Mr. Deems got up and went away, still looking unhappy. I sat down in his chair.

"What's wrong with your friend?" I asked. For a minute I lost myself in her gray eyes.

"Peter? Oh," she said, "he's upset."

"We'll have to get him in a holiday mood."

"I doubt if you will," she said. "And the same is true for the rest of this group."

"All is not well at Willets and Company?"

"All is not well."

SHE looked up then and I followed her gaze. Harold Willets had just come into the club car. He stared hard at the man sitting with the dark-haired girl across the aisle from Stacey and me, and then he came over to me. "Mr. Byrne," he said, "we have two extra people in the party." He took out a diagram of the sleeping car. "My wife decided to come along at the last minute. So did Mr. MacDonald over there." He indicated the man across the aisle.

I got out my passenger list and wrote down the names. "Mrs. Willets will stay in your compartment?" I asked.

He nodded. Then he showed me the diagram. He had written in the names of the people who were to occupy the various compartments and roomettes. "I've put MacDonald in Roomette Three," he said. "I shifted Miss Kneedler into Compartment B with Mrs. Carter. Mr. Carter couldn't come." He turned away abruptly and left the club car.

I put the passenger list back in my inside pocket and glanced at Stacey Sutton. "He seems upset too," I said.

She let the sentence lie a while and then said, "There was kind of an explosion at Willets and Company yesterday. Everybody's upset."

"Oh?" I waited a moment, looking at the couple across the aisle, the man named MacDonald and the dark-haired girl. It occurred to me then just how different this group was from the others on this show train. In the other cars the people were nearly all strangers to one another, laughing and talking and getting acquainted, but in these two Willets and Company cars everybody already knew everybody else, perhaps much too well. These people worked together, and they brought with them all their rivalries, jealousies and tensions.

I glanced over at the man across the aisle. "What is MacDonald's position with the company?" I asked. I wanted to hear her talk. I liked the sound of her voice; in fact, I liked everything about her.

"He's executive vice-president," she said.

MacDonald was a well-groomed, handsome man in his early forties. He had wavy brown hair, an aggressive-looking mouth and chin, and a smile that seemed to be an indelible part of his equipment. The girl with him had a beautiful figure and her green eyes sparkled with intelligence and life. She was someone you found it hard to stop looking at—a really striking woman.

"What does the girl do?" I asked.

"That's Mr. Willets's secretary," Stacey Sutton said. "Her name is Ellen Tice."

The porter came for me then. Some people in one of the cars ahead wanted me. I told Stacey I would see her later and left, reluctantly.

A BUFFET dinner had already been served to the Willets crowd when I got back to the club car. There was a bridge game going and people were sitting around, some reading, some talking, most of them taking advantage of the free drinks. But there was nothing approaching gaiety.

I exchanged remarks with a few people and had a few drinks. Finally, when I had about decided that Stacey Sutton must have gone to bed early, she came in.

It was difficult later to recall who had been in the club car and when various people had entered or left, because during those hours I sat there with Stacey I had eyes only for her; and, though both of us talked to other people, it was an effort for me to remember what anyone else said. As for Stacey, I remembered her every word and kept her going with questions. I soon knew where she had been born; I learned that her parents had been killed in an automobile crash out in California three years before; I knew what kind of movies she liked and her brand of cigarettes. And by that time we were friends, or perhaps—I hoped—something more.

"Are you planning to go right on being a career girl?" I asked her.

"Until something better comes along," she said. She was gazing steadily at me. "I'm not *married* to my career, if that's what you mean. As a matter of fact, that's one reason I'm quitting at Willets—I think I'm miscast in commercial design. For the past six months I've done nothing but try to draw an electric toaster that doesn't look like a toaster. I finally gave up, chiefly because I fail to understand just why a toaster shouldn't look like what it is."

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

She laughed. "I'm going with a wallpaper outfit."

"Then you're not quitting because of the trouble you mentioned—the trouble at Willets?"

Stacey glanced away, looked along the car toward the bridge table. Mr. Willets was one of the players and there were several people watching the game. MacDonald and Ellen Tice were still together, drinks in their hands, at the other end of the car. As we looked down that way, the door of the club car swung open and Peter Deems came in. He staggered over and sat down in a chair.

I looked back at Stacey. "This roadbed's really getting rough," I said.

Stacey said, "He's pie-eyed, poor guy. And I guess he's got a pretty good reason."

"Does this condition of his have something to do with the general trouble?"

"You could say so," she said; "even my quitting does. But this so-called trouble isn't something that happened suddenly. MacDonald and Willets

Martha Kneedler was a secretary who saw all and talked too much

Roberts, the detective in charge of the case, had all the facts to break it—except one have always been at odds—over design and everything else. MacDonald accuses Willets of being too old-fashioned, and Willets accuses MacDonald of being too progressive and generally unstable. Yesterday, at the meeting of the department heads, Willets came right out and laid it on the line: the stockholders could choose between MacDonald and him. And what that means is a family fight, because all the stock is owned by relatives or employees."

"Well," I said, "I guess this gay show train must seem like a bum joke."

She put a hand quickly on my arm. "Not for me, it doesn't," she told me. "I'm really glad I came." She glanced away again and lowered her voice. "The trouble," she went on, "is a matter of personalities. The company just isn't big enough to hold both Willets and MacDonald. Neither one can stand getting beaten at anything. They say the cheating that goes on when they get into the same foursome at golf is fantastic. And now that MacDonald has more power, and backing from some of the department heads—" She stopped and shrugged. "Well, now it's got to be one or the other," she said.

"Which side are you on—or which side *were* you on?"

"I wasn't on any side," she said. "They're both monsters in my book. I suppose business competition may breed such types occasionally, but I'd rather see a good man fail than watch their kind get ahead."

I glanced down the car at Deems, who was now favoring the bridge table with a hot but rather glassy-looking stare. "Which one did it to him?"

"Willets," Stacey said. "Deems gave Mr. Willets an idea for a new controlled-ray heater of some kind. Now he claims Willets has had other engineers develop the idea for the company and isn't giving him any credit." She laughed briefly. "Most people with a new idea wouldn't tell Willets the time if he asked them," she said. "They'd be afraid it was some new way he'd found to pick their brains."

As Stacey spoke, a woman who had been kibitzing the bridge game turned and approached us. She was somewhere in her forties, I guessed, slim, well groomed and well dressed, with short, curled blonde hair. As she came toward us she made me think of a bird, probably because of the way she carried her head, as if she might take a quick peck at something any minute. Her eyes were like a bird's eyes, too—alert, nervous and utterly without depth.

"Hello, Martha," Stacey said. "Have you met Mr. Byrne? Jeff," she told me, "this is Miss Kneedler."

So then she had to go and sit down with us, this chattering bird of a spinster. Was it true, she wanted to know, that all those musical-comedy stars would attend the show-train luncheon? And did I know any stage stars personally?

WHEN she was finished with me she started in on Stacey, now speaking in a conspiratorial whisper that I could just hear. "Hal Willets is putting trumps on his partner's aces," she said. "He's so busy watching a certain party at the other end of the car."

I glanced again at that black-haired girl, Ellen Tice, and I wondered if the rivalry between Willets and MacDonald were confined to golf and business.

"I can tell you there's plenty more to this than people know about," Kneedler went on in that squeaky, secret voice. She leaned over and whispered something in Stacey's ear.

Stacey looked surprised. "Really?" she said to Kneedler. "Are you quite sure?"

"Oh, yes," Martha Kneedler said smugly. "You see, I'm in a position to *know.*" To my relief, she rose. "And that's not all," she added. Then she moved off, pausing to say good night to MacDonald and Ellen Tice before she left the car.

"Oh, boy," Stacey said. "This is really going to trigger things—if true."

"What?" I asked.

"Kneedler says Tice and MacDonald are going to elope."

I said, "Who *is* Kneedler? What does she do?"

"Martha Kneedler is a fixture at the plant," she told me. "She's been there ever since the beginning. For a while she was Mr. Willets's secretary. Then, when Willets got Ellen Tice, he gave Martha to MacDonald. Martha sees all, hears all, knows all and talks too much. Still, she's been awfully nice to me."

It was after one o'clock and Stacey said something about going to bed, but I persuaded her to stay and have a sandwich and some of the coffee the steward was serving. The bridge game was still going, and young Deems still sat and stared at the bridge table with those hot glassy eyes. While we were eating, Ellen Tice came back and asked me if we had to get off the train as soon as we pulled into the station, or if we'd be able to sleep a while. I told her we'd have to get off as soon as we arrived, to take the buses to the hotel. If she was sleepy when she got to the hotel, I said, there would be plenty of time for a nap.

"Ellen," Stacey said, "you forgot to take your make-up case when we switched roomettes."

"I'll get it," Tice said. She strolled back along the car and sat down by MacDonald again.

I REMEMBER that MacDonald got up then and went to the bar, and that Mr. Willets turned in his chair and called, "Hey, Ellen—how about buying us a drink?"

Ellen Tice said, "I think Dick's getting me one, aren't you, Dick?"

"Yes," MacDonald said. "I'm getting you one." Then he said to Willets, "Can I get you something, Hal? I guess an old-fashioned would be about right for you, wouldn't it?"

Willets laughed. "You stick to straight fizz water, boy," he told MacDonald. "That's for you—fizz water!"

I looked down the car at Tice. "Has there been a tug of war going on over her?" I asked.

Stacey followed my gaze and nodded. "Hal Willets has been crazy about her for years."

"Does Mrs. Willets know about it?"

"Oh, yes," Stacey said. "Mrs. Willets knows. A couple of years ago their little boy was drowned up at the lake, and she blamed his death on the fact that her husband stayed in town that weekend to be with Ellen Tice. According to Kneedler, she hates Hal Willets, but she won't give him a divorce to marry Tice because he won't pay enough for his freedom."

I watched the handsome vice-president of Willets and Company go back along the car, carrying two drinks. "Looks like MacDonald is beating Willets's time," I remarked.

Stacey nodded. "All the girls fall for MacDonald," she said. "Even Mrs. Willets, I hear. But there again I'm quoting Martha Kneedler."

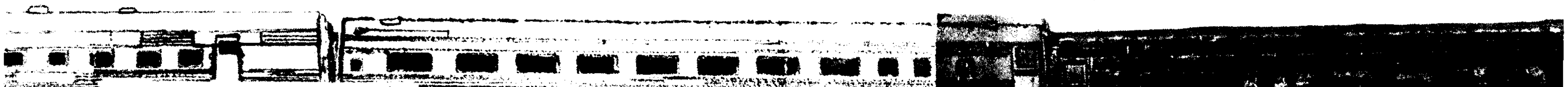
I laughed. "What goes on in this company would make fine material for a soap opera."

"I'm terribly sorry to sound like such a gossip," Stacey said. "You're so right, though."

I said quickly, "What's Mrs. Willets like?"

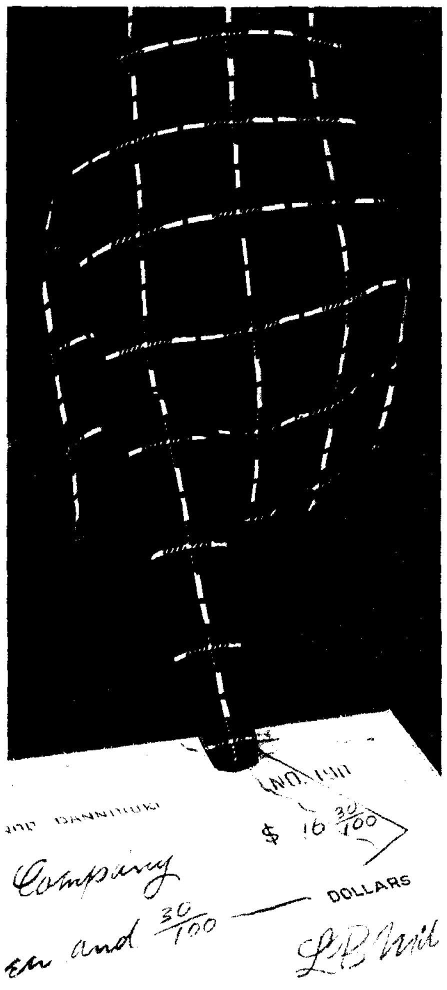
"She's very pleasant," Stacey said. "Incidentally, she hates the theater, she says. She just decided to come along and do some shopping. Now, I wonder—couldn't you include a New York shopping tour for the ladies in these package trips?"

I didn't get a chance to answer that because as she spoke, Deems got out of his chair and came staggering up the aisle. He was heading for Willets,



Stacey Sutton, the blonde I'd been looking for all my life, was hiding a deadly secret

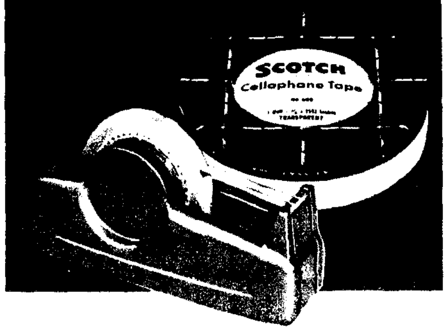
Harold Willets was an executive who asked for murder—and got it



Mend it with 'SCOTCH' Brand ...it'll stay mended!

Don't take chances with torn checks, money orders or receipts. Mend them the safest, surest way — with "Scotch" Cellophane Tape. Price reductions on commercial-size rolls now make the best quality tape your best buy as well. Call your tape supplier now for "Scotch" Brand in big rolls — and for convenient new tape-saving dispensers.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SCOTCH BRAND
Cellophane Tape



The term "Scotch" and the plaid design are registered trademarks of Minnesota Mining and Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn. Export Sales Office: 99 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y. In Canada: P.O. Box 757, London, Ontario. © 1956, 3M Co.

and when Willets saw him coming he put down his cards and got ready to rise, if need be.

"You're a crook," Deems told Willets.

"Oh, oh," Stacey said. "This is where I leave."

"You're a dirty, stinking crook," said Deems.

I went over and took Deems by the arm. Willets relaxed.

"I bid three spades," someone said loudly.

As I walked Deems back along the car, he stopped in front of MacDonald. "I'm going to sue you," he told him. "You're both crooks." Then he spoke bitterly to Tice: "I guess you like crooks, don't you?"

"Deems, why don't you go to bed?" MacDonald asked, smiling.

I got Deems through the door and into the vestibule between the cars. Then he swore and began to struggle, so I had to twist his arm up behind his back and push him the rest of the way to his roomette. I ushered him in and hoped he'd stay there. As I turned back toward the club car I saw Stacey coming down the aisle. "Do you really *have* to go to bed?" I asked her.

She smiled. "Don't you ever sleep, yourself?"

"We get to New York at seven," I said. "It's almost two o'clock now." I glanced at the door of Deems's roomette. "I think I'll just sit up in the club car."

"You mean you think maybe you'd *better* stick around, don't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I just wish—"

Her eyes held mine. "Good night," she whispered. "Good night, Jeff."

SHORTLY after Stacey left, Mr. Willets paid his losses at the bridge table and left the club car. MacDonald and Tice were still there, and Willets paused to say something as he passed them. I couldn't hear what he said, but I could see MacDonald's face; and in his eyes I saw double-distilled hate.

After Willets went out, MacDonald got up and poured himself another drink from a bottle on the bar. The steward had gone, and now there were just MacDonald, Tice, the three people at the bridge table and me. Stacey had told me who the three bridge players were. The small, bald man with glasses, a black mustache and a constant flow of crackling talk was Arthur Aranz, the company lawyer. The tall, quiet, gray-haired man was Paul Bowers, chief of the engineering department, and the stout, jolly woman was Bowers's wife.

Presently MacDonald and Tice left, and I sat with my eyes closed. Then the club-car door was opened again, and for an instant there was the metallic roar of the train hurtling through the night. When I opened my eyes I saw Stacey coming toward me.

She said she couldn't sleep, but I hoped it wasn't just that. I hoped that what had happened to me had, to some extent at least, also happened to her.

Again her presence made it difficult for me to remember later just what other people said, and when they entered or left the club car. Somehow, Stacey and I had got around to my background: the college I had gone to, the old family farm in Pennsylvania, my career as a summer-theater manager and a New York press agent, and finally how I had gone into the show-train game with Joe Axton, a former ticket broker.

All I know is that by the time I had finished talking about myself Stacey and I were alone. And it didn't seem much later that the sleeping-car porter came in with that wide-eyed look of shock on his face. . . .

THERE was one great big question in my mind as I took Stacey back to the club car: What was Willets doing in her roomette? But I didn't say anything. I sat her down in a chair.

She put her face in her hands for a moment, then looked up at me. "Was he really dead?" she whispered. "I can't believe it—that I saw what I did."

"There's a doctor in one of the cars ahead," I said. "I'm going to get him." I took out my passenger list and found the doctor's name, car and compartment number. "Will you be all right?"

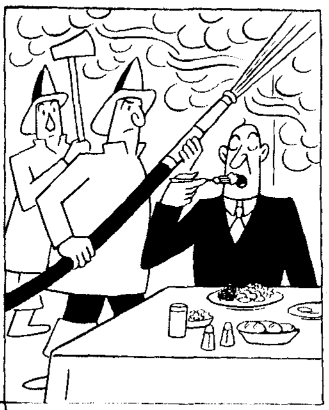
I studied her face, but it told me nothing. She simply looked dazed. "I'm all right," she said.

Going back through the sleeping car, past the closed doors of the roomettes and compartments, with the aisle swaying ahead of me, I felt a chill run down my spine; I thought of the killer, wakeful behind one of those doors.

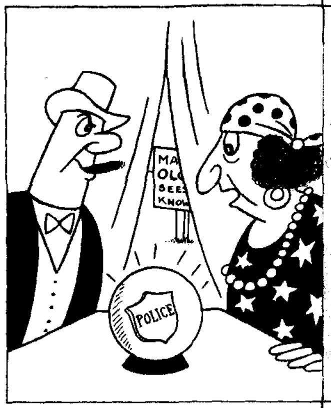
The doctor put on a topcoat over his pajamas and we started back along the train. I saw the porter and the conductor coming down the aisle, but the doctor and I went ahead of them. I used my key to open the Willetses' sleeping-car door, which had been kept locked so that the other passengers on the show train wouldn't wander into the Willets and Company club car. Only the conductor, the porter and I had keys. As I held open the door for the doctor I thought again how that locked

It's the Law!

By Dick Hyman

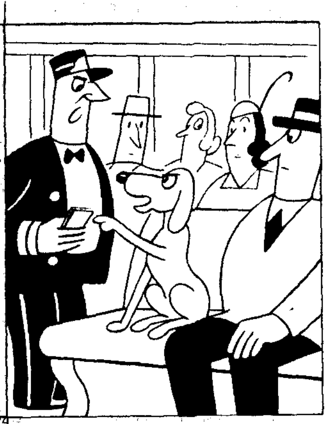


Chicago, Illinois, law forbids eating in a place that is on fire.

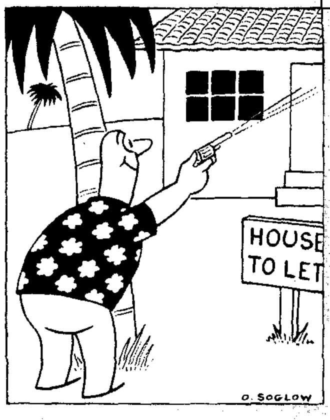


Fortunetelling in any park in East Rochester, New York, is against the law.

In Denver, Colorado, dogs are not entitled to transfers on the Denver tramway and they must pay full fares.



In Florida it is unlawful to shoot into an unoccupied house.



an American feature

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it care of It's the Law!, to Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York. For each contribution accepted and published, the editors will forward a payment of $5. No contribution can be returned.

Lighten the Fun!

For Thanksgiving...add Schlitz!

What good things the Thanksgiving table brings! Certainly, *of all times*, this is the time for light refreshment that goes well with food.

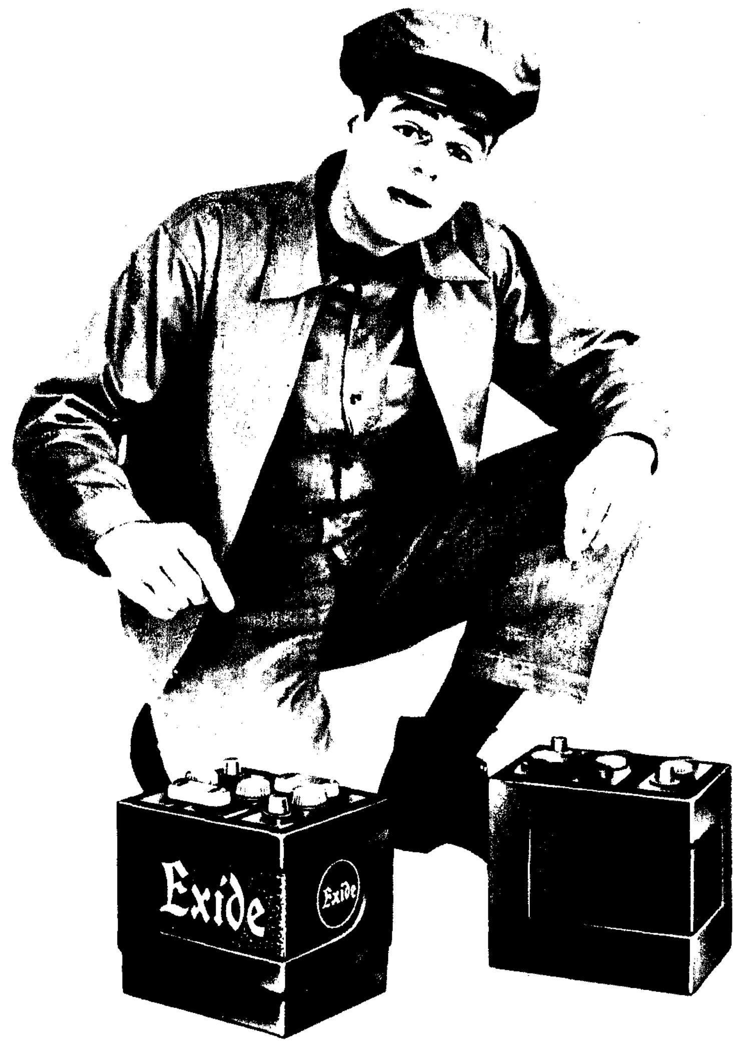
That, of course, is Schlitz. Wonderful with a meal! So light, so refreshing, and it doesn't leave you feeling full. Today's light Schlitz is sheer refreshment. Not a bit bitter, never a hint of after-taste. It's brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops for fresh, delicate flavor. Sip for yourself and see. Schlitz is the world's largest-selling beer.

Schlitz®

leisure's light
refresher

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

©1956 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal.



who says . . .

All Batteries are Alike?

"Sure, they may look alike, but there's a big difference when it comes to how long they will last and how much you get for your money. I should know because I service all kinds of batteries.

"Take it from me, Exides last longer and what's more I know why. They're made with new kinds of plate metals that cut down the wear on the battery. The Exide people have found a way to beat 'old age' in batteries. That's the difference between Exide and the others."

These revolutionary plate metals are listed among the company's 221 patents now in force. This great backlog of outstanding developments in materials and processes has made Exide the undisputed leader in the field—*proof positive that all batteries are not alike.*

You can buy an Exide that is guaranteed nationwide for as long as 4 years. You are assured new, vital freshness, either with a *Dry Charged* battery (filled by your dealer) or *Wet* (filled at the factory).

Your Exide dealer is listed in the "Yellow Pages." He offers you *experienced battery service*—right in your neighborhood.

Exide prices are as low as $11.95 exch.

WHEN IT'S AN Exide® . . . YOU START

door narrowed the case down; in one of those roomettes or compartments in the sleeper ahead of us was the person who had murdered Willets.

I didn't particularly want to take another look at the late Mr. Willets, but I did. I had to. "Well," the doctor said after a moment, "there's nothing I can do for him." He continued to bend over the body, gazing at the bullet holes.

I turned away and then suddenly turned back. Where was that gold bead I had seen on the seat? I watched the doctor pick up his bag and step back into the aisle. Where was that bead? Had I imagined it?

THE conductor locked Roomette 9 with a master key. "What do we do now?" I asked him.

The conductor looked at his watch. "I'll stop the train at the next station and phone ahead to New York for instructions," he said. He went on down toward the club car, the doctor and the porter following him. I got out my Willets and Company list. According to my list, Ellen Tice had Roomette 9. Stacey Sutton was supposed to be in Roomette 3. After a moment I turned and went down to a door with the letter "E" on it, a compartment. I hadn't met Mrs. Willets—if she had been around the evening before, no one had pointed her out to me—but I was going to meet her now.

I knocked several times before I heard a sleepy voice say, "Hal?"

"It's Mr. Byrne," I said. "Manager of the show train. May I talk to you, Mrs. Willets?"

After a moment she slid open the door. She was a big, good-looking woman somewhere in her middle thirties. I was sure I hadn't seen her before. She didn't say anything, just stared at me as I stepped into the compartment. "There's been an—accident," I said.

"An accident?"

I wanted to get it over quick. "It's Mr. Willets," I told her. "He's been shot."

She put a hand to her mouth then and her eyes widened in disbelief. "Harold?" she whispered.

"He's dead," I said, as gently as I could.

I figured she would collapse, and she did. She took a backward step and sat abruptly on the berth; then she rolled over on her side and shut her eyes. "Oh, no!" she whispered. She started crying. I tried to think of something to say but I couldn't—nothing that would help.

As I started out I saw Harold Willets's diagram of the sleeping car lying on the seat. There was no indication on the chart that Ellen Tice and Stacey Sutton had traded roomettes, so Willets probably hadn't known about the switch.

It had started to rain and, going through the vestibule, I could feel the cold wind shrieking and howling along the sides of the train. In the club car the wind hurled the rain against the windows, and Stacey Sutton sat quietly, staring at her own image in the black, depthless glass across the aisle. The doctor, the conductor and the porter conversed nearby in low voices.

I went over and sat by Stacey. "Whose idea was it to change roomettes?" I asked her. "Yours or Tice's?"

"Hers," she said. "Ellen told me she'd asked Mr. Willets and it was okay. She wanted to change because hers was over the train wheels. She said she could never get to sleep over the wheels. It didn't make any difference to me."

The train made a long, hollow, diesel groan in the night and the conductor got up. He stopped in front of me. "Well, looks like we got a real murder on our hands," he said heavily.

I nodded. "Looks that way."

The conductor gazed at Stacey. "Porter tells me that Number Nine is this young lady's roomette."

Stacey said nothing; neither did I. The conductor turned to leave; the porter and the doctor followed him out.

When they had gone I told Stacey about the gold bead I had seen, or thought I had seen. Had she noticed it? She hadn't. Had she noticed any of the women wearing a string of gold beads? She thought a while about it, but finally she shook her head.

"Tice?" I said. Ellen Tice had worn a suit, I remembered. I knew I wouldn't have noticed beads.

Stacey shook her head again. "No," she said, "I'm pretty sure she wasn't wearing beads."

The steady, frantic beat of the train wheels was slowing, and there was another long horn blast in the night. The porter opened the club-car door and beckoned me out into the vestibule. As the door shut behind me the porter said, "We're making a stop here, Mr. Byrne. Would you mind watching this end of the sleeper?"

I guess he anticipated my question from the blank look on my face. "Conductor figures somebody might try to get off," he told me. Then, glancing back into the club car, he said, "From here you can keep an eye on her, too."

I felt a flicker of anger, but I realized the porter couldn't be blamed for his ideas about Stacey. Nor could I think of a better way for the murderer to announce his guilt than by trying to leave the train. I nodded to the porter, though, and stood there in the vestibule peering out through the rain as the train slowed and the lights of the town came into view.

The conductor swung off before the train stopped, and I could see him running through the rain into the station to call New York. Then we waited, while icy little slivers of wind whistled into the vestibule and the rain made a gusty drumming on the roof. A couple of times I looked in at Stacey and I could see that she was thinking, trying to figure out what had happened.

The police would clear up the matter soon enough, I thought. Yet as I stood there I too was puzzling over what had happened and to me it looked as if MacDonald and Tice were right in the middle of it.

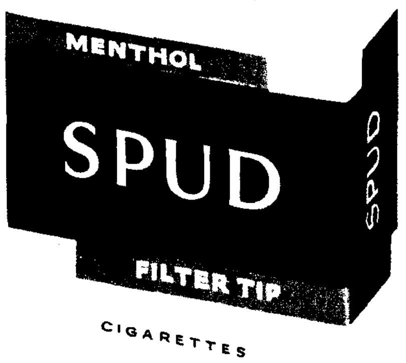
A COLD, gray dawn was lighting the rain-streaked windows of the club car as we neared New York. By then Stacey and I had indulged in a bit of speculation, and the conclusion we had come to was that Ellen Tice had not informed Mr. Willets of the switch in roomettes. Willets, we felt sure, must have been waiting for Tice to return to Number 9 when he was killed. And if MacDonald and Tice did plan to elope, as Martha Kneedler had whispered to Stacey, then the romantic rivalry between Willets and MacDonald, like their business rivalry, had certainly come to a climax.

Of course, as Stacey pointed out, MacDonald was not the only one with a strong motive. There were others aboard with excellent reasons for hating Willets—Peter Deems among them.

Suddenly I saw the conductor appear

NEW FILTER SPUD

Freshens the smoke...something wonderful!



This is how fresh and cool your mouth will taste after you smoke NEW SPUDS. These new and different filter cigarettes from Philip Morris have a light touch of menthol that freshens the smoke—*something wonderful!*

© 1956, PHILIP MORRIS INC.

CRUSH PROOF BOX • POPULAR FILTER PRICE

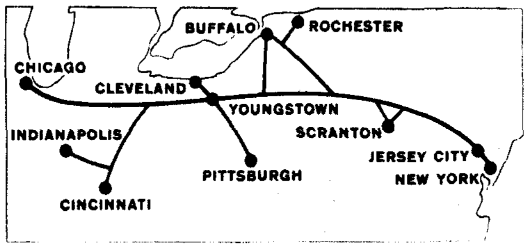
. . . Mark of PROGRESS
in Railroading
ERIE

NO TRAFFIC JAM HERE!

Erie's Piggy-Back service takes trailers *off* the highway. Loads them on special flat cars. Speeds them to their destination on highways of steel . . . often gets them there sooner than any other method.

And shippers are using this new Erie service more and more because it is *dependable.* We have expanded it several times including interchanges with connecting railroads, and the demand continues to grow.

And why not? Erie Piggy-Back service combines the *best* of both forms of transportation. Here is progressive railroading at its best . . . the kind of service that keeps shippers saying, "Route it Erie!"



Erie Railroad

DEPENDABLE SERVICE FOR THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA

in the vestibule; then in a moment I heard him raise his voice, arguing with someone. I got up and went to the door. The other man was Deems. He was halfway through the door of the sleeper and the conductor was trying to keep him from entering the vestibule.

Deems was wearing an overcoat and carrying his bag. He hadn't shaved; a lock of lank, dark hair hung down on his forehead, and his eyes were bloodshot. "We're almost there," he was saying. "What do you mean I can't get off right away?" He saw me. "What *is* this?" he asked.

"You'll find out," I told him. "If you don't already know, that is."

"I want to get off this train," Deems said determinedly. As the train plunged underground and slowed, he tried to push past the conductor again. Then somebody behind him in the aisle took hold of his coat collar, turned him and clipped him on the jaw.

IT WAS MacDonald. I saw him examine his knuckles as Deems sagged to the car floor. Then MacDonald turned and went back along the aisle of the sleeper.

The conductor and I helped Deems into a chair in the club car. A few minutes later we were pulling into the station. The reception committee was waiting and boarded the train at once. Besides two detectives in plain clothes there were two uniformed patrolmen, a medical examiner, a fingerprint man and an official of the railroad. First on the detectives' order of business was a look at the body. After that the medical examiner and the fingerprint man took over while the detectives talked briefly to Mrs. Willets. They came back to the club car studying Mr. Willets's diagram of the sleeping accommodations.

I wanted to stay aboard, but I couldn't. Because of the locked door between the Willets and Company cars and the other cars, the rest of the people on the show train were not involved and were free to leave. It was my job to see that they got out to the chartered buses that would take them to the hotel. Also, I had to see Joe Axton to tell him what had happened.

The detective in charge, whose name was Roberts, told the patrolman stationed in the vestibule to let me off, but he asked me to come back as soon as I was finished. They were going to have to make a search for the gun that had been used to kill Mr. Willets, he said; then we'd move everybody on to the hotel.

Before I left I told Stacey I'd be back and not to be afraid. "I'm not worrying," she said. She smiled at me, but I could see she was worried plenty.

By the time I got off, most of the people in the forward cars were on the platform. I went to the train gate where Joe Axton stood waiting, looking even more sour than he usually did because of the early hour. When I told Joe what had happened, his eyes bulged and his face got as gray as his overcoat.

"A murder?" he croaked in that rasping, broken voice of his. "That's all we need!" He turned and walked away toward the taxi entrance where the buses were waiting.

It took some time for the people to get off the train, so I stayed there at the gate to see that everyone headed in the right direction. Then I went along with the last bunch to make sure that the Willets and Company bus would wait. Joe was on deck and I told him he would have to handle it from there. I didn't know when I'd be free. . . .

When I got back to the Willets cars the search for the gun was still in progress. While I had been at the gate the young red-haired detective, whose name was Kernan, had come out to telephone. A little later a policewoman, accompanied by a man with a brief case, had passed through to the train.

Even though they probably didn't expect to find the murder weapon—there are so many ways to get rid of a gun on a train—the detectives did a thorough job of looking for it. They were going through the sleeping car when I got back. The Willets people were in their roomettes and compartments, huddled on the rumpled berths, a grave and shocked-looking lot. Detectives Roberts and Kernan were going from cubicle to cubicle. The man with the brief case went with them, taking notes.

The detectives took down everybody's name and asked what they did at Willets and Company and where they had been between two and four o'clock that morning. Did they own a pistol or revolver? No one did. Had they heard shots? No one had. The detectives looked through the luggage and searched the men. The policewoman searched the women.

Since her own roomette was still occupied by the corpse, Stacey Sutton was sitting with the Bowers couple, the tall, gray-haired chief engineer and his rotund wife, in their compartment. I got there just as the detectives were asking their routine questions and going through the Bowerses' luggage.

When the detectives had finished with the routine stuff, Roberts, the older one, a thin man with an impassive, dead-pan face, turned his attention to Stacey. "Miss Sutton," he said, "I believe you told us in the club car a while ago that switching roomettes was Miss Tice's idea."

"Yes," Stacey said.

"You also said that Miss Tice told you she had spoken to Mr. Willets about the change." Roberts watched Stacey nod, his eyes sharp and hard.

"There seems to be a discrepancy between your statement and Miss Tice's," Kernan, the stocky, redheaded detective, told Stacey. "Miss Tice says that changing roomettes was your idea. And she says you told her you had informed Mr. Willets of the change." His voice was polite, mild, but it was deadly too. It left tension and accusation crackling in its wake.

I saw Stacey's face grow pale. She said, "That's not true! I can't believe Ellen Tice would say that. If she did say it, I don't know why she did!"

THE policewoman came along then, and Mr. Bowers and the detectives stepped into the aisle with me so that the women could be searched.

Roberts said to me, "When we finish going through this car we'll get these people aboard that bus of yours and take them to their hotel."

He started to move on, but I took his arm. "They're trying to frame that girl," I told him.

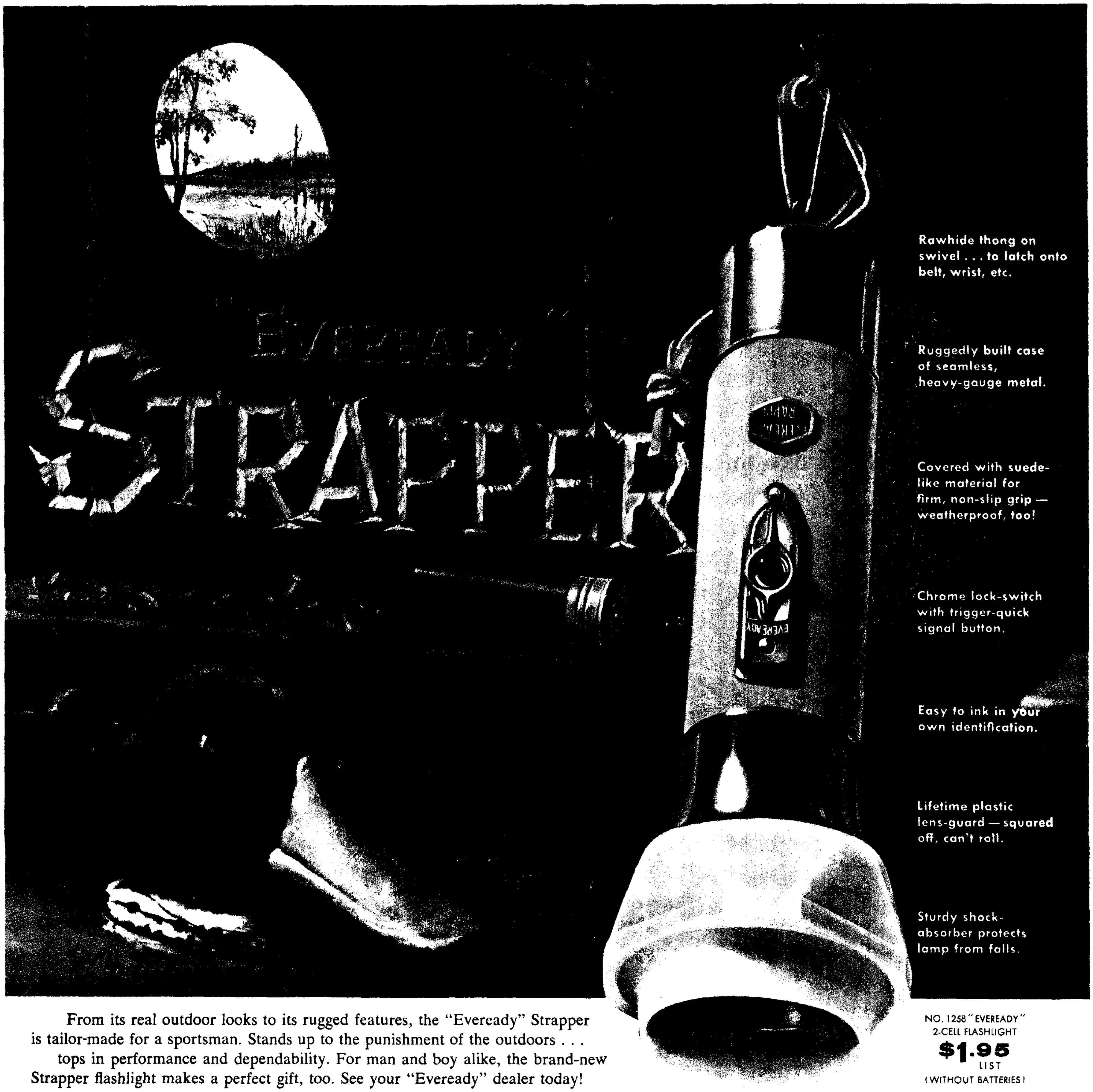
He turned and gave me a curious look. "You mean Miss Sutton?" he asked. "Who's trying to frame her?"

"I think Tice and MacDonald are."

He stared at me a moment and then said, impatiently, "Okay. You can tell me all about it later. First, let's get this bunch off the train."

I left the law, then, to ride herd on the Willets people and hurried ahead

Brand New! THE FLASHLIGHT THAT'S A NATURAL FOR THE OUTDOORS!



Rawhide thong on swivel . . . to latch onto belt, wrist, etc.

Ruggedly built case of seamless, heavy-gauge metal.

Covered with suede-like material for firm, non-slip grip — weatherproof, too!

Chrome lock-switch with trigger-quick signal button.

Easy to ink in your own identification.

Lifetime plastic lens-guard — squared off, can't roll.

Sturdy shock-absorber protects lamp from falls.

From its real outdoor looks to its rugged features, the "Eveready" Strapper is tailor-made for a sportsman. Stands up to the punishment of the outdoors . . . tops in performance and dependability. For man and boy alike, the brand-new Strapper flashlight makes a perfect gift, too. See your "Eveready" dealer today!

NO. 1258 "EVEREADY"
2-CELL FLASHLIGHT
$1.95
LIST
(WITHOUT BATTERIES)

SMOKEY SAYS:
Remember — only you can
PREVENT FOREST FIRES.

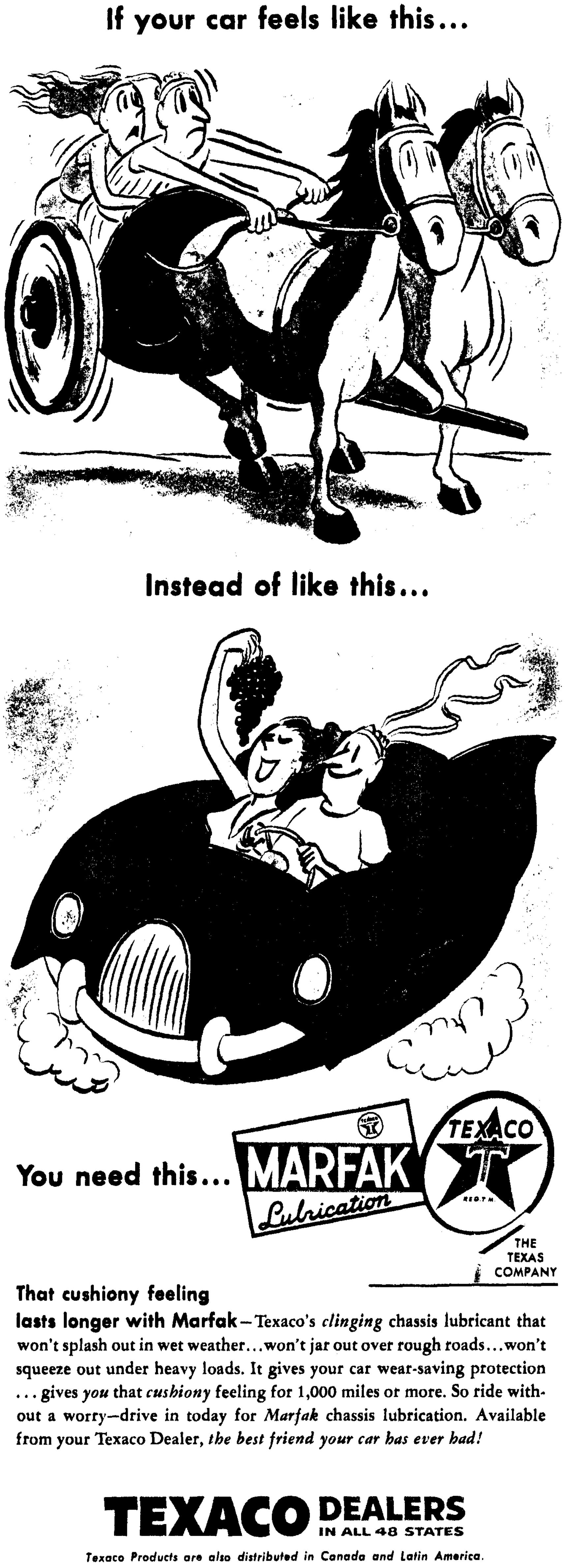
PERFECT FOR HUNTING . . . FISHING . . . BOATING . . . CAMPING

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

You never get a dud with "Eveready", the leakproof battery with "Nine Lives".

"Eveready" and "Nine Lives" with the Cat Symbol are registered trade-marks of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY • A Division of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation • *30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.*



If your car feels like this...

Instead of like this...

You need this... MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

That cushiony feeling lasts longer with Marfak—Texaco's *clinging* chassis lubricant that won't splash out in wet weather...won't jar out over rough roads...won't squeeze out under heavy loads. It gives your car wear-saving protection ... gives *you* that *cushiony* feeling for 1,000 miles or more. So ride without a worry—drive in today for *Marfak* chassis lubrication. Available from your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had!*

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America.

to see that the bus and its driver were ready and waiting for the cross-town trek to the hotel. Then, a few minutes later, I stood beside the bus stop, checking off names as the people got aboard. First was MacDonald, grave and forceful-looking. I glanced at his face closely and thought I detected there more than a hint of nerves held under stern control. MacDonald helped Tice onto the bus. She was carrying a fur coat and wearing a burgundy-colored suit with a very tight skirt. And then there was Deems, quite subdued, looking a bit dazed. And there were the others, all looking tired and strained after their hectic night.

FINALLY, Stacey came, but just as she was about to step aboard, a figure rushed in at her from the side. It was Mrs. Willets in a chic hat and a mink coat, a strapping figure in her high heels. She screamed unintelligibly at first; then there were words: "So you got your revenge, did you! Well, you won't get away with it!"

I was so startled that for an instant I couldn't move. Even so, I was quicker than the detectives were. I caught Mrs. Willets's hands just as they went for Stacey's throat and pushed her back into Detective Kernan's arms. Then I whisked Stacey aboard, shoved my list at Roberts and got on the bus myself. I followed Stacey down the aisle, but she had already sunk into a seat beside Mrs. Bowers. The best I could do was to take a seat across the aisle from her. She sat with her head bowed and her cheeks flushed.

Everybody on the bus was whispering and staring at her. Aranz, the lawyer, and Mr. Bowers were in the seats directly ahead of me, and as the bus started up I could hear Aranz's low-pitched whisper. "Grace Willets will take care of the guilty party with her bare hands!" he said. "The police won't have to worry." He chuckled.

Bowers shook his head, glancing out at the traffic crawling along through the drizzle. "I don't get it," he said. "Grace hasn't cared whether Hal Willets lived or died since the boy got killed. Everybody knows that."

"Oh?" Aranz chuckled again. "Listen," he said. "Hal Willets signed an agreement in my office yesterday morning. He finally put his John Henry to a document that would strip him of almost everything he had if Grace would go to Nevada and divorce him. She was planning to leave next week."

Bowers turned and looked at Aranz in surprise. "No kidding! So now that juicy agreement's no good. That it?"

"Yeah!" Aranz exclaimed. He added, "No good! Whoever killed Hal Willets killed the goose that was going to lay the golden egg for Grace. She'll get only the widow's minimum in his will. That's why she's so wild."

I looked at Stacey again. She had her head turned now and was staring out the window. And, looking at her, I felt uneasy. What had Mrs. Willets meant by "revenge"?

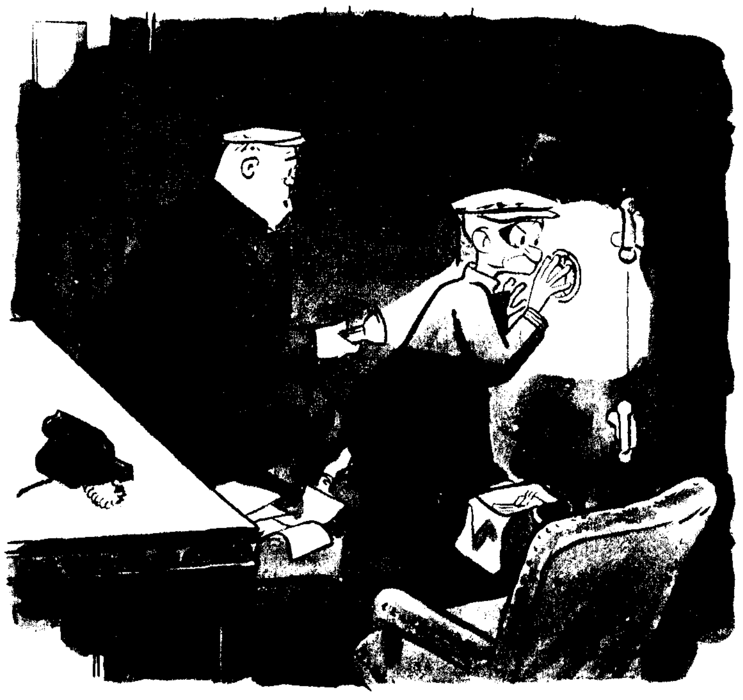
"Well," Bowers said slowly, "looks to me like Hal Willets was too late signing that agreement. I've got a hunch that by the time he was a free man a certain party he was interested in would have been calling herself Mrs. MacDonald."

WHEN the bus drew up in front of the hotel I got out first so I could go in to smooth the registration procedure and get the bellhops lined up to handle the luggage. I was so busy during the next ten minutes I didn't get a chance to say a word to Stacey, and when I looked around for her she had already taken the elevator up to her room.

The rooms reserved for the Willets people were in the same wing on the fourteenth floor of the hotel, so the detectives arranged to use a sample room on that floor as their headquarters. Joe Axton had been waiting at the desk when I came in, and he wanted to know if we should cancel the Willets reservations for the luncheon that day.

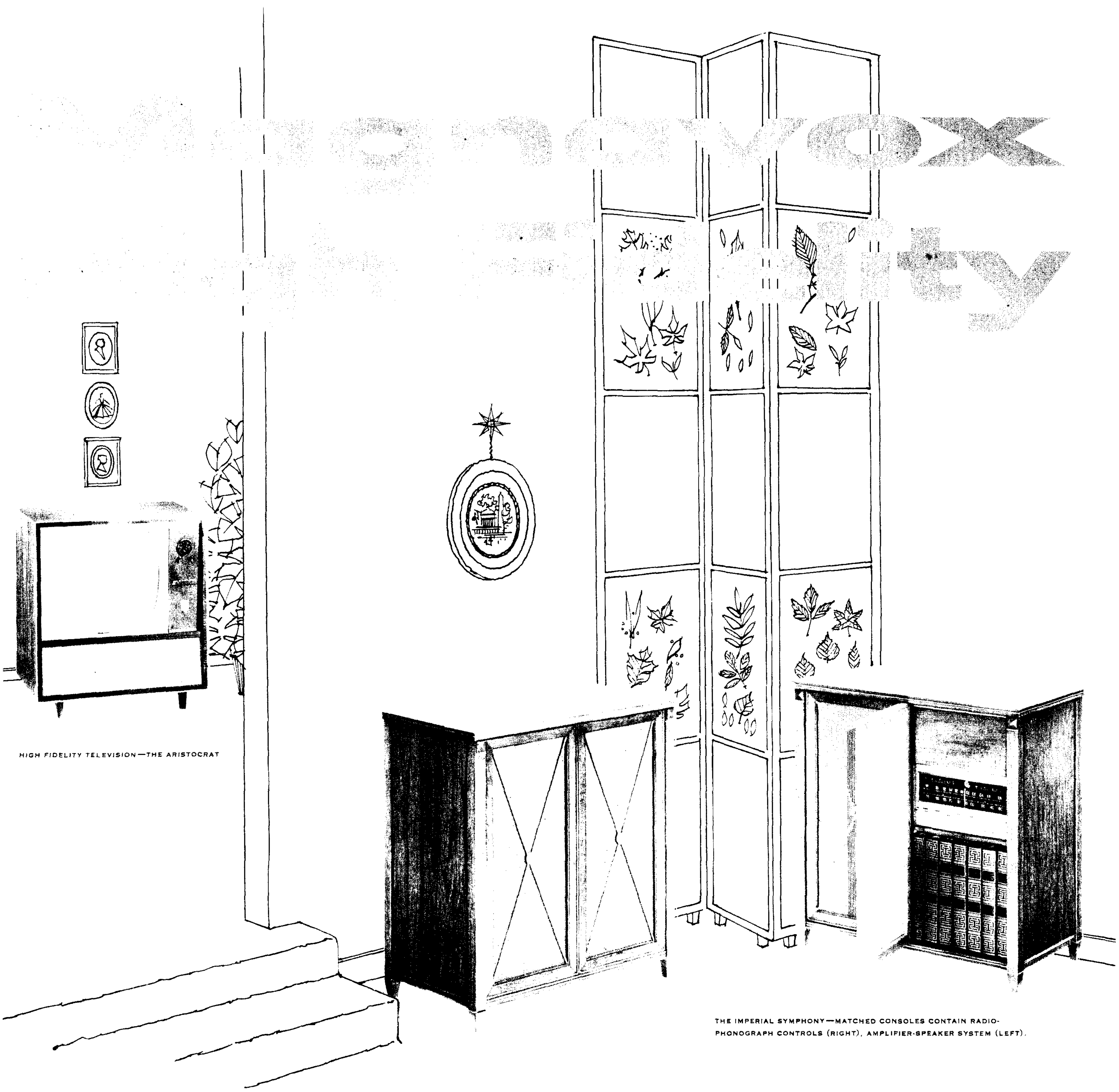
We asked Detective Roberts about it, and he said, "Like I told those people before they left the train, probably

BUTCH



"I don't mind my girl shoplifting. What hurts is, she's making more a week than I do"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

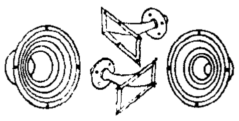


HIGH FIDELITY TELEVISION—THE ARISTOCRAT

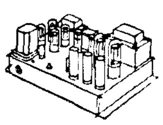
THE IMPERIAL SYMPHONY—MATCHED CONSOLES CONTAIN RADIO-PHONOGRAPH CONTROLS (RIGHT), AMPLIFIER-SPEAKER SYSTEM (LEFT).

The most faithful reproduction of music the world has ever known

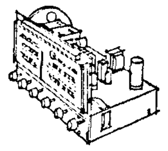
When you're ready for the enchantment of high fidelity that is perfect beyond comparison, you're ready for the magnificent Magnavox Imperial Symphony. From this superlative AM-FM radio-phonograph comes a rich tapestry of sound—splendid, exciting sound with tonal purity undistorted throughout the range of audibility. Not a mere assembly of parts, this flawless musical instrument is completely integrated—electronically, mechanically and acoustically—to achieve true tonal balance. Shown in matched, hand-rubbed cherry cabinets of Italian Provincial design at $795, the Imperial Symphony is also available in graceful contemporary styling. Magnavox high fidelity instruments are priced as low as $79.50. Magnavox brings high fidelity to television, too, with the four-speaker Aristocrat shown at the upper left—an experience in sight and sound you won't forget. $399.50 (VHF) in hand-rubbed Syntex mahogany color finish.



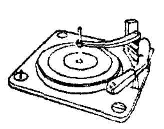
Four High Fidelity Speakers—15″ and 12″ bass with 35 oz. and 24 oz. magnets plus two extremely efficient high frequency horns.



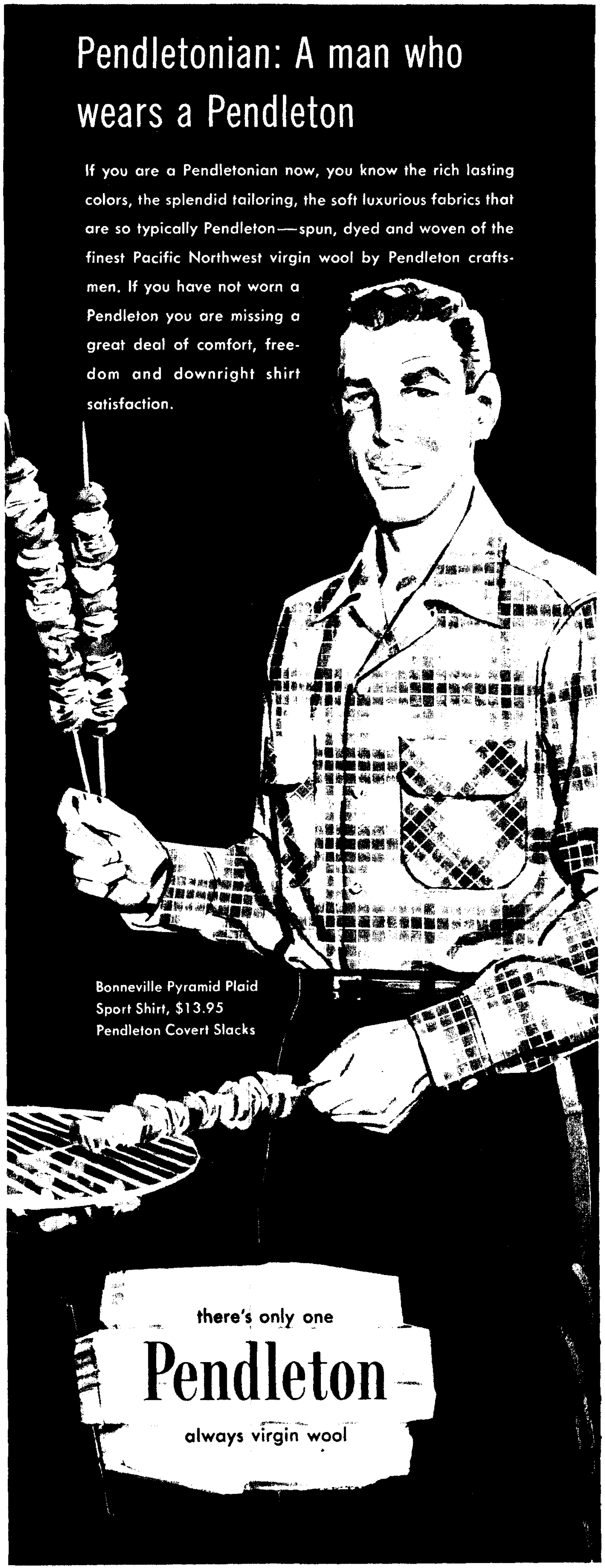
40-Watt Magnavox Dual-Channel Amplifier has tremendous power for undistorted, full-range reproduction of high fidelity sound.



New Super-Selective AM-FM Tuner gives revolutionary drift-free, static-free FM and unsurpassed AM reception; features precision tuning eye.



Imperial Multi-Speed Record Changer has patented Magnavox Pianissimo pick-up with diamond stylus; it exerts less than ⅓ oz. tracking pressure.



Pendletonian: A man who wears a Pendleton

If you are a Pendletonian now, you know the rich lasting colors, the splendid tailoring, the soft luxurious fabrics that are so typically Pendleton—spun, dyed and woven of the finest Pacific Northwest virgin wool by Pendleton craftsmen. If you have not worn a Pendleton you are missing a great deal of comfort, freedom and downright shirt satisfaction.

Bonneville Pyramid Plaid Sport Shirt, $13.95
Pendleton Covert Slacks

there's only one
Pendleton
always virgin wool

For additional information write Dept. C4, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon

all but one of them will be free to do as they please the minute we break this case, but until then nobody leaves this hotel. They can use the public rooms, the bar, the coffee shop and so on." Roberts turned away, and then he came back and drew me aside. "You sat up in the club car all night," he said. "What time did this Sutton girl leave to go to bed?"

"Around one thirty," I said.

"Then, according to what she told us on the train, she came back sometime after two o'clock. Is that right?"

"That's right."

"Okay," he said. "First, we want to question some people and get the background on this thing. Then I'll be talking to you some more, and you can tell me what you meant by that crack of yours on the train."

"Just one question," I said. "Miss Tice left a make-up kit in Roomette Nine. Was it there this morning?"

He gazed at me an instant. "Yes," he said. "It was there." He turned and strode off toward the elevators.

AS SOON as I was in my room I called Stacey. Her voice sounded anxious and tense.

"How about meeting me down in the coffee shop?" I said. I glanced at my watch. It was ten thirty.

"All right," she agreed. "But it'll be half an hour or so. I want to get cleaned up. Then I want to talk to Martha Kneedler. She was sitting near me in the club car when Ellen came up and suggested switching roomettes. Maybe she overheard."

As soon as I put down the phone I undressed, took a shower and shaved. While I shaved I remembered that bead I had seen, or thought I had seen, on the seat of Roomette 9, and my uncertainty about it began to haunt me. I felt I had to find out somehow if Ellen Tice had a string of gold beads.

When I stepped into the hall again there was a sound of voices. The Willets and Company people were having breakfast in their rooms, and some of the room doors were open.

As I passed the open door of the Bowerses' room someone called my name. I looked in and saw Aranz, the lawyer, tilted back in a chair with his feet up on one of the beds, a glass in his hand. "Come in, Mr. Byrne," he said. "Have a glass of breakfast."

I didn't want a drink, but I went in. The Bowerses were not there, just Aranz and a thin, middle-aged blonde. "You know Mrs. Carter, don't you?" Aranz asked me.

I did. She was George Carter's wife. George Carter was chief of design at Willets and Company, and Stacey Sutton's boss. Mr. Carter hadn't been able to come.

"Well," Mrs. Carter said, "what's going to happen, Mr. Byrne?"

I sat down and lighted a cigarette. "I'm afraid I don't know any more about it than you do," I said. "Maybe not as much." I looked back at Aranz. "What was the meaning of that little scene at the bus?"

"Well," said Aranz, "in the first place, Mrs. Willets had a darn' good reason for wanting her husband to remain among the living for a while. Next, since he was found dead in Miss Sutton's quarters, she must have assumed that Stacey had something to do with his death."

"What did she mean by 'revenge'?" I asked.

Aranz looked at me. "What Mrs. Willets meant," he said, "is that Stacey Sutton's father and Hal Willets used to be partners. When they broke up there was a lot of bitterness and name calling. Sutton claimed Willets cheated him, and vice versa. Afterward Sutton moved out to California. He lost his money and died out there. A few years later his daughter popped up in the design department at Willets. Some people figured she might have an angle about getting even."

"George and I know Stacey," Mrs. Carter protested. "She never felt any bitterness. She just needed a job."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Bowers and his wife.

"Well," Aranz asked them quickly, "what did the inquisitors get out of you two?"

"Grace Willets told them about the trouble between Hal Willets and Stacey Sutton's father," Bowers said. "And, according to her, Willets was going to fire Stacey." He glanced at Mrs. Carter. "How about that?"

Mrs. Carter shook her head. "George said she talked to him about resigning. I didn't hear anything about her getting fired. Hal Willets *would* say that."

"What else did they ask you?" Aranz wanted to know.

Bowers shrugged. "Background stuff. They've got a crew out looking along the track in the general area where that gun might have been dropped."

"Well," Aranz said, watching him, "what do you think? Who pulled the trigger?"

Bowers sat down in the desk chair. He shook his head. "I don't know."

"Think Willets ever made a pass at Stacey Sutton?" Aranz asked thoughtfully.

Mrs. Carter said, "Nothing with a skirt on ever walked into that plant that Hal Willets *didn't* make a pass at."

I WAS near the door. I was ready to get out of there when I heard the door of the next room open; then there was a sound of steps on the hall carpet and I turned and saw MacDonald and Ellen Tice.

"Hey, Dick," Aranz called to MacDonald, "I hear they found the gun and it's got your prints on it."

MacDonald and Tice came in. "That so?" MacDonald said. He looked at Bowers. "What did they ask you?"

"We were mostly just corroborating stuff Grace told them," Bowers said. "She's still in there."

"You picked a pretty drastic way to be top man," Aranz told MacDonald.

MacDonald stared at him. "I don't like your jokes much," he said.

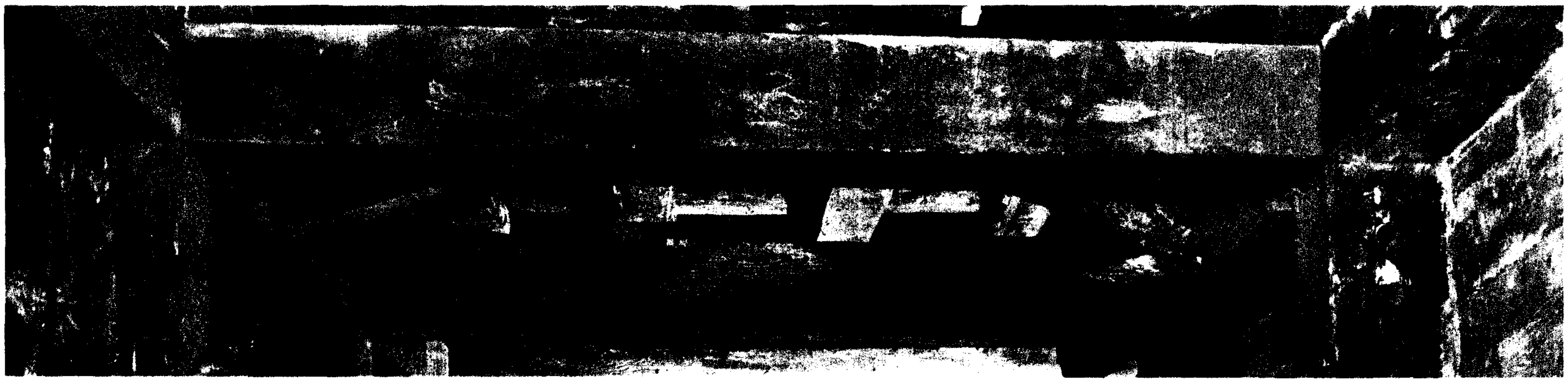
Tice sat down on a bed and lighted a cigarette and MacDonald sat down beside her. So they were going to stay a while, I thought. That was fine. I stepped out and, so far as I could see, no one noticed my departure.

Tice's door was still ajar, and I hesitated before it. Then I looked down the hall and saw Stacey. She had just knocked on Martha Kneedler's door. As I watched her, a waiter wheeled a room-service table around a turn in the hall. He also stopped before Kneedler's door. When the door was opened the waiter followed Stacey into the room, and the moment he disappeared I slipped into Tice's room.

I had never before done a thing quite like what I was doing now, and as I pushed the door gently shut behind me there was a queer, guilty feeling in my stomach. Ellen Tice's bag lay on the luggage rack and her make-up case was open on the dresser.

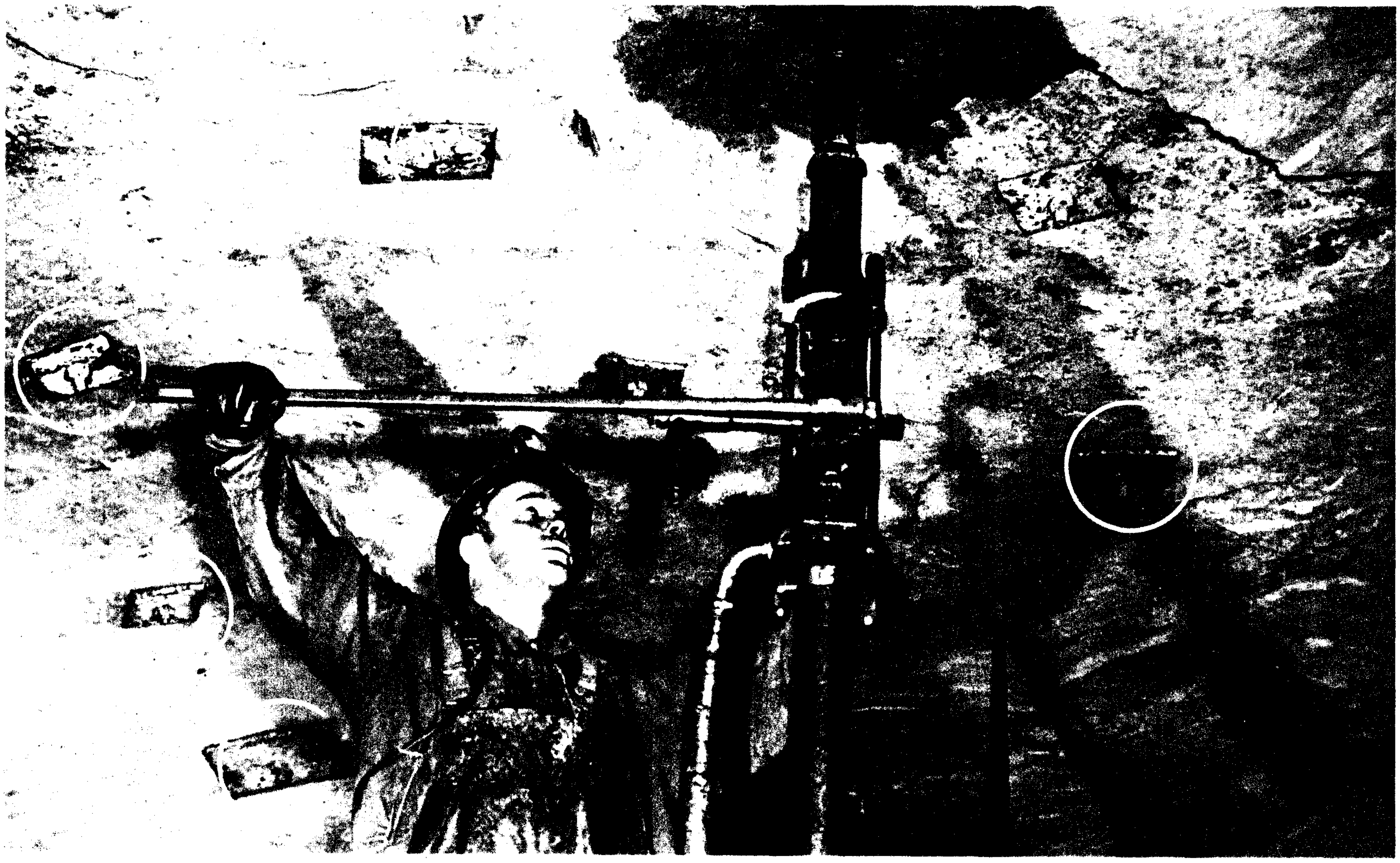
I looked first in the make-up case,

Inco Nickel Progress Report



Formerly heavy timbers like these served as roof supports—a job now being taken over by "skyhooks."

"Skyhooks" replace timber supports in new areas of Inco Nickel mines



Where rock conditions permit, Inco uses more and more rock bolts. The rate now exceeds 5,000 monthly.

"Skyhooks" are rock bolts. They support the roofs of tunnels, and other parts of new areas in International Nickel mines.

Rock bolts increase safety. And save time.

Labor saved in driving "drifts" into the ore bodies means more efficient mining. The greater the efficiency, of course, the greater the output of Nickel ore.

In the last five years, Inco's deliveries of Nickel from underground ore have been pushed to peak levels.

"Mining for Nickel," color film, is loaned to technical societies, universities, industry. Dept. 248e, The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, N. Y.

INCO
TRADE MARK

International Nickel

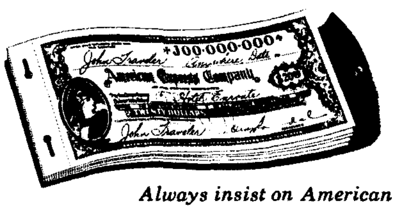
Producers of Inco Nickel, Nickel Alloys, Copper, Cobalt, Iron Ore, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals

©1956, T. I. N. Co., Inc.

Never Carry More Cash Than You Can Afford To Lose

Always carry

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES



- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—no time limit.
- Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charges—only 1%.

Always insist on American Express Travelers Cheques

DEAF?

NO RECEIVER "BUTTON" OR CORD

WORN AT THE EAR - THE NATURAL PLACE TO HEAR

COMPLETE FREEDOM OF ACTIVITY

USE TELEPHONE NATURALLY

new TONEMASTER Cordless

HEARING AID

One tiny unit is all you wear! It's easier to slip on than a pair of glasses—fits comfortably and unnoticed behind one ear. No cords, or headbands—nothing interferes with complete freedom. Women completely conceal it with a bit of hair. Full range finger tip adjustment. Try the new Tonemaster "Cordless". You'll never go back to the muffled "swish swish" of an ordinary hearing aid. *Also, ask to see the famous Tonemaster standard model hearing aids.*

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Tonemaster Manufacturing Company
Peoria 11, Illinois

Please send free literature on Tonemaster Cordless:

NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ________ STATE ________

☐ Also, send literature on standard models.

You Can Depend On

STRONGER Yet SAFER ANACIN to relieve PAIN

Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia—but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets today! At all drug counters.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

but it contained only some cosmetics and perfume. Then I opened the bag and began looking through it. She had hung up her dresses, but there were stockings, lingerie and blouses in the bag. I felt around among them until I found a small box, but when I opened the box it contained only a sewing kit. I went through the bag carefully, but there were no beads. I was ready to give it up and get out of there when I noticed the blouse. It was a white blouse that had little gold beads for buttons, and I was standing there staring at it when the door opened.

MAC DONALD and Tice came in, and there was a big start of surprise when they saw me. MacDonald made a nice recovery. He shut the door behind him and said almost casually, "Hello. What's up, Mr. Byrne?"

"That bag wasn't open when I left," Tice said. She looked at me and her eyes were hard. "Was there something you wanted in my bag?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said. I picked up the blouse and then let it drop, watching her eyes narrow, grow colder and greener. "You're lying," I told her. "And you're putting Stacey Sutton on the spot."

MacDonald looked at Tice. "Have you any idea what he's talking about?"

"Not the slightest," she said.

"I'll tell you what I'm talking about," I said. I picked up the blouse again. "One of the beads off this blouse was lying on the berth of Roomette Nine when I first saw Mr. Willets's body in there. When I came back later with the doctor and the conductor the bead was gone."

MacDonald took a quick step toward me. "Are you trying to suggest that Miss Tice—"

"Be quiet," I said. I didn't take my eyes off Tice. "Suppose Miss Kneedler happened to overhear you suggest to Miss Sutton that you two switch roomettes?"

"Kneedler couldn't have overheard!" Tice exclaimed. For an instant she caught her lower lip between her teeth. "She couldn't have," she went on more calmly, "because I didn't make the suggestion."

"Why, you—!" MacDonald's voice was choked with anger. Then, moving surprisingly fast, he threw a long left that jarred me, even though it only grazed my jaw.

I somehow caught his arm as his blow slid on past me and, utilizing his own impetus, threw him on his back. He grunted and came up quick; then I hit him and put him down again. This time he stayed down.

"Get out of here!" Tice told me in a taut, furious voice. "I'm not putting anybody on the spot. Let the police take care of it. What business is it of yours?"

I looked at the blouse. "You sewed the button back on," I said. "You went for your make-up case and Mr. Willets was waiting for you there in Roomette Nine. You switched roomettes with Stacey because you wanted to avoid him."

"You're mad!" Tice said.

"Did you kill Willets?" I asked. "Or did your friend here come to the door with a gun while you struggled with him?"

MacDonald said from the floor, "Do you want me to phone the police to come and get you? Or will you go?"

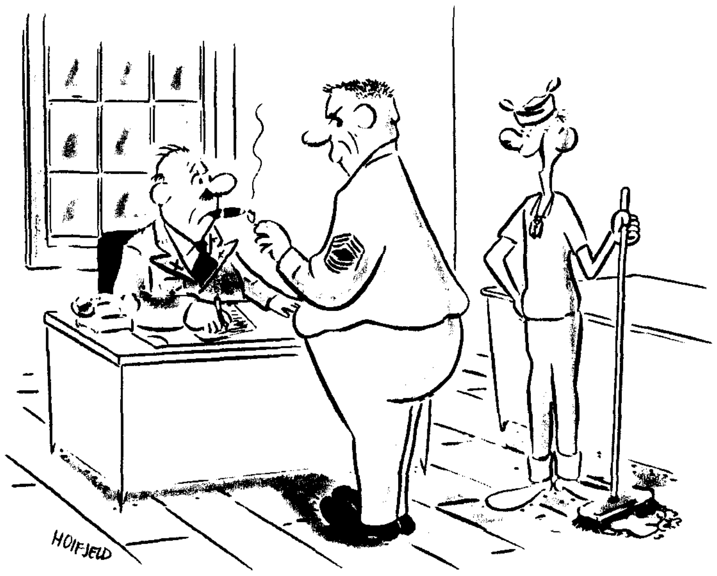
I stared at Tice, and it seemed to me I had it. I could see her missing that gold bead and then sneaking back to get it while I went for the doctor.

I left them then. I knew that I had really accomplished nothing, that I still had nothing tangible against them. Here I was, I thought, ghosting around searching luggage and knocking people down—and my only excuse was that the night before I had walked into that club car and fallen in love.

YOU had to check out with the detective stationed at the elevators before you went down. Stacey wasn't in the coffee shop when I got there, but Peter Deems was. He was sitting at the counter brooding over a cup of coffee. Except for another man at the other end of the counter, the place was de-

PRIVATE PUNKY

How to Get Along in the Army By NORMAN HOIFJELD

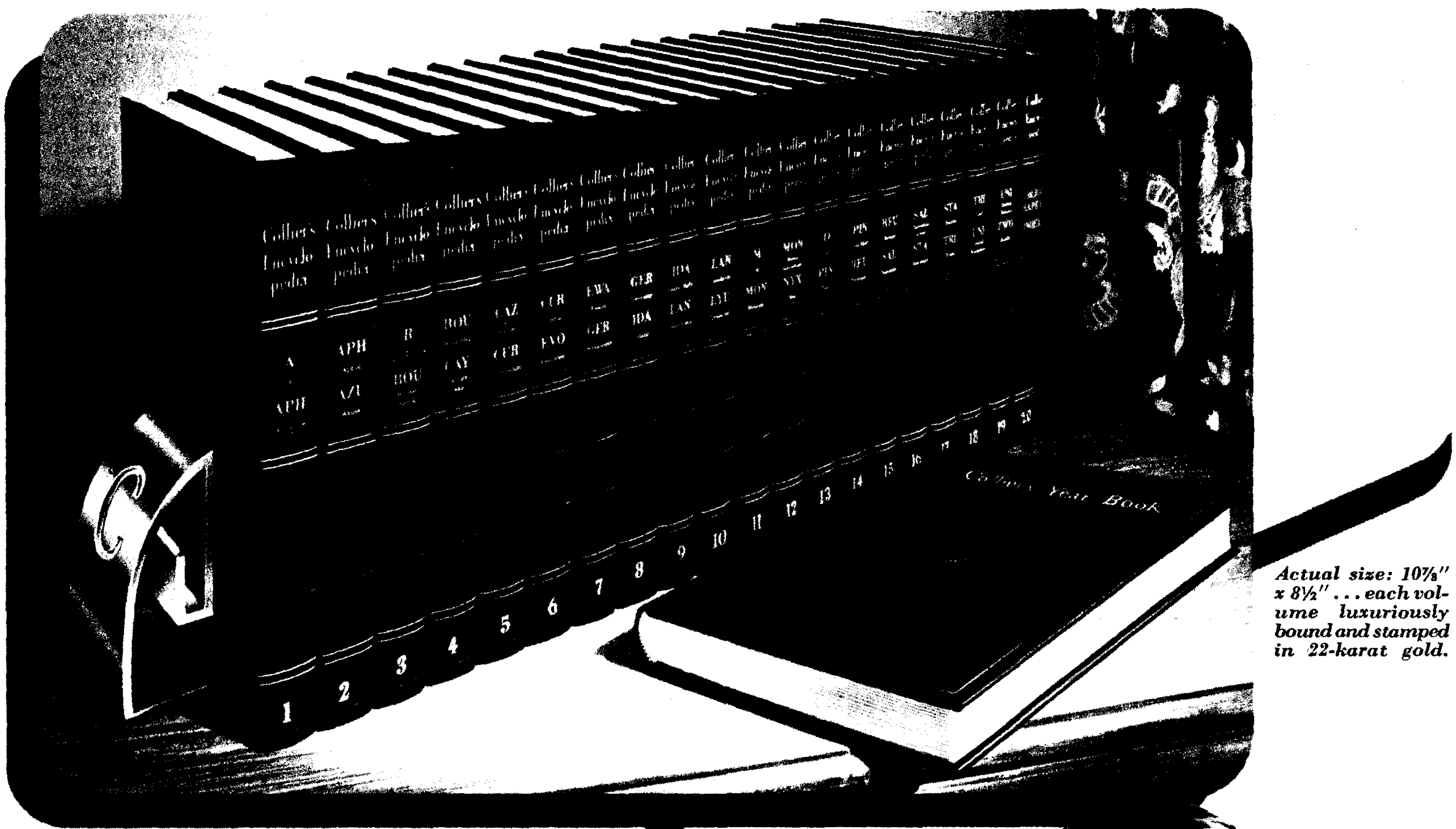


"Apple polishing won't get you anywhere with a man as sharp as the Colonel"

an American *feature*

Learning is fun...

WHEN CHILDREN HAVE COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA



Actual size: 10⅞" x 8½" . . . each volume luxuriously bound and stamped in 22-karat gold.

Recommended . . . by scientists, religious, business, educational leaders and by the Subscription Books Committee of the American Library Association.

Collier's Encyclopedia

The Only Completely New, Major, Indexed Encyclopedia in 30 Years!

TEST YOUR FACTS!

1. Mt. Rushmore National Memorial (South Dakota) is perhaps the largest sculpture ever attempted. It was carved from solid granite by craftsmen using compressed-air drills. The heads of four U.S. Presidents are depicted. Name these four presidents.

2. The emperor penguin is unusual because it holds its egg between its feet and belly to keep it from freezing. Where is the native home of the penguin?

3. Russian born, now a citizen of U.S., he pioneered the development of multi-engined airplanes. His was the first successful long-range clipper. In 1940 he demonstrated the first American-built helicopter. What is his name?

4. The star Betelgeuse is rated a supergiant. It is so large that the earth could follow its customary orbit inside this star. To what constellation does Betelgeuse belong?

5. In the United States, the first subway was opened in Boston in 1898 and the second in New York in 1904. Only four cities in the United States have subway lines of any extent. Name the two not mentioned.

ANSWERS:

1. Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt. 2. Mainly on antarctic and subantarctic coasts and islands. One species lives on the Galapagos Islands. 3. Igor Ivan Sikorsky. 4. Orion. 5. Chicago and Philadelphia.

It's fun getting answers in Collier's Encyclopedia, the *only* encyclopedia of its kind to be published completely *New* in the past thirty years. People who already own Collier's Encyclopedia tell us they never before found so much information so interestingly presented and so easy to read. And, there are more than 10,000 full-color and black-and-white pictures—*plus* 126 new authoritative maps in full color. You'll enjoy every one of its many thousand articles.

Here is a reference set on which you can depend. Over 2,000 recognized specialists contributed articles of the highest authority and accuracy . . . articles that give you genuine satisfaction and save you and your children countless hours of research.

Here, at a price you can afford, is human knowledge from A to Z. A small down payment delivers Collier's Encyclopedia to your home. The balance is payable on convenient monthly budget terms. Get full information plus a valuable booklet without cost or obligation. Mail coupon today.

FREE! *A big, 24-page, full-color booklet crammed full of exciting topics and illustrations taken right from the pages of Collier's Encyclopedia. Every member of the family will love it . . . and you'll have loads of fun from many more questions and answers like those appearing on this page.*

SEND FOR FREE 24-PAGE BOOKLET

Collier's Encyclopedia C-109
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

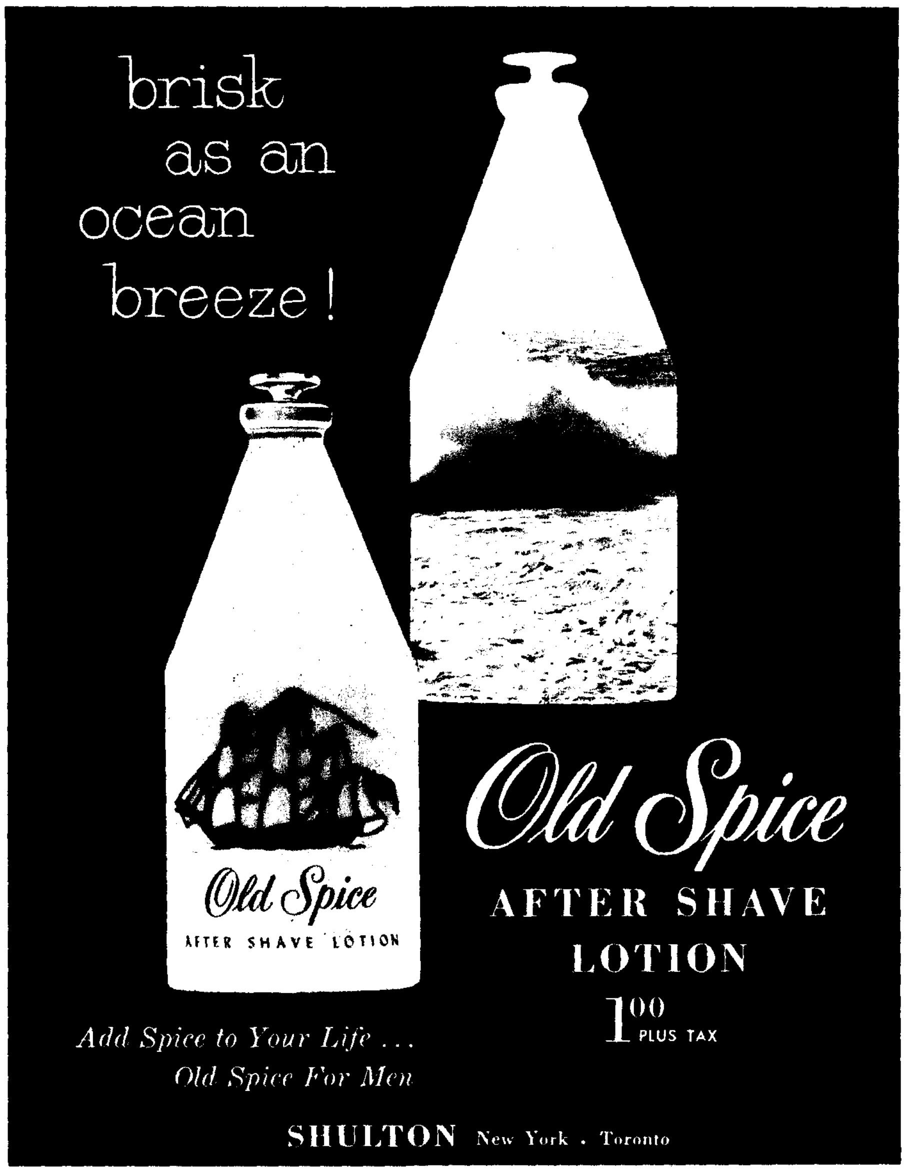
Please send to me, without cost or obligation, your big, 24-page picture book, "The Great Adventure" and information on how I can obtain Collier's Encyclopedia on convenient monthly budget terms.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________Zone____State________

Note: To receive this booklet, coupon must be signed by an adult.



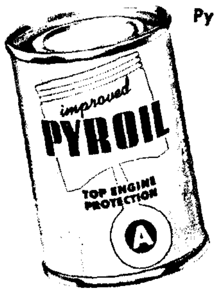
Old Spice

AFTER SHAVE
LOTION

1.00 PLUS TAX

Add Spice to Your Life . . .
Old Spice For Men

SHULTON New York . Toronto



Pyroil "A" add to gas
3 oz. can 25¢
30¢ in Canada
at your service station

FREES STICKY VALVES
ADDS PEP AND POWER

Removes carbon & lead deposits, reduces friction, increases compression 15%. Prevents ping, lubricates upper engine. Save . . . buy pints and quarts at all auto supply stores. Write for trial offer.

PYROIL Pyroil Company Inc.. Dept. CO-116.
La Crosse, Wis., U.S.A. • Toronto, Canada
Super Lubricants • World Famous Since 1929

TUMS®

for ACID INDIGESTION-HEARTBURN

QUICK RELIEF

10¢ HANDY ROLL

Always carry Tums for top-speed relief of acid distress. No mixing, no waiting. Take Tums anywhere.

INGROWN NAIL

PAIN STOPS FAST! A few drops of Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in the nail groove relieves soreness, pain. Softens embedded part of nail for easy removal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL.

"Driver's neck" is dangerous!

For quick relief, rub on Absorbine Jr.

When you get sore, aching neck muscles from driving your car, hour after hour, it is a signal of tension that makes driving dangerous.

When this happens, it's time to pull over to the side of the road and rub on Absorbine Jr. You'll get blessed relief instantly . . . feel fresh and eager to start up again. Today, get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold. Keep it handy in your car. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

America's favorite relief for sore muscles

serted. I went outside to the newsstand and bought a paper—MURDER ON SHOW TRAIN, the banner headline said—and then I returned to the coffee shop and sat down in a booth. I ordered coffee while I read the paper.

The story was in the nature of a flash and contained few details. The photographs appeared on an inside page. They were of the people in the Willets group as they got off the train. Stacey was in one of them, and I was looking at that one when a shadow fell across my paper. It was Deems.

"Hello," I said. Deems's jaw was bruised and swollen.

WITHOUT invitation, he sat down across from me and began to talk. "You saw MacDonald hit me," he said. "Did he have any good reason?"

"You called him a crook last night in the club car," I said.

"He *is* a crook," Deems said. "He's as big a crook as Willets was. That's a fact I intend to prove in court. In the name of Willets and Company the two of them had conspired to steal my controlled-ray idea."

I said, "Why did you make all that fuss about getting off the train this morning?"

"I have an uncle and aunt who live here," he said. "He's a lawyer, and the only reason I came on this trip was to talk to him. I was in a hurry to see him, and I wanted to try to beat the crowd off the train."

Looking at him, wondering if he were being entirely truthful, I suddenly thought of something. "Deems," I said, "you had Roomette Eight on the train. As you know, Mr. Willets was found in Nine, right next to you."

"So?" he said.

"Did you hear anything after I took you to bed?"

"The detectives asked me that," he said. He shook his head. "No."

"No shots?"

"No."

"Voices?" I asked him. Then there was a glimmer of something; a flicker of memory, it seemed to me, came into his eyes. I said quickly, "*Did* you hear voices in Nine—maybe a woman's voice? Tice's? Mr. Willets's?"

"No." He stood up. "Sorry," he said. "Can't help you." He started toward the cashier and, as he left, Stacey came in.

Something good had happened that dismal day; I knew it as soon as I looked at her. I rose as she came toward me, a blonde vision in a close-fitting gray sheath dress, her eyes sparkling. She was talking even before she got to the booth: "Martha Kneedler heard Ellen suggest changing roomettes with me. She'll swear to it."

"Wonderful," I said.

"Do you think that will help me any?" she asked.

I nodded. "Now maybe they'll start concentrating on the right people."

"At least you know now I'm no liar."

"I never thought you were," I said. Then I remembered the business about her father and Willets. I wanted to hear about that from her.

She had been about to tell me in the club car the night before, she said, but something had interrupted her. She hadn't felt bitter over her father's troubles with Willets. She needed a job, and when her father's old friend, Mr. Carter, had offered her one in the design department at Willets and Company, she had taken it.

"Someone also claimed Mr. Willets was going to fire you," I said.

She laughed. "He couldn't bear to have anyone resign. I told Mr. Carter I was going to quit; then I told Mr. Willets. He was furious. He said he should have fired me before, that I wasn't loyal."

"Well," I said, "that clears that up. You know, it looks as if we might get to that musical tonight, after all. How about dinner somewhere first—just you and me?"

"I'd love it," she said as the waitress came over.

More coffee was all I wanted, but Stacey ordered breakfast. "Kneedler just can't wait for the detectives to get around to questioning her," she said, when the waitress left.

"Why?" I asked.

"She's just bursting with something. Ellen and MacDonald's plan to elope has something to do with it. She's got everything all figured out. She says she's the only one who's in a position to know what happened."

I frowned. "Does she mean because she's MacDonald's secretary?"

Stacey said, "It could be. I know she listens in on every phone call he gets."

I told Stacey about my brush with Ellen Tice and MacDonald. I told her about the blouse, but she couldn't remember whether the blouse Tice had been wearing the night before had had gold beads for buttons or not. Then she laughed and said she thought Kneedler might remember—old know-all, see-all, hear-all Kneedler.

"I think I'll go up and see Detective Roberts," I told her. "You eat your breakfast and relax."

WHEN I got out on the fourteenth floor I could see through the windows opposite the elevators. The sky was gloomier, the rain was falling harder and I heard, floating up from the docks along the Hudson, the deep, warning bray of a liner about to sail.

The detective looked me over. "Name?"

"Byrne," I said. "Returning from the coffee shop."

"Okay, Byrne."

As I approached the sample room MacDonald came out and went off down the hall, and when I looked through the open door I saw Roberts and Kernan seated at a long table. At another table sat the stenotypist, the policewoman and the porter from the Willets and Company sleeping car.

"All right," Roberts was saying, "get Sutton." He saw me then and raised his brows.

"Can I talk to you?" I asked.

He strolled slowly over to the door, and I told him that Stacey had said Miss Kneedler would back up her story of the switch in roomettes. When I finished, Roberts turned to Kernan and asked him to get hold of Kneedler. While Kernan was on the phone, I decided I might as well tell about the gold bead and Tice's blouse. But as I told what I figured had happened, Roberts began to regard me more and more narrowly, and when I finished he said, "What do you do, throw in detective service on these show trains?"

Kernan put down the phone. "Kneedler doesn't answer," he said.

Roberts turned and called to the man by the elevators, "What about Miss Kneedler?"

The man glanced at his list. "She didn't go downstairs."

"Well," Roberts told Kernan, "Detective Byrne and I will take a little stroll."

I didn't mind his ribbing me if I could

do Stacey any good, but my cheeks felt hot as we started down the hall.

"Are you soft on this Sutton girl?" Roberts asked me. "Is that your angle, Byrne?"

"She didn't have anything to do with killing Willets," I said. "She's telling the truth."

ROBERTS jabbed his cigar at me. "You could be fooled," he said. "In my business I see a lot of guys fooled."

"Ellen Tice went back to Roomette Nine last night for that make-up case," I said doggedly. "Look at her. Does she look like the type to wake up in the morning without some make-up to put on?"

"All I know is that her make-up case was in Nine when we got there this morning." Roberts stopped and faced me. "Give me a motive for her."

I said patiently, "Look—if Willets didn't know about the switch he would have thought that Roomette Nine was Tice's. I think Tice switched roomettes to try to avoid him."

Roberts grunted and started on. "What you happen to think won't make a case for me against anybody."

"But if Kneedler—"

"No matter what Kneedler says!" he interrupted. "No matter what anybody says. I have to deal in facts—in evidence. One fact is that this guy was murdered. Another fact is he was murdered in Sutton's roomette. Another fact—she had opportunity to do it. And she had as good a reason to kill him as anybody we know of."

As we came to the turn in the hall I had a curious feeling of echoes, as if someone had just been there and, when we came along, had vanished behind one of the doors. And when we stopped at Kneedler's door there was a faint, hydraulic sigh at the end of the hall and the fire door there rattled, as if it had just eased shut.

Roberts knocked at Kneedler's door, and when there was no answer he tried the knob. The door opened and he stepped in. Beyond him I could see the service table with its white cloth and covered dishes. Then I saw Martha Kneedler. She was stretched out on the floor at the foot of the bed. As Roberts bent to one knee beside her I could see the handle of the knife sticking up out of the striped blouse she wore. When I saw the knife I said something—I don't remember what. I guess I swore.

Roberts whipped his head around. "Get in here and shut that door!"

I'd had my fill of sudden death, but I made myself go in. I watched Roberts pick up the phone with a handkerchief, and his eyes were flashing with an anger that I could understand. This wasn't something that had been dumped in his lap off a train. This one had happened right under his nose.

BEHIND me, knuckles rattled suddenly on the door and Roberts quickly put a finger to his lips. He replaced the phone and went over to the door. He waited until the knock was repeated, and then he opened the door so suddenly that the waiter who was standing in the hall almost fell into the room. "What do you want?" Roberts demanded.

"The table," the waiter said.

"Step in here," Roberts told him.

I sat down in a chair, and while Roberts questioned the waiter I stared out the window, trying to think; but I listened, too. Martha Kneedler, it seemed, had ordered the Hunter's Breakfast, which included a small steak. The steak knife was missing from the service table, so it was presumably the murder weapon. The waiter said she had been alive when he entered with the table a little after eleven o'clock. Then he mentioned the girl who had come in at the same time he had.

Roberts pounced. "What'd this girl look like?"

"Never mind," I said. "I'll save you trouble."

He turned to me. "You know who it was?"

I nodded. "Yes." I took a long breath and slowly let it out. "It was Miss Sutton," I said; then, as he started for the phone again, I got up. "I saved you some time," I told him. "Now please listen to me for about five seconds."

He paid no attention to me. Once more using the handkerchief, he picked up the phone.

"I *told* Tice and MacDonald that Kneedler overheard Tice suggest the switch in roomettes," I said. "Kneedler would have proved Tice is lying."

"Will you quit that talk about roomettes!" Roberts snapped. Then he said into the phone: "Kernan? Look—tell Lieutenant Shaughnessy we got ourselves another coroner case." His voice now was furious with disgust. "Yeah," he said. "It's Miss Kneedler! That's exactly what I mean. Tell Shaughnessy. Get that Sutton girl in here. Get a couple more men to guard these halls. And don't drag your feet!"

HE PUT down the phone and then snatched it up again. "Get me Miss Tice," he told the switchboard. When he got Tice on the line he told her to come to Room 1428, which was where we were.

"Can I go now?" the waiter asked.

Roberts said, "No." The phone rang and he picked it up, said, "Yeah," and then listened. Suddenly he looked interested, and when he put down the phone I learned why. "They found the gun," he told me. "Place where they found it pegs the time it was disposed of, around a quarter after two this morning." He stared at me. "Sutton went to bed; then she came back and sat up with you the rest of the night. What time did you say it was when she came back?"

"A little after two o'clock," I said.

"Could it have been about *a quarter after two?*" As he stared at me, there was a knock on the door. He turned and called, "Come in!"

It was Ellen Tice. She glanced at me, at the waiter, and at Roberts. She started to take a step and then stopped, staring down at Kneedler, and I watched the green eyes widen with shock and horror.

"Come in," Roberts said.

Tice circled the service table, averting her gaze. She went over to the window, standing with her back to us. Her hands were clenched at her sides.

Roberts shut the door. "Know anything about this?" he asked Tice.

Tice shook her head. There was a moment's silence. The rain had slacked off again to a lazy, dismal drizzle. Down on the river the departing liner bleated a last farewell. Then there was another knock, the door was opened, and Detective Kernan stood there with Stacey.

The look on Stacey's face when she saw Kneedler was more than I could handle. I went to Stacey and took her in my arms.

"Is that the girl?" Roberts asked the

discriminating smokers prefer
HERBERT TAREYTON
with the genuine cork tip

famous for
quality
for over
forty years
HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

You, like discriminating smokers everywhere, will prefer Herbert Tareyton's mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos...the king size that gives you an extra measure of better smoking. And you'll like the genuine cork tip that protects your lips, that stays so pleasantly firm and fresh. Try Herbert Tareyton—it's a finer cigarette, the most enjoyable you could smoke!

© A. T. CO.

PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

VISE-GRIP
PUTS
2,000 LBS.
Gripping Strength
...Right In Your Hand!

No. 10W
10"
$2.60

and EVERY Job is EASY!
PLUMBING
WORKSHOP
HOME REPAIR
WOODWORKING
TURNING
WIRE CUTTER

What *power* it gives you! Just a squeeze *locks* jaws onto work with 2,000 lbs. pressure. Releases easily. Adjusts to any size work. It's a Super-Pliers, All-Purpose Wrench, Clamp, and Wire Cutter—a whole tool kit by itself! Made of highest quality alloy steel—unexcelled craftsmanship.

6 MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM!
7" & 10" Straight Jaw Models ....$1.85 & $2.15
7" & 10" Curved Jaw Models .... 1.95 & 2.25
7" & 10" Curved Jaw w/Wire Cutter .... 2.25 & 2.60

GET VISE-GRIP TODAY—AT YOUR HARDWARE STORE!
PETERSEN MFG. CO., Dept. C-11, DeWitt, Nebr.

Even your best friend won't tell you!

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath 4 times better than any tooth paste

- Germs are the most common cause of bad breath (halitosis)—and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does!
- Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions, stops bad breath instantly and usually for hours on end.

waiter. "Is she the one who came into the room with you?"

The waiter looked at Stacey and said, "Yes." Then Roberts took his name and let him go. I led Stacey to a chair facing the window and she sank into it, her face in her hands.

"All right now, ladies!" Roberts's voice had a lashing grimness. "Which one of you is lying?"

When neither Tice nor Stacey answered him, he shrugged and turned to Kernan. "They found the gun," he said. "Twenty-five automatic. Nice little lady's gun."

Kernan nodded. "I know. I got the news before I switched the call to you."

Roberts took a fresh cigar from his breast pocket and tore off the wrapper. "They're checking the number of the gun with the local police."

"Probably not registered," Kernan said. He gazed thoughtfully at Stacey. "Lab may find some prints on it, though."

ROBERTS also stared at Stacey. Then he started toward the phone again. "Byrne," he said on his way, "you can go now." Kernan held the door open to speed me along.

I leaned over Stacey who was still holding one of my hands. She was crying silently and there was nothing I could do for her, nothing I could say to her in front of those others. I squeezed her hand; then I went out, feeling that everything was conspiring to trap her, and had been from the first.

The door of the Bowerses' room was open and they were playing bridge—Aranz, Mrs. Carter, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowers. Aranz called my name as I went past but I didn't stop. I went in my room, slammed the door and started pacing. As I paced I saw that sleeping-car corridor again, felt the train sway.

A quarter after two. At two o'clock Mr. Willets had been alive, on his way out of the club car. Very soon afterward MacDonald and Tice had left, and a few minutes later Stacey had returned.

I shut my eyes, seeing that corridor as the train rushed through the night. I visualized Mr. Willets going into his own compartment. I saw Tice and MacDonald entering their adjacent roomettes. Then Stacey came out of Number 9, on her way back to the club car.

What then?

Tice, I thought. I could picture her in her roomette as she remembered the make-up case. Then Willets was in the corridor again. He slid back the door of fateful Number 9 and entered. No one had told him Tice didn't live there any more. He was waiting for her, waiting to get her alone and have a showdown with her. And then Tice appeared in the corridor, going for the forgotten case. . . .

The knock on my door froze the picture. I came back to that gray, miserable afternoon. When I opened the door, Aranz entered. "My turn to be dummy," he said. "What's new? There seemed to be a lot of activity down the hall a while back."

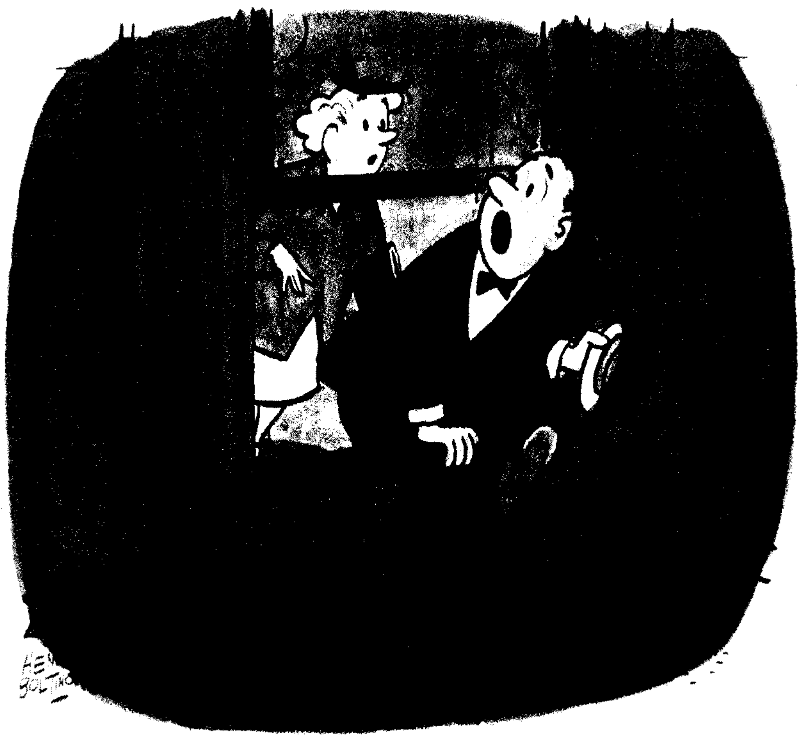
I told him what had happened to Kneedler.

"Kneedler!" he said, aghast. "*Murdered.*" As he stared at me his face grew pale. "I'm going to start locking my door," he said.

He turned abruptly and went out, leaving my door ajar. A draft of air caught the door and, as it slowly swung shut and the latch clicked, something clicked in my mind. *That fire door!* The door that had seemed to be just closing as Roberts and I made the turn in the hall. Why hadn't I remembered it before?

Surely it was conceivable, I thought, that the killer, emerging from Kneedler's room, had heard Roberts and me coming and had slipped out the fire door. Whoever it was could have gone up the stairs to the fifteenth floor or down to the floor below. Then he could have crossed to the fire stair at my end of the hall and come through that door. The wing of the hotel we were in was shaped like a cross. Kneedler's room was near one end of the lateral hall; mine was near the other end of that hall. The elevators were around the corner and down at the foot of the cross.

I figured it was about half an hour



"The best thing about home movies is that they show them in the dark!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

FOR CHRISTMAS

Delta LIGHTS THE WAY!

DELTA POWER-KING
12-VOLT ELECTRIC LANTERN
SHOOTS LIGHT 1/4 MILE

Delta electric lanterns make great gifts. When you buy, *don't forget one for yourself!* More than a dozen different styles from which to choose. See your nearest dealer.

$6.75 less two 6V batteries

DELTA POWERlite
A spotlite—floodlite. Less 6V battery $5.25

DELTA FLASHING POWERlite
Flashing red top. Side spotlite. Less 6V battery $6.95

Delta ELECTRIC CO. MARION, IND.
ORIGINATOR AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF ELECTRIC LANTERNS & ELECTRICAL BICYCLE ACCESSORIES

Quick Relief of PAIN

Ease PAINS of HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS with STANBACK TABLETS or POWDERS. STANBACK is not a one ingredient formula . . . STANBACK combines several medically proven pain relievers into one easy to take dose. . . . The added effectiveness of these MULTIPLE ingredients brings faster, more complete relief, easing anxiety and tension usually accompanying pain . . .

Test STANBACK Against Any Preparation You've Ever Used

Snap Back with STANBACK

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Corn Pain Stopped Fast

Out Come Corns in a Hurry!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads not only give fast *nerve-deep* relief from pain, but also remove corns one of the quickest ways known to medical science. Try them!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children
THE WORLD OVER

MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY
DRUGGISTS
53

too late to do any investigating but I went out anyway, and I was cursing myself because the shock of seeing Kneedler had made me forget entirely the sound of that closing fire door.

THERE was another detective on duty now. He was sitting in a straight chair where the halls crossed. As I went toward him, Kernan came out of Kneedler's room and we met at the intersection. When I told Kernan about the fire door he seemed unimpressed. "Why didn't you mention it at the time?" he asked me impatiently.

"I forgot it," I said.

"Well, you might as well forget it again," he said.

"All right if I just check those fire stairs?" I asked.

He scarcely seemed to hear me. "This guy's the show-train manager," he told the detective in the chair. "He's not one of them." He turned away, toward the sample room.

I gazed after him for a moment and then went on down toward Kneedler's room. I passed her door and pulled open the fire door, which gave a soft sigh behind me as I stepped through onto the stair landing. I was certain now that sigh was the sound I had heard as Roberts and I came along the hall.

If only I had been more alert, I thought; if only I had kept my head when I first saw Kneedler, then Stacey might be in the clear now.

I stood there on the landing for a moment, gazing out the window at the rain; then I started climbing the stairs. There had been no maids that morning in the Willets and Company wing, because those rooms had all been held ready for our early arrival, but there would be maids in the hall above and in the one below. It seemed likely that a person coming through a fire door would have been noticed.

There was a maid's cart in the hall when I emerged on the fifteenth floor. As I approached the cart, a maid came from one of the rooms with a wastebasket to empty. I stopped and questioned her, but I had no luck. She hadn't seen anyone come in the fire door.

I turned then and walked back to the intersection. Near the top of the cross that the halls formed there was another maid's cart and another maid. She was sorting clean towels as I came up to her. "I'm looking for someone who came through a fire door on this floor about three quarters of an hour ago," I said.

She shook her head. "I didn't see anybody come in through a fire door," she said. "I saw somebody go *out* through one, though."

"How long ago?"

"About three quarters of an hour ago, I guess it was." She nodded toward the fire door at the top of the cross. "That door."

I took a bill from my wallet, folded it and placed it on her cart. "Man or woman?"

"Man," she said.

"Could you describe him?"

She had only caught a glimpse of him, she said, as he went through the door. All she could say was that the man was of medium height, wore a dark suit and had black or dark-brown hair.

I got the maid's name and she thanked me for the bill; then I went along to the fire door. I opened the door and stepped out onto the landing, and for a moment I stood there doing a bit more thinking. MacDonald was wearing a blue serge suit, I remembered. MacDonald had dark-brown hair. And MacDonald's room was at the top of the cross just below me.

I started down the stairs and then stopped. Through a slot between the stairs and the landing I could see a man standing on the fourteenth-floor landing, smoking a cigarette and staring out the window. He had dark-brown hair and he was wearing a dark suit. After a moment he dropped his cigarette to the floor. I recognized Deems.

Deems looked up quickly as he heard me coming down the stairs. I thought for a minute he was going to bolt, but he didn't. "Hello, Deems," I said, when I was halfway down.

He nodded; then he slouched against the wall again, staring out the window.

WHEN I reached the landing I saw that there were several cigarette butts on the floor at his feet.

"You're going to start talking," I told him quietly. "You're going to start telling me things. If you don't I'm going to take you apart."

He gave me a surprised look. "What things?"

"For instance—what are you doing here right now? Why have you been standing here for the past hour?"

He shrugged. "I just wanted to get out of my room a while."

I pointed at the fire door. "Why didn't you come through that door? It's closer to your room."

He said, "The detective down by the elevators can see that door."

I stared at him a moment; then I stared past him out the window. Looking out obliquely through the rain I could see the lighted windows of some of the rooms in the Willets and Company wing, and I realized they were rooms that were across the hall from mine—among them the Bowerses' room and Ellen Tice's room. In Tice's room a man rose suddenly from a chair and moved toward the door. It was MacDonald. I sensed Deems grow tense as Tice moved into view. When MacDonald opened the door and went out Deems turned and started for the stairs. Then I grabbed him. He tried to squirm away and I slammed him back against the wall.

"Talk!" I told him. "Tell me why you're here."

"What business is it of yours!" he said fiercely. "Let me go!"

"Deems," I said, "you're in trouble, whether you know it or not." I told him about Kneedler, watching his face closely while I held him there against the wall. He looked shocked and astonished—and nothing more.

"I don't know anything about it!" he exclaimed. "I can't imagine why anyone would want to kill Kneedler. She was a gossip, but she was harmless."

"All right," I said. I let him go. "What's the real reason you're here—to watch Ellen Tice's window?"

He straightened his jacket and pushed the hair back off his brow. "I want to talk to her," he said. "But I can't talk to her while MacDonald's around. I figured I could see her window from here and I've been waiting till she was alone. She was in Mr. Willets's office the day I outlined my idea for a controlled-ray heater to him. If she'd testify

(*Continued on page* 94)

It's my pleasure, said the captain...

. . . as he introduced his guests to a rare and delightful liquor from old New Orleans. He enjoyed the adventure of bringing this new-found pleasure to his friends. And so will you. Southern Comfort is one liquor you don't have to "learn" to like. It's so smooth and delicious you just *naturally* enjoy it. Serve it, next time friends drop in!

Try a bottle tonight . . .
share this adventure in pleasure with your friends!

The finest taste of the Old South lives on in SOUTHERN COMFORT®

A RARE TREAT IN HIGHBALLS, COCKTAILS, OR ON-THE-ROCKS • AVAILABLE IN CANADA TOO!

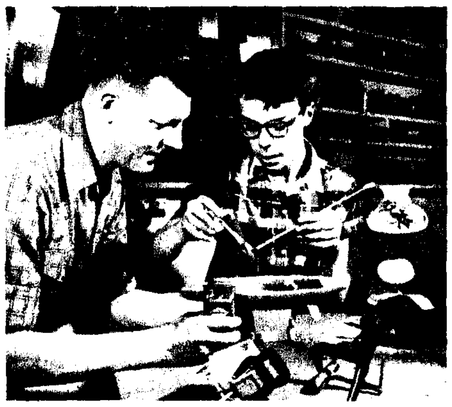
SOUTHERN COMFORT CORP., 100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

EVERY MINUTE OF THE WAY ON ELECTION NIGHT, NBC TELEVISION will be first to tell you what is happening in every section of the country — the trends, the final results. FIRST ON RESULTS. NBC NEWS is unveiling an ingenious all-electronic system that assembles the data in each of the 48 states, then flashes the reports by an exclusive nationwide electronic wire service to Election Central. Specially adapted IBM equipment eliminates all chance of human error by double-checking and confirming all computations. This method will enable NBC in some areas to be as much as two hours ahead of any other election coverage. And for the first time on TV, you'll see the returns on the swift, clear Teleregister tally boards that show market quotations in brokers' offices. A tremendous advance in visual clarity — exclusive on NBC! FIRST ON TRENDS. NBC NEWS is using the miraculous IBM electronic brain to analyze

FIND OUT FIRST

the data and project the ultimate direction of the election. NBC will be first to bring you all developing trends, and first to announce the final winners. NBC NEWS will be first, too, in enjoyment! Once again, Chet Huntley and David Brinkley will lead the team... the same combination that won rave notices from the press and the public for injecting humanity and humor into their convention reporting last August. As coordinators of the coast-to-coast corps of crack NBC newsmen and election experts, they will make the facts far more interesting and meaningful for you. YOUR VOTE IS YOUR VOICE—SPEAK UP! And after you vote, watch your TV set for the history-making drama that comes just once in four years, brought to you faster, more completely, more clearly and more enjoyably, on your local NBC television channel.

ON NBC!



A WIDE RANGE OF WHAT-HAVE-YOU—almost anything found in the home—can be mended quickly and easily with PLIOBOND. And the bonds will last—resist water, oil, household chemicals and aging.

BUY THE ONE ADHESIVE THAT'S—

SO VERSATILE it does almost every home or hobby bonding job

SO EASY to use, anyone can make it work

SO STRONG it can lift a truck

Pliobond BY GOODYEAR
"BONDS ANYTHING TO ANYTHING"

AVAILABLE AT chain, hardware and hobby stores everywhere. Look for the name—PLIOBOND—made only by Goodyear.

Pliobond—T. M.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

1251
Be the Best Dressed girl in town in this original Ceil Chapman

Spadea's american designer pattern by Ceil Chapman

Let these famous American Designers help you be the best dressed girl in town—if you can sew:—

Ceil Chapman • Claire McCardell • Jo Copeland • Philip Mangone • Monte Sano • Herbert Sondheim • Brigance • David Goodstein • Joset Walker • Vera Maxwell • Toni Owen • Fira Benenson • Harvey Berin • Frank Gallant • Mollie Parnis • Mr. Mort • Kasper • Jr. Sophisticates. Patterns of 139 original designs by these famous names are now available. To see this entire collection send 50c for our 148-page pattern booklet #12
To: Spadea Fashions, Inc.
P.O. Box 535, G.P.O. Dep't COL New York 1, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 91) for me I'd have a case."

"You must have had a chance to ask her about that before this," I said.

"She lies to me!" he said angrily. "She says she doesn't remember."

"What makes you think she'll suddenly remember now?" I grabbed him again. "Deems," I said, "tell me the truth!" I slapped him, just hard enough to show him I meant business.

He shook his head slowly, as if clearing it; then he looked at me and said, "Let me go. I'll tell you." As I released him he went on, "I didn't remember this," he said, "until you asked me down in the coffee shop if I'd heard anything. The detectives asked me if I heard any shots, and I don't remember hearing any shots. But you know how I was last night. It's surprising I remember anything."

"Yes," I said.

"Well," he went on, "something woke me, or I remember coming to, and I was lying there on the berth fully dressed, just the way you left me. Then there was a kind of thud on the partition next to my head and I heard Tice's voice, as if she were fighting with someone. I don't remember anything else till I woke this morning."

"Tice!" I whispered. I took Deems by the arm. "Come, we're going to see Detective Roberts," I told him.

I REMEMBER that I was surprised when we went through the fire door out into the hall, because the detective who had been stationed at the intersection wasn't there; neither was his chair. And the detective who had been on duty down in front of the elevators wasn't in sight either.

As we passed Aranz's room the door was half open. I could see the little lawyer stretched out on the bed with his coat and shoes off. He looked jumpy, glancing over nervously as Deems and I went by. MacDonald was in there too, sitting with his back to us, talking. . . .

Roberts and Kernan were seated behind a long table in the sample room. Ranged around the same table were the stenotypist and the two other detectives, the one who had been in front of the elevators and the one who had been at the intersection of the halls. They all had their coats off, the ash trays were full, and there were empty plates and coffee cups on the table. As Deems and I approached the room there was a rumble of voices, but the voices stopped as we appeared in the doorway.

The men eyed us a moment; then Roberts spoke. "Well, it's Byrne," he said. He had a fresh cigar cocked in his mouth.

I shoved Deems forward. "Tell him what you heard last night."

Roberts stared at Deems. "What's this?"

"Deems heard Tice having a fight in Roomette Nine," I said. "I took Deems to bed a little before two o'clock."

Roberts glanced at the diagram of the sleeping car which lay on the table before him. "I was just going to call you in," he told Deems. "So you heard something?"

"I won't put her on the spot!" Deems said suddenly. "I can't be certain just what I heard. Maybe I imagined it."

"You mean you're not sure if it was Miss Tice you heard, don't you?" Roberts asked him.

Deems nodded. "Yes. That's what I mean."

"But you did hear some woman's voice in Roomette Nine? Is that right?"

"Yes," Deems said.

"Maybe you just jumped to the conclusion that it was Miss Tice because you thought her roomette was next to yours. Don't you think it could have been Miss Sutton's voice you heard?"

"Wait!" I said. "You're putting words in his mouth!"

"Shut up," Roberts told me mildly. He did not take his eyes off Deems. "Well?" he demanded.

"Yes," Deems said. "It could have been Miss Sutton's voice I heard."

Roberts nodded in a well-satisfied way. "You go back to your room now and wait there," he told Deems. "We'll call you in later to get a signed statement from you."

Deems turned on his heel and went out, and they all heard what I called him as he left. Then I turned to Roberts. "The statement you get from him will be worthless, and you know it," I

MURDER
hunts a hero

HEADACHE NEURALGIA

STANBACK is not a one ingredient formula . . . STANBACK combines several medically proven pain relievers into one easy to take dose. . . . The added effectiveness of these MULTIPLE ingredients brings faster, more complete relief, easing anxiety and tension usually accompanying pain. . . .

Snap Back with STANBACK

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

STOP CAR SICKNESS before it starts...

Just a single daily dose of delicious tasting, melt-in-your-mouth BONADETTES* prevents carsickness, airsickness and seasickness for as long as 24 hours.

At all drug stores . . . get TRAVEL-TESTED BONADETTES*
*trademark

INLAND
RADIATOR EQUIPMENT

RADIATOR LEAKING?

Why risk losing your expensive Anti-Freeze? Have your radiator cleaned of rust and lime deposits—and have leaks repaired.

HAVE YOUR RADIATOR SERVICED WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN ®

© 1956 INLAND MFG. CO., Omaha, Nebr.

Now you can spray

New 3-in-one Oil-Spra lubricates and forms a barrier against rust! No more messy rags—oily fingers! Sprays oil at touch of button!

"3-IN-ONE"® OIL

PROTESTANTS • CATHOLICS FUNDAMENTALISTS

The gates of hell shall not prevail against His church but by our actions and intolerances we are interfering with its efficiency. God surprised the first Christians by pouring out His Spirit on those unorthodox Gentiles and He is today pouring out His Spirit on "born again", dedicated Protestants, Catholics and Fundamentalists. Are we all innocent of some form of interference with *that for which there is no forgiveness?* A card to us will bring you a helpful message without cost or obligation. H.K.C. Inc., Box 92, Glen Ridge, N. J.

STOMACH UPSET?

For years, many doctors have prescribed **REQUA'S CHARCOAL TABLETS** for the prompt relief of upset stomach. Use this great Natural Purifier to relieve gas, heartburn and similar discomforts of indigestion. 250 tablets for $1 at all drug stores or direct upon receipt of price. **FREE BOOKLET:** "The Value of Charcoal in the Home" . . . write: **REQUA,** Dept. CLR-11, Brooklyn 16, N. Y.

REQUA'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

ANALYZE...Handwriting

MORE INCOME—MORE PRESTIGE AND MORE SUCCESS! Fascinating, uncrowded profession-business, full or spare time. Free illustrated lesson and year-book shows how men and women in home and business find opportunity in analyzing handwriting. *Understand People*—MAKE MONEY. Free lesson and information about amazing opportunity, if over 21. Write today!
I. G. A. S., Inc., 600 Wilhoit Building, Springfield, Missouri

said. "I'll testify in court, if necessary, to the way you got it."

"That won't be necessary," Roberts said. He held a match to his cigar. And I couldn't figure it—he was perfectly relaxed, almost good-humored.

"Why don't you give up?" Kernan asked me.

I looked at Roberts. I didn't want to get him mad at me and I tried to conceal the anger I felt. "I told you about that bead," I said. "It *must* have been Tice that Deems heard. It adds up!"

Kernan gave a short laugh; then the phone at his elbow rang and he seized it.

"Everything adds up the other way," Roberts went on. "It adds up the Sutton way." He glanced at the other detectives. "It's always like that when you crack a case. Everything adds up."

Kernan held the receiver away from his ear and said to Roberts, "You want to talk to the newspaper guys?"

Roberts glanced at his watch. "Make it half an hour," he said.

"She didn't kill Willets," I said. "She didn't kill Kneedler. Kneedler was the best friend she had at Willets and Company."

"Sure," Roberts agreed. He grinned. "Who knows more about you than your best friend? And maybe there comes a time when your best friend knows *too* much."

"Where was MacDonald when Kneedler was killed? Where was Tice?"

"They were together!"

The phone rang again, and Kernan took it. He listened a moment and then handed it to Roberts. "Shaughnessy," he said.

Roberts took the phone. "Yes, Lieutenant?" he said. He nodded. "It's wrapped up. I got a couple of statements to take, and then I'll try for a confession. I'd like to have that in my pocket before we bring her down and book her." He gave the phone back to Kernan and looked at me. "I'll want a statement from you," he said. "Just what you told me—what time she left the club car, when she came back, when the others left."

"You're wrong!" I said. "You're making a terrible mistake! Maybe when you examine that gun—"

ROBERTS cut me short. "The gun has been examined," he said. "It's as clean of prints as the handle of that knife she stuck in Kneedler."

"Maybe you'll be able to trace it—" I was clutching at straws.

"We've already traced it," Roberts said. "We have a report on that gun from the local police. We know whose it was."

I could hear the sound of my own breathing as I stared at him. His graying hair looked white under the fluorescent light, and there was a dreadful fascination for me in his eyes. They were like fuses burning on a bomb—a bomb that was about to explode in my face.

And now I could feel the others watching me, as if I were on exhibition. I was aware of my lips framing the word, then of the husky whisper that was my voice. "Whose?" I asked.

"The gun belonged to Stacey Sutton," Roberts said.

The bomb had exploded just as I had sensed it was going to, and for a moment there was only the shock, the numbness. Then I shook my head. I knew I didn't believe it. "There's some mistake," I said.

"No," Roberts said. "There's no mistake. She had a permit for the gun."

I stared at him for a long moment; then I said finally, "Could I see her?"

Roberts got up and came around the table. I followed him out. When we stopped at Stacey's door he said, "Look, Byrne—if you're really a friend of this girl's you'll tell her to come clean, get it off her chest. She'll feel better for it, and it'll save a lot of trouble all around." He gazed at me a moment and then he knocked. He told the policewoman who opened the door that it was all right for me to talk to Stacey a few minutes. "Don't spill that about the gun to anybody else," he warned me. "I don't want it to leak out to the newspapers yet."

I said, "Doesn't *she* know?"

"Sure," he said. "*She* knows." He turned and walked back down the hall.

STACEY was lying on the bed, her face buried in the pillow. She didn't know I was there until I sat down on the bed and said her name. She turned her face, streaked with tears. "Jeff—" she said. Her voice broke, and when I took her in my arms she was trembling. "Oh, Jeff!" she whispered. "I'm so scared. I've never been so scared."

"Listen," I said. "You've got to tell me about that gun—everything about it. I'll get a lawyer. I'll help you, but I've got to know about the gun."

After a moment she stopped trembling and leaned back against the pillows. Over at the writing desk the policewoman sat with her back to us, reading a magazine. The ceiling light was on and the lamps were all lighted; outside it looked like night.

"Willets gave me the gun," Stacey said. "After the Christmas party at the plant last year he drove some of us home. He let me off last. The room I had—it wasn't in a very elegant section, and he said he was worried about me living there alone. He gave me the gun as a Christmas present a few days later. I signed the permit for it. Then about a week after that I gave it back to him. It scared me to have it around."

"Is there any way you can *prove* you gave it back to him?" I asked her. "Did anyone see you give it back?"

She shook her head. "They asked me that," she said. "I told him one afternoon I was going to give it back. During my lunch hour the next day I walked in and put it on his desk. It was in a box with the cartridges and the police permit for it."

"Tice wasn't there?"

"No."

My fingers tightened on hers. "Perhaps Willets never got that gun. Did he ever mention it to you later?"

She shook her head, staring at me. "Who *would* get it?"

"Who would have the best opportunity to?"

"Ellen Tice," she whispered.

I got to my feet. "Don't give up," I told her. "And don't be scared."

I went out and as I passed Aranz's room I looked in. I saw that MacDonald was still there, and that suited me fine. As I started to turn the corner of the hall I saw Mrs. Willets outside MacDonald's door. She was rapping softly, her back to me, calling in a low voice, "Dick. *Dick*—" When she saw me she asked me if I had seen MacDonald, and I told her where he could be found.

Ellen Tice had her door closed. When I knocked, she called and asked who was there, so there was nothing to do but tell her. I was surprised when she opened the door so promptly. When I stepped inside she locked it again. She was very nervous and she

1 SNEEZING, SNIFFLES, STUFFY NOSE
2 SORE THROAT
3 CONSTANT COUGHING
4 TIGHT CHEST
5 MUSCULAR ACHES
coldene
THE LIQUID COLD MEDICINE
ONLY $1.00

Your cold develops in 5 stages

Coldene "catches your cold!" BRINGS YOU FEELABLE RELIEF IN MINUTES

Coldene acts so fast because it's a liquid!

Coldene is complete—combines the powers of a nose spray, antihistamine, gargle, cough syrup, chest rub and pain killer in a single good-tasting medicine.

BURGESS flashlight BATTERIES
BURGESS
CHROME PROTECTED FOR LONGER LIFE
GUARANTEED
"NEVER MIND DA H-BOMB-
DIS BURGESS BATTERY
HAS MORE POWER !!"

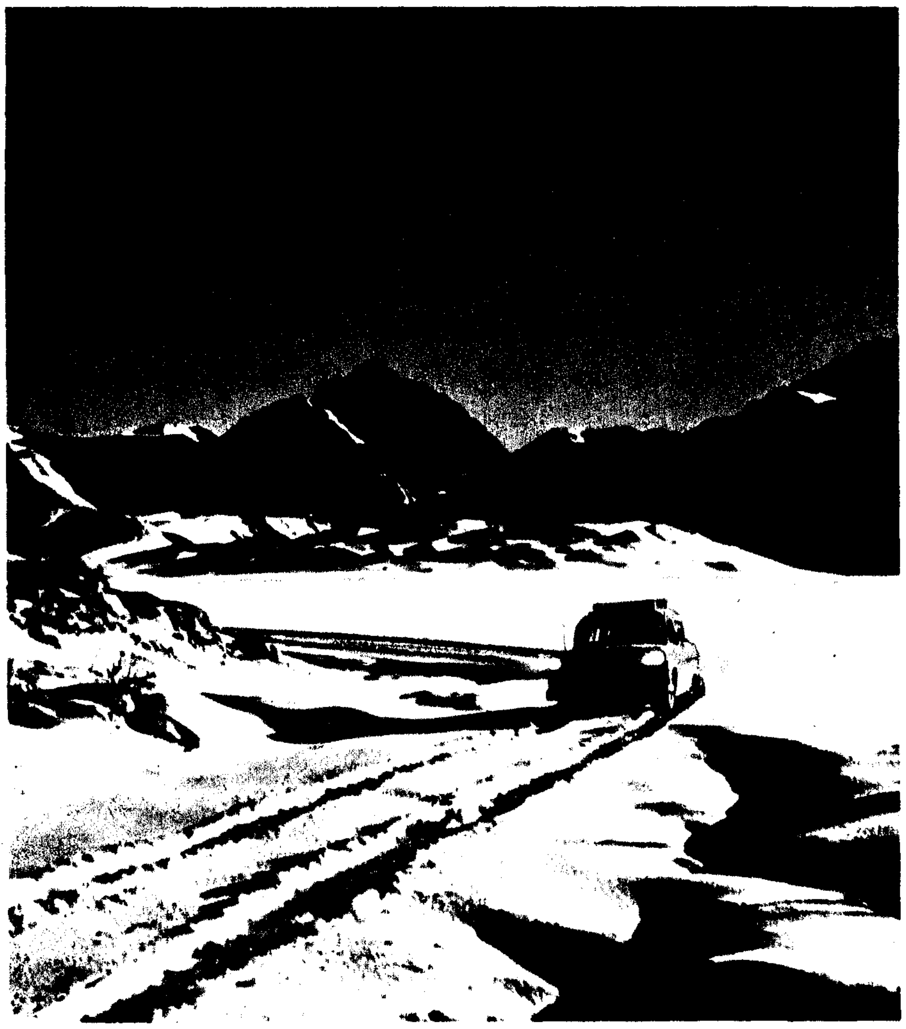
LASTING POWER

UNIFORM DEPENDABILITY

STEEL CLAD GUARANTEE

Powerful, fresh Burgess batteries are outstanding for dependable long life and uniform high quality. They're guaranteed! Ask for them!

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS RADAR-LITE



80 TIMES AROUND THE WORLD—AND NOT A SINGLE BATTERY FAILURE!

Test Proves Auto-Lite Sta-ful Most Dependable Battery Money Can Buy!

Auto-Lite engineers set out to see just how much punishment Auto-Lite Sta-ful Batteries could really take. Not in limited laboratory experiments, but in actual "on the road" tests under the most extreme conditions. Here are the results of those tests.

For 25 months (and over 2 million miles) these batteries were punished in burning desert heat and below-zero cold, in short city runs, and coast-to-coast trips in both the United States and Canada.

FINAL RESULT: Not one single battery failed! After 2 years' continual use, 95% gave better cold-weather starting than required of new batteries.

The test also proved that Auto-Lite Sta-ful Batteries need water only 3 times a year in normal car use. For a battery that gives long life and quick, sure starts, get a road-tested, road-proved Auto-Lite Sta-ful. For only a few pennies a month more you can have the *finest.*

NEEDS WATER ONLY 3 TIMES A YEAR*
AUTO-LITE
sta-ful
*IN NORMAL CAR USE

Dry Charged—Fresh when you buy!
6 or 12 volts

AUTO-LITE
sta-ful
Needs water only 3 times a year*
*In normal car use

Auto-Lite manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.

looked scared. The green eyes held mine intently. "What's happening?" she asked.

"They've traced the gun to Stacey Sutton," I said. "There was a permit for it in her name."

One hand went to her throat. "Oh, no!" After a moment she turned and paced over to the window. "Do they think Stacey killed Kneedler?"

"Willets *and* Kneedler."

She whirled on me. "I don't believe for a minute Stacey killed Kneedler!"

"Who do you think did?"

She hesitated and then asked, "What makes you think I have anyone in mind?"

"I've just got a feeling," I said. "I think you do have, and I think that's what scares you."

"I am scared," she agreed simply. "I was scared before, but not the way I am now. Not the way I've been since I saw Kneedler lying in there."

I watched her a moment and then said, "About that gun—Willets gave it to Stacey but she gave it back to him. Do you know anything about it?"

She shook her head slowly. "I never knew anything about Mr. Willets giving Stacey a gun."

"She says she returned it by putting it on his desk one day when no one was in the office."

Tice shrugged. "I wouldn't know." Then right after she said it her eyes widened. "Oh—" she said.

"Don't you think maybe MacDonald picked up that gun?" I asked her. "Isn't that why you're scared? If you thought MacDonald killed Willets I think you'd protect him. But Kneedler—"

"He *couldn't* have killed Kneedler!" she said quickly. "He was with me from the time we got to this hotel until the detectives called him in." She broke off and glanced at the door. "Let's keep our voices down," she suggested. She motioned me over to a chair by the window, pulling the chair out from the writing desk for herself.

AS WE sat down we could hear for an instant the horns sounding in the rain far below, the faint, frantic sounds of late-afternoon traffic choking the wet mid-town streets. And in just a few hours now, I couldn't help thinking, it would be curtain time.

"It was my idea to change roomettes with Stacey," Tice said. "I didn't tell Mr. Willets because I was doing my best to avoid him. And I was afraid—I was very much afraid when I learned someone else was on that train."

"Who?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," she said. "But, first—I did go back to Roomette Nine for my make-up. Mr. Willets was in there, waiting for me. He dragged me in and shut the door. We fought there in the dark."

"And you lost that bead—that gold button off your blouse," I said.

"Yes," Tice said. "I told Mr. Willets that Dick MacDonald knew where I was and would be coming after me if I didn't get back. Then we heard someone at the door. Mr. Willets held me down on the seat and slid back the door a little, and as he did I heard the two sounds, almost together. They weren't loud. It didn't occur to me that they had been shots until I saw Mr. Willets fall."

"Later you went back after that gold button," I said.

As she nodded I got up. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

I said, "I'm going to phone Detective Roberts."

She jumped up and caught my arm. "Don't," she told me. "Not yet. I want to tell you something else. Then, if you don't think I'm crazy, I'll tell it to the detectives."

"All right," I agreed, and we sat down again.

"This morning," she said, "I was all mixed up—scared, afraid for Dick. And I didn't want to get involved myself."

"You sure fixed Stacey," I told her.

"I figured if Stacey was innocent my lie about the roomettes wouldn't hurt her." She plucked at a thread near the hem of the tight, burgundy-colored skirt. "I want to tell you a story," she said.

I GLANCED at my watch. I was thinking that now probably they would be grilling Stacey again, trying to break her, make her confess to something she hadn't done. "Let's make it fast," I said.

Tice nodded. "Once there was a girl," she said. "She had gone through an unhappy marriage to a weak man. Then she went to work for an older man. This man was strong and forceful and he was very kind to her. He said he wanted to marry her, but he was already married and he and his wife had a little boy. His wife wouldn't give him a divorce. One summer weekend the man was supposed to join his wife and son up at a lake, but he didn't go. He stayed in town with the girl. That weekend the little boy was drowned, and the mother blamed the father for his death. She blamed the girl too. She felt that if the father had been there, the little boy wouldn't have been drowned."

"You're talking about yourself, aren't you?" I said. "It's you and Mr. and Mrs. Willets."

"Yes," she said.

I shook my head. "I'm sorry, but what's the point?"

She said, "I want you to know Mrs. Willets hated me. She wouldn't give her husband a divorce to marry me. Then another man came along and I fell in love with him. It was all one-sided at first, and then suddenly the man began to notice me. The day before we took the show train he asked me to marry him. And that same night he confessed something to me."

"This is MacDonald you're talking about now?"

"Yes. He told me he'd been having an affair with Mrs. Willets. She's wildly in love with him." Tice stopped and the green eyes studied me. "According to Dick, only one other person might have known about his affair with Mrs. Willets."

"Kneedler?"

"Yes," she said.

"And Kneedler also knew you and MacDonald planned to elope on this trip," I told her.

"I figured she did," Tice said. "We made some plans over the phone at the plant. Kneedler was an old friend of Mrs. Willets. Mrs. Willets was supposed to be going to Las Vegas for a divorce; then she decided to come on the show train. Does that add up to anything?"

I got out of my chair, thinking, trying to put pieces together, trying it for size. "Mrs. Willets . . ." I said. I shook my head.

Ellen Tice continued to stare at me, the green eyes huge, her face quite pale.

"The roomette was dark," she said. "She was probably looking out from her compartment and saw me go in. I suppose she thought her husband was back in the club car. When the door was opened she just shot at a figure, a patch of white, thinking there was no one there but me."

I paced to the wall, paced back. I shook my head.

"Do you think it's crazy?" she asked me. "She hated me. I killed her son, took her husband—and now I'm going to marry the man she loves."

"No," I said. "I don't think it's crazy. If Willets took the gun home, Mrs. Willets would have had access to it. She knew whose name was on the permit. And Kneedler was the one person who knew enough to figure out what really happened. The only trouble is, you've got no proof of what you think. So far as I know, there's no evidence to connect Mrs. Willets with either Kneedler's death or her husband's."

"But you think I could be right?"

I nodded. "I think you could be, but—" I shrugged, feeling a sick wave of helplessness. "What can you do? Even admitting you were in there with Willets won't clear Stacey. She'll never be able to prove she gave back that gun."

Tice sat there, plucking at her skirt, staring at the window. "I know I'm right," she whispered. "I *know* I'm right. And I'm *scared!*"

I sat down and put my head in my hands. Suddenly Tice's nervous fingers gripped my arm. I glanced at her and saw that she was still staring at the window; then I was aware of a faint metallic sound. Mirrored in the windowpane we could see the door of the room. We could see the brass doorknob glitter in the lamplight as someone out in the hall turned it. Tice shuddered and I grabbed her, motioning her to be quiet.

There was a knock on the door. Then someone called softly, "Ellen?" It was a woman's voice.

I got up and I lifted Tice to her feet. She was shaking with terror as I put my lips close to her ear. "Let her in!" I whispered. "Try to draw her out. I won't let you get hurt."

"No!" Tice said.

As the knock was repeated I gripped her shoulders hard. "Say something to her!"

Tice stared at me; then she swallowed and called out faintly, "Who is it?"

"It's Grace Willets," said the voice. "I've got something terribly important to tell you, Ellen."

TICE watched me tiptoe toward the bathroom. I turned, nodded at her and then stood there in the dark bathroom looking out through the crack between the door edge and the jamb while she admitted Mrs. Willets. I knew how Tice felt. I realized the courage it took to unlock that door and open it, and as she did it I had a sudden sense of panic. She could get killed, I thought, before I could move to help her. But when Mrs. Willets entered she was empty-handed; she didn't even have a purse.

When I saw Mrs. Willets I got the feeling that Tice was all wrong about her. She appeared so calm, so ordinary; a nice-looking, well-dressed, youngish matron. "Ellen," she said at once, "please call Miss Sutton and ask her to come to your room in five minutes, will you?"

"Why?" Tice asked.

"I want to talk to you alone first," Mrs. Willets said. "Then I want to talk to you both. Don't mention me. Just tell Miss Sutton you have something important to say to her."

I watched Tice hesitate. And I realized that Mrs. Willets didn't know Stacey Sutton was in custody and unable to go anywhere. I saw Tice turn and pick up the phone and call Stacey's room. I was sure it wasn't Stacey who answered, but all Tice said was: "Stacey? This is Ellen Tice. I want you to come to my room in five minutes. I have something important to tell you." She put the phone down abruptly.

Mrs. Willets smiled. "And so you planned to elope," she said softly. Then her face hardened and she called Tice a name. It was not a nice name.

Tice stared at her. She was dead-white now, her eyes huge. And she seemed paralyzed. I saw Mrs. Willets take a slow step toward her, but Tice didn't move.

"You don't know what it is to be a mother and lose a son!" Mrs. Willets said fiercely. "You don't even know what it is to love. I'd kill for him—*die* for him!"

Tice found her voice, a dry, shaky whisper: "You *have* killed for him!" She took a backward step and was stopped by the writing desk. "You killed your husband, thinking it was me. You killed Kneedler!"

I WATCHED Mrs. Willets's face, and suddenly it was no longer an ordinary, nice-looking face. There was something terribly twisted and wrong with it; it was part and parcel of a nightmare. And now, like some big lithe animal, she sprang, and the nylon stocking she had carried rolled up in the palm of one hand whipped around Tice's neck, choking off the scream that had started from her throat . . .

I had help in subduing Mrs. Willets. Roberts, who had answered the phone when Tice called Stacey, had come along at once to Tice's room and was standing just outside the door. When he heard Tice's choked-off scream he crashed through the door, and we reached Mrs. Willets at about the same time.

For a minute the big woman fought us with a fierce, maniacal strength; then, very suddenly, she fell weeping and raving on the bed. By that time most of the Willets and Company people had heard the commotion and were crowding the hall, peering into the room. Then MacDonald rushed in. He saw Tice sagging against the writing desk and took her in his arms.

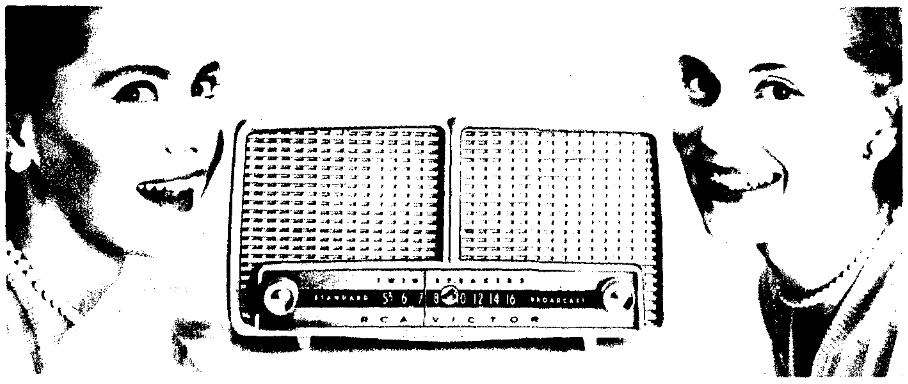
Perhaps if she hadn't seen MacDonald and Tice there together Mrs. Willets wouldn't have talked, but I guess when she saw how much in love they were that really finished her. When I left she was still talking in a terrible, empty voice. She was answering Roberts's questions and the stenotypist was taking it all down.

It was the way Tice had figured it was. On the night of the first murder Willets had said he was going back to the club car for a final drink, so it hadn't occurred to Mrs. Willets that Tice might not be alone in the roomette. Afterward, of course, Kneedler had known too many things that might direct suspicion toward Mrs. Willets. . . . If, just now, Stacey Sutton had been free to come to Tice's room she would have found herself finally and hopelessly compromised by Tice's dead body.

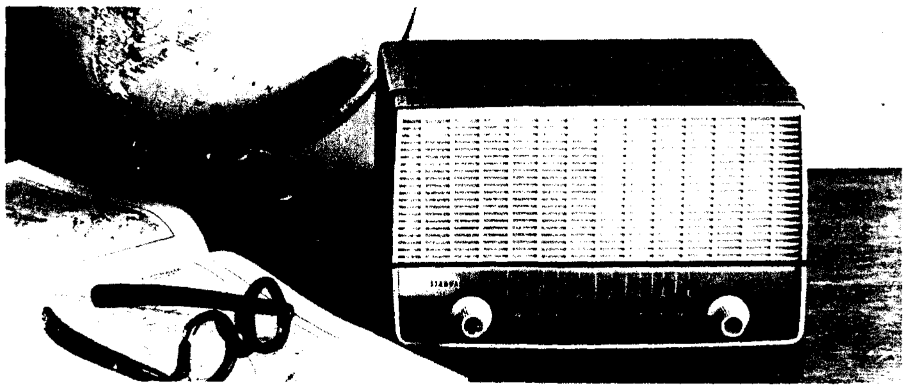
As I went down the hall I looked at my watch and thought of Stacey, free now to come into my arms and stay there. And it was still early enough, I thought, for her to take a nice, long nap; then there would be plenty of time for dinner before we went on to the show. —HOWARD AND LURAINE RIGSBY

4 NEW SENSATIONS IN SOUND!

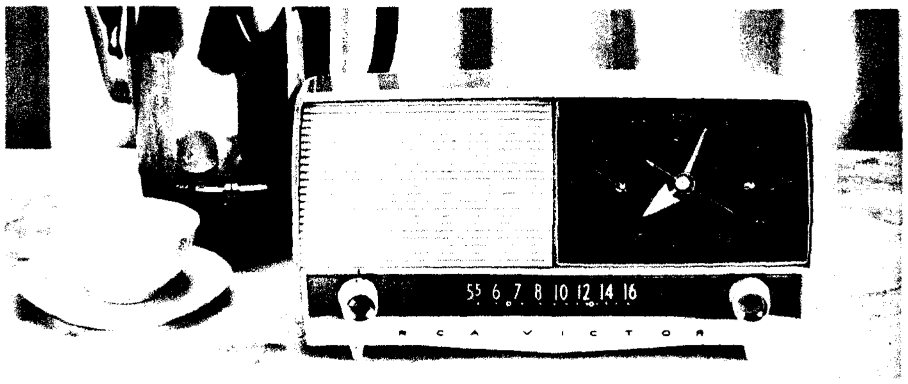
RCA Victor table and clock-radios sound better, do more for you!



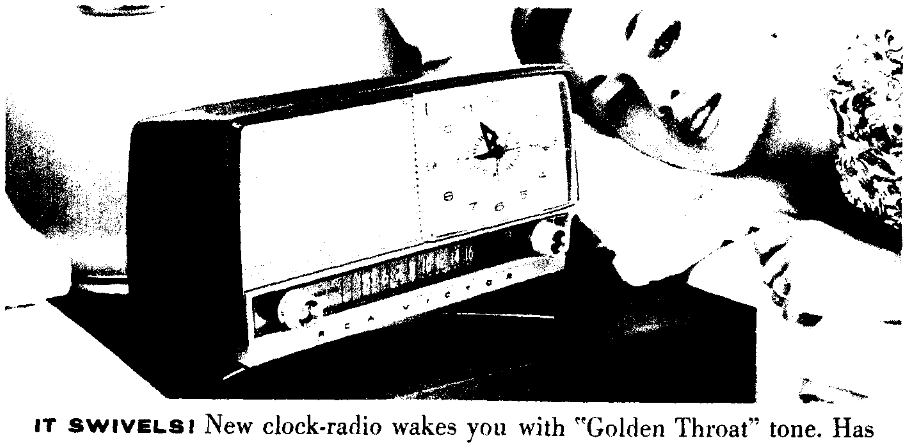
TWIN-SPEAKER FIDELITY! Enjoy rich "Golden Throat" tone from *two* speakers. Phono-jack lets you plug in record player. 4 smart colors. (8X8.) **$29.95**



HIGH-POWERED! Hear distant stations! Console-like tone. Big performance—low cost. Phono-jack. Two rich 2-tone combinations. (8X9.) **$39.95**



HELPS RUN YOUR HOME! New deluxe clock-radio controls small appliances, record player. Turns radio on, off automatically. 3 finishes. (8C7.) **$39.95**



IT SWIVELS! New clock-radio wakes you with "Golden Throat" tone. Has all deluxe clock-radio features. Three 2-tone combinations. (8C8.) **$42.95**

RCA VICTOR
Tmks ®
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
CAMDEN 8, NEW JERSEY
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Manufacturer's nationally advertised list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher in far West and South. Most models also available in Canada.

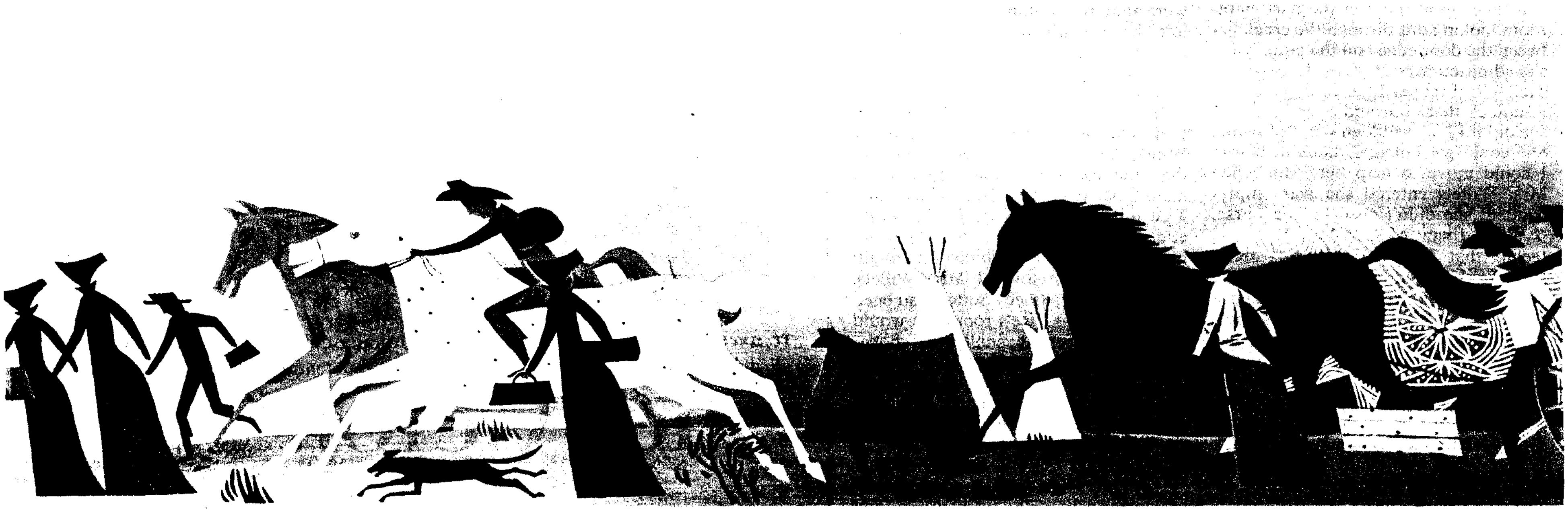
Don't miss "The Perry Como Show" live in COLOR and black-and-white, on NBC-TV, November 3.

THE AMERICAN TRADITION

The Oklahoma Land Rush: *For days, the throngs of expectant settlers had been arriving from all over the nation: poor farmers seeking a second chance, tinhorn gamblers looking for a killing, professional men planning to hang their shingles in a new city. Now, in an astonishing array of vehicles, they lined up in the hot sun—and awaited the bugle call that would herald the end of an era*

Thus the Frontier Vanished

By JAMES D. HORAN



April 19, 1889, dawned clean and crisp. The Cherokee Outlet lay beautiful under the bright sun. Young grass waved gently in the spring wind. Flowers, wild flowers, were everywhere. As one woman later said, "You could hardly spread a quilt down but you cover some flowers."

At first light the wagons and the horsemen had entered the Outlet from Arkansas City, Kansas, to move south in a long, irregular line toward the Oklahoma border, a distance of 62 miles.

Arkansas City was the main gateway to the Outlet. It lay directly north from the land to be opened for settlement. It had the only railroad which went into that otherwise empty country. It had bridges over the Arkansas River which must be crossed by those coming from east and north. It was the last place to buy supplies, the last post office.

The thousands of men, women and children in those canvas-topped wagons which stretched like a monstrous white snake across the green of the Outlet had come from everywhere. There were sodbusters who were weary of seeing their corn wither in three hours under a blazing Kansas sun; there were settlers from Nebraska with only a few dollars more than the $15 they needed for their filing fee; there were tinhorn gamblers from Santa Fe and Dodge City, riding sleek mounts; there were soft-looking tenderfeet who carried rifles in fine leather scabbards but who readily confessed they had never fired a shot; there were "boomers," whose raids into Oklahoma had drawn national attention to the lands, creating the boom that gave the raiders their name and the land rush its big push.

There were farmers with many children and little wealth besides a rickety wagon, a cow, a few greasy dollars and a heart full of dreams. In one of the wagons was a bearded giant who would gladly show anyone who cared to see the scars left by the czar's leg irons; he had escaped from Siberia. In another wagon was a surgeon who had lectured at Heidelberg, and his chess partner, a lawyer; both had their shingles ready to hang outside the homes they hoped to find in the promised land. Everyone knew the farmer from Garden City, Kansas, who claimed he was going to ride a tame buffalo in the Run; but the four circus dwarfs who had bought one horse were no longer a topic of conversation.

They all had a common goal—to make the Run on the 22d into the Unassigned Lands of the Indian Territory, to plant their stakes and claim 160 acres each of the last free land on America's vanishing frontier.

By the terms of the treaty of 1866 between the United States and the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes—Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek and Seminole—that part of the Indian Territory bounded on the north by the Cherokee Outlet, on the east by the Indian Meridian, on the south by the Canadian River and on the west by the Cheyenne and Arapaho Reservations was not assigned to any tribe. This tract had been called Oklahoma and was officially designated as the "Unassigned Lands."

The rush for the free lands officially began on March 27, 1889, when President Benjamin Harrison issued his proclamation opening Oklahoma for settlement. To give every settler an equal chance, the proclamation provided that "any person who should enter upon and occupy any of such lands before the hour of 12 noon on April 22d shall thereby forfeit his right to claim land," and soldiers from Fort Sill and Fort Reno constantly patrolled the area to keep out lawbreakers.

On the 19th, all settlers were permitted to cross the Kansas border and enter the Cherokee Outlet—popularly known as The Strip—to make the journey to the border of Oklahoma, where the Run was to begin. It was a two- or three-day ride, across a beautiful but empty land. The slow line of wagons moving across the virgin meadows was strangely symbolic: here was the white man progressing along the plains of America—always moving, sometimes slowly, sometimes with surprising speed, but always relentlessly forward, claiming the land.

From the first, there had been that hunger for land in America, that desire to put down roots. The original settlers from Europe had been drawn by the vast continental expanse across the ocean—land enough for anybody, and to spare. Later, as the coastal lands became more and more heavily populated, a man could always find room by moving westward. Plains that for centuries had known only Indians now sprouted farms. Farms that a few years before had marked the limits of civilization suddenly were mere way stations on the road to a still farther west.

The advance went on in the years before the Civil War, faltered a little during the war, picked up again after Appomattox, spurred by the Homestead Act of 1862. More families moved along the rutted trails, more wagons. Log cabins appeared, then villages, then cities. All the land a man could ever want . . . free . . .

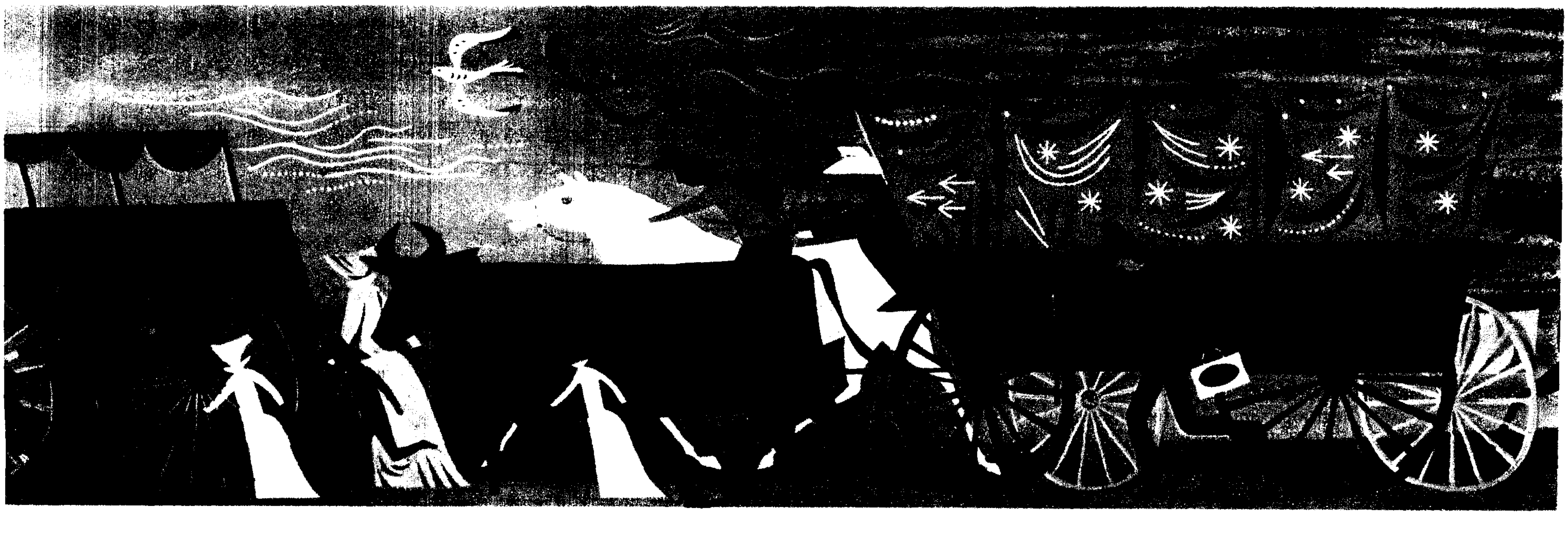
Then, unexpectedly—to some men it seemed to happen overnight—the frontier had vanished.

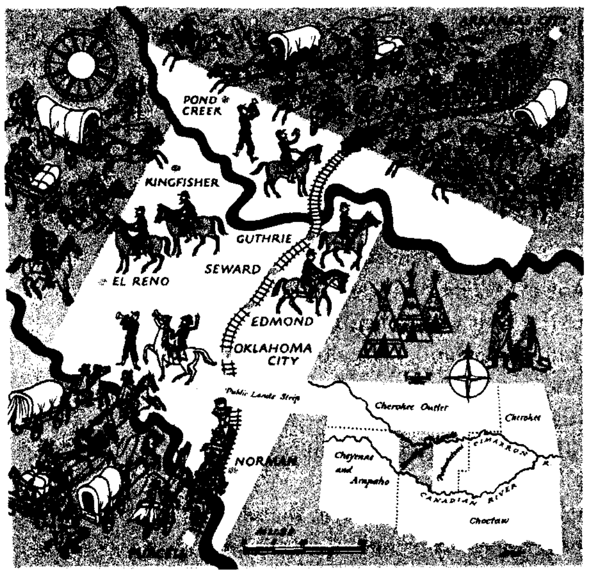
The great herds of buffalo were now gone from the prairie. In their place were cattle and sheep. The Plains tribes had been subdued, and the Indian Wars were virtually past. The West of the pioneers was already a legend; the men who had helped to tame it had begun their memoirs.

That was when men started to look covetously at the last remaining unsettled farmland: the Unassigned Lands of the Five Civilized Tribes, which had been promised to the Indians for as long as the waters should run . . . in other words, forever.

By sad, bitter experience, the people of the Five Civilized Tribes knew perhaps better than any other Indian nation exactly what the white man's promise was worth. Once these related tribes, so named because they had adopted many of the white man's ways, had hunted and camped across

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS VROMAN





The Unassigned Lands. The inset map at the lower right shows the modern state of Oklahoma with the same territory marked in dark tint

almost the whole of the American South: the Seminole in Florida, the Cherokee in northern Georgia and the western Carolinas, the Creek in Alabama and southwest Georgia, the Choctaw in central and southern Mississippi and Louisiana, the Chickasaw in northern Mississippi and Arkansas. Little by little, as the white man pushed out from the seacoast, these Indians had been pushed back—by smooth talk, by force of arms, by gifts of hard drink, by trickery, and even, surprisingly, by occasional legal sales of land. Each backward step was usually accompanied by a new treaty; virtually every treaty was ultimately broken.

There were no two incidents alike. Vast areas of Creek territory were confiscated following the War of 1812, in which some of the Creek nation followed their great chief Tecumseh to the side of the British; this war loot was sold to white settlers four decades later for $11,250,000. In 1817 a delegation of Cherokee chiefs journeyed to Washington. They left with their X's drying on the parchment, suffering monstrous hang-overs, and with most of their land gone. The bar bill for getting the chiefs so drunk they didn't know what they were signing was $1,298.50.

The shattering blow fell after Andrew Jackson became President. With the discovery of gold in northern Georgia, whites began to encroach on the treaty lands of the Cherokee—with the connivance of the backwoods President, no friend of the Indians.

The tribes struck back with the white man's weapon: an appeal to the courts. They finally fought the case up to the Supreme Court—where Chief Justice John Marshall said they were right, but the court couldn't help them. Under relentless pressure, the Indians were forced off their ancestral lands.

At last, the Five Civilized Tribes were rooted up and transferred to lands in the present state of Oklahoma. For many of the refugees, the trip was a death march. The old, the infirm, the sick, the children died on the way. Of 1,000 Choctaw emigrants, Captain Jacob Brown wrote in 1830, "only eighty-eight survived."

For some 40 years they lived in relative peace. Then the frontier vanished—and once again the white man stood near the home ground of the Five Civilized Tribes and hungrily eyed the Unassigned Lands, and dreamed of his plow biting deep into the sweet green grass that bent under the prairie wind.

The white man made his first move to cross the borders of the Oklahoma Indian Lands in 1879. That year a man named C. C. Carpenter gathered hundreds of followers along the southern border of Kansas and announced they were going to enter the Unassigned Lands and claim farms. They were quickly discouraged from trying by the presence of federal troops. But an interested observer was Captain David Payne, a Union veteran, and member of the Kansas legislature. After Carpenter's failure, Payne took over leadership of the boomers.

On April 26, 1880, with a party of 21, Payne slipped past the troops stationed on the border of the Cherokee Outlet near Arkansas City and camped on the North Canadian, the site of the present-day Oklahoma City. Payne's boomers built a stockade and "surveyed a city" of 720 blocks while their leader sent a boastful account of what he was doing to the newspapers of Wichita.

The troops soon appeared to escort him and his settlers back to the Kansas border. That didn't stop Payne for long. In all he led eight attempts to establish Oklahoma settlements. In 1884 he was indicted for "conspiring against the United States by intruding on Indian Land," and that year he died of a heart attack—in the midst of plans for a new invasion into the Indian Lands.

The intense pressure to open the lands for settlement continued after Payne. William L. Couch, who took over leadership of the boomers, led them across the border to camp near the present city of Stillwater, 10 days after Payne's death. On January 7, 1885, troops under the command of Colonel Edward Hatch appeared and ordered Couch to surrender. When the leader of the boomers defiantly set his men to digging earthworks, Hatch calmly posted his troops across the boomers' supply line. At last, with starvation a certainty, Couch quit.

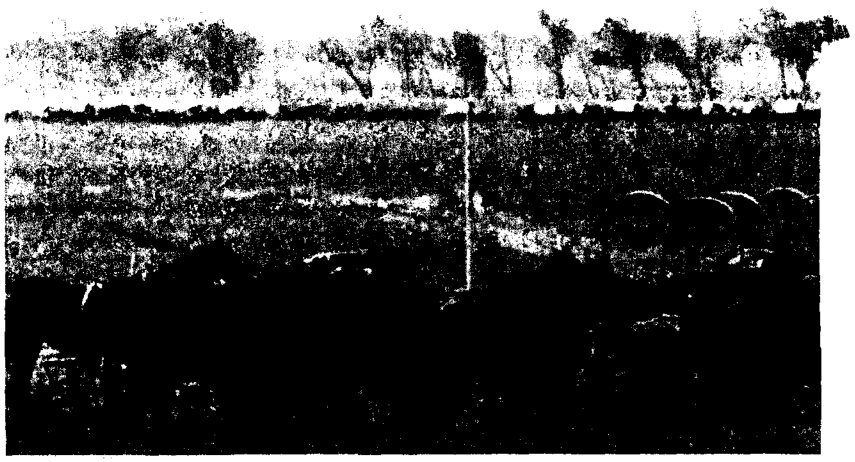
The invasions of Carpenter, Payne and Couch had failed, but they did bring the attention of the public to the Unassigned Lands. Then, while Washington argued the question of opening the lands to settlement, the harassed leaders of the Five Civilized Tribes themselves pushed the issue.

In January, 1889, a delegation of chiefs traveled to Washington with an offer to sell their lands. An agreement was soon reached with the Secretary of Interior. The Creek sold 1,392,704 acres of their land for $1.25 an acre, and additional acreage in the Cheyenne and Arapaho Reservations for $1.05 an acre. The United States paid $280,000 in cash while the sum of $2,000,000 was held in trust with five per cent interest paid to the tribes. The Seminole got $1,912,942 for 1,669,080 acres in the Cheyenne-Arapaho Reservation and 500,000 acres in the Unassigned Lands.

On March 2, 1889, a homestead measure was rushed through Congress. The Unassigned Lands were opened by Presidential proclamation, with 1,887,796 acres ready for settlement. East to west the area extended about 30 miles, north and south about 50 miles. The white man once again had begun his relentless march. The canvas-topped wagons rolled across the virgin land. It was a sight America would never see again.

April 19th. The dusty streets of Arkansas City were emptied now of the lines of wagons that had toiled through during the past months; now the wagons were deep in the Cherokee Outlet, heading for the Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



W. S. PRETTYMAN–CUNNINGHAM COLLECTION

border, where the Run would begin in three days. Yet the town seemed as crowded as ever. People were still arriving by rail: Arkansas City was the division point: here trains making the Run were to be made up.

During the morning 15 Santa Fe trains of 10 cars each left Arkansas City for the Oklahoma border. Six came northward from Purcell. In Arkansas City thousands crowded the area about the station fighting for seats or standing room on the cars. The trains were filled before they could grind to a stop. Men hung from the windows or clung to the raised section of the roofs. When they reached the Oklahoma border the trains stood in one long line, waiting for noon of the 22d. It was a long wait, but the people in the cars and even those on the roofs refused to give up their places. They munched their sandwiches, smoked their pipes, passed jugs of water and waited.

In Arkansas City, beds and lodging were no longer available. The Gladstone House, as stylish as any Kansas City hotel, was full up. Settlers slept in back yards, behind sheds, wherever they could find room. Hundreds rolled themselves up in their blankets on the sidewalks in a three-block area about the Santa Fe station—and waited for a train.

April 20th. Captain Hays of Troop F, Fifth Cavalry, was up long before dawn. With Sergeant Ira Branford, who had been with him for seven years, Hays sat by the fire and traced a route on the worn and creased map of the Unassigned Lands. He and his troopers had been doing this same thing for many monotonous months. The object of their search: sooners, those desperate men who hid out in the gullies and the brush, hoping to beat the gun, and file choice tracts of land.

In the first week after the homestead rider became law, the troopers had found three sooners. One had a small dugout so cunningly camouflaged with grass and trees it was almost impossible to set it apart from the landscape. He was a big man and had put up a fierce battle before they could hogtie him and bring him back to Arkansas City.

Another fellow had been as fleet-footed as an antelope. But Sergeant Branford had run him down and he had submitted peacefully. Captain Hays shook his head as he recalled what the man had said:

"Next time you won't find me so easy."

Next time . . . next time . . . there was no putting these people down.

Hays wondered how his friend, Lieutenant Fraser, was doing at Purcell on the south line. Tough town, they said, with every man carrying a gun.

After the captain had made plans for the day's patrol, Sergeant Branford roused the men. The sun was a golden rim edging up above the horizon when they set out at a smart gallop. The troopers left behind to guard the invisible "line" waved good-by.

Far across the Cherokee Outlet the young officer could see more wagons approaching the Oklahoma line. More wagons. More people.

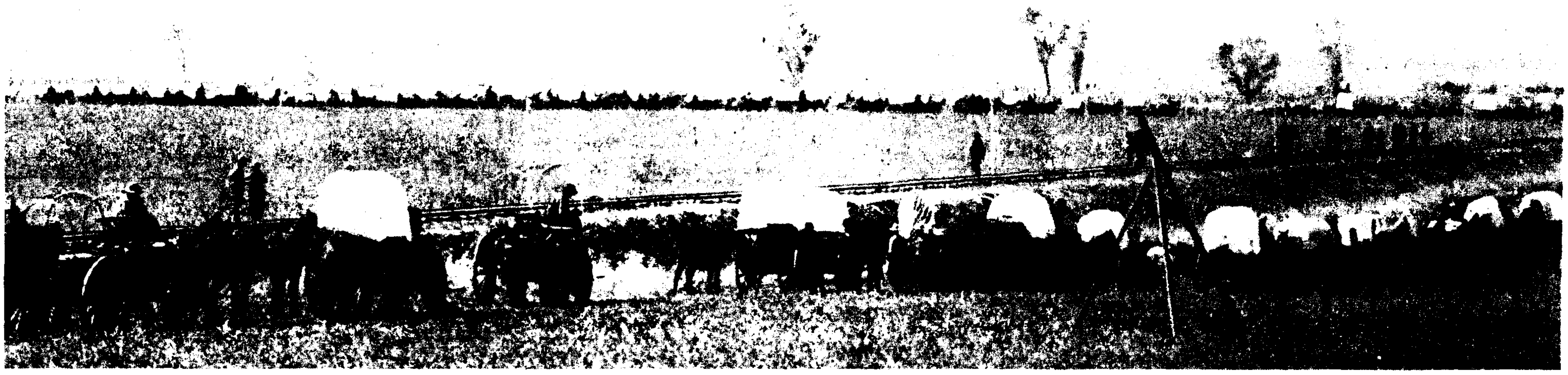
Captain Hays and his troopers fanned out in a straight line to sweep their section of the Unassigned Lands clean of sooners. It was twilight by the time they returned to camp, reasonably sure that no man, no matter how cunningly hidden, could have escaped their sharp eyes.

Yet some men did—like Frank Hilton Greer, a brilliant young Kansas newspaperman. Just twenty-one, Frank had an idea he wanted to publish the first newspaper in Oklahoma. He named it the State Capital, had it printed in Winfield and mailed the issues to Guthrie—a town not yet in existence except as a railroad stop on the Santa Fe line—addressed to himself. With what remained of his savings he bought a printing press and instructed his friends to take it apart and ship it to him in Guthrie so he could start printing immediately after the Run.

He had $39 left after buying the press. He gave his wife ten and set out for Arkansas City on the Santa Fe with his two friends, R. L. Millspaugh and W. H. Bruington.

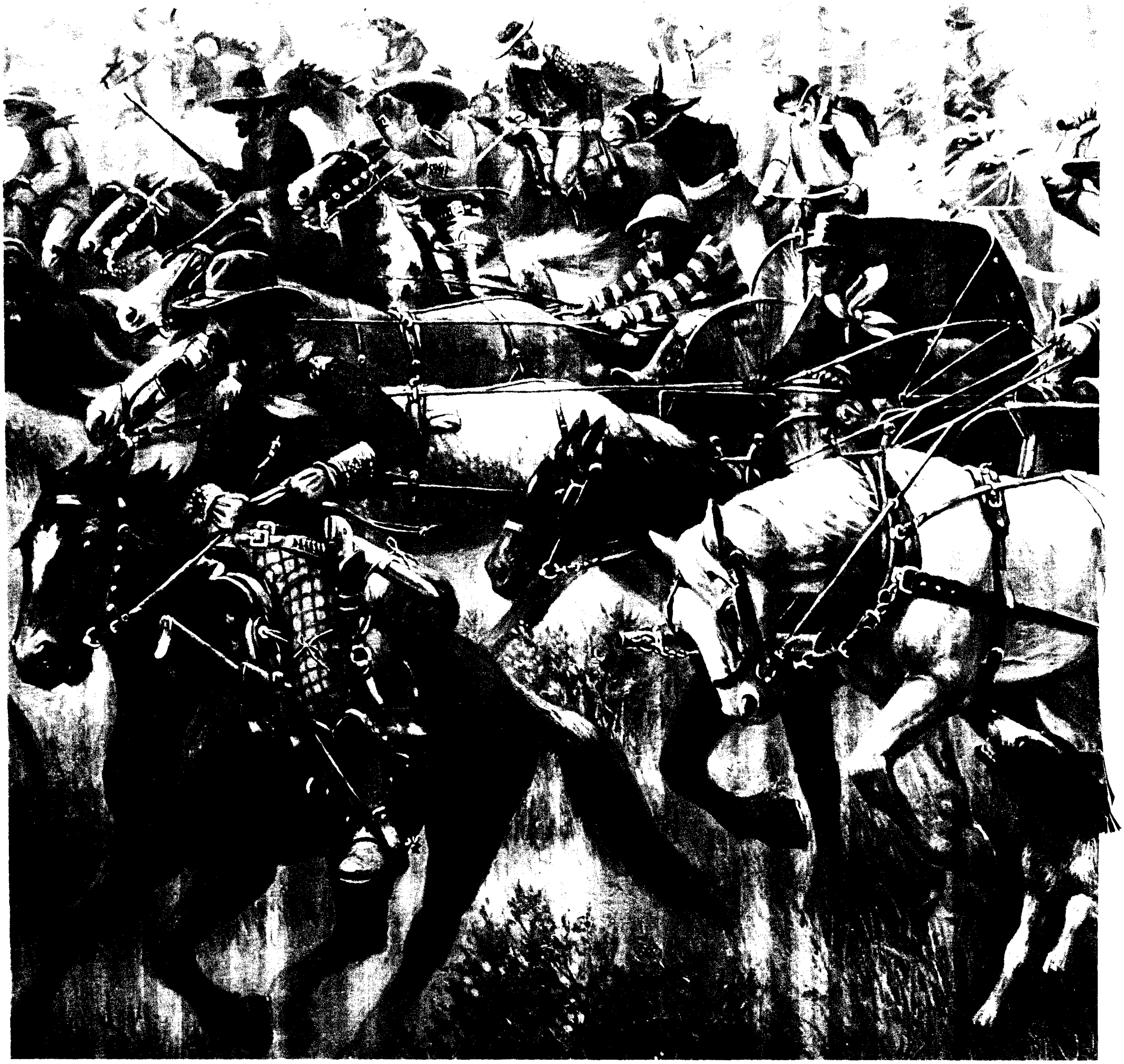
Within an hour after their arrival in Arkansas City, Greer knew that their chances of getting a choice town lot were indeed slim. It seemed there were 10 men for every acre in Oklahoma. If they wanted land they had to become sooners.

On their way in Frank had seen piles of telegraph poles on flatcars



BROWN BROTHERS

The prelude to the Oklahoma Land Rush had great drama of its own. The unending lines of wagons streamed across the prairie, taking thousands to the Territory's edge (above); families camped for months and even years by the border (far left), although the announcement that the Unassigned Lands would be opened up came only 26 days before settlers were allowed to enter. There was a pre-battle air of readiness and tension in the hours before the Run began (r.)



The moment was noon, and suddenly the rumbling of wheels shook the earth as huge crowds surged forward, carried by every imaginable kind of conveyance. The race

lined up in the railroad yards of Arkansas City. He recalled that someone had said you had to be a telegraph pole to get past the soldiers.

At eleven o'clock that night the three young men crept up to a flatcar loaded that afternoon with poles. Each man slipped through a large crack arranged conveniently by a friendly trainman to whom Frank had slipped a dollar. Millspaugh, a huge man, had the only trouble. It took a lot of grunting and shoving to get him into their hide-out.

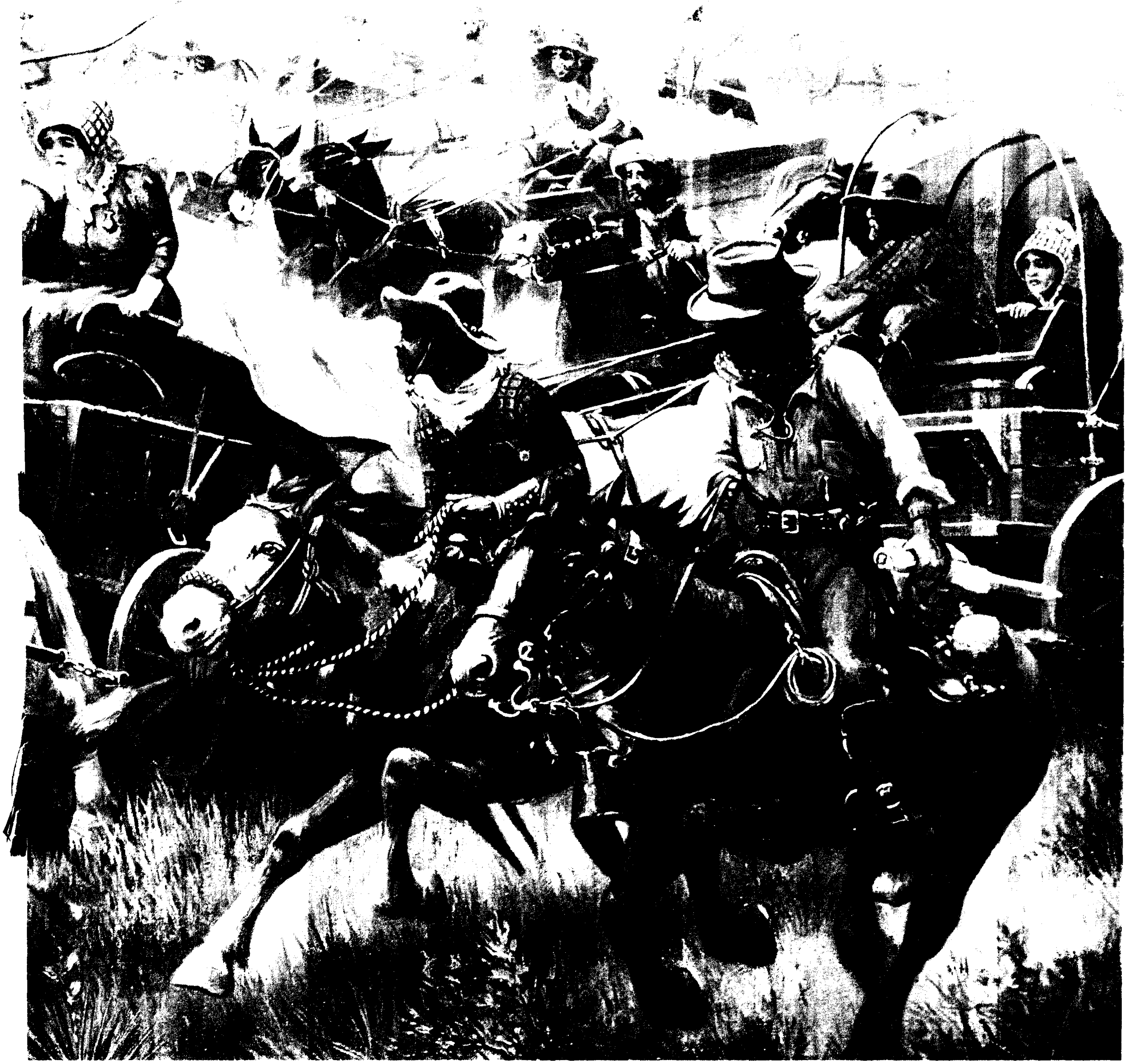
They also discovered they weren't alone. When Greer slid down into the space under the piled poles a deep voice floated up from under his feet: "Step on me, sonny—but not on my face." There were at least two others hidden among the poles.

They shivered through the night. Just about dawn the train jerked to a start. As the men held their breath it inched its way along the sidings and on to the main line. The train sped across the Cherokee Outlet and slowed as it came to the Oklahoma line. They caught glimpses of troopers on both sides of the tracks, but the train did not stop.

At last they were in Oklahoma. The train chugged rapidly across the wilderness. Two miles outside Guthrie, the trainman came back to the flatcar and told them to get off. Greer peered at the landscape racing past.

"We'll be killed jumping now!" he said. "Slow her down."

A hand reached in. Greer wearily took another dollar and gave it to the



the choice claims, both in the towns and in the farm lands. Most of the settlers were planning to stake claim to farm homesteads of 160 acres. The town lots were smaller

hand. It vanished. Minutes later the train began to slow down. At 10 miles an hour they scrambled from under the poles and leaped, one by one.

Greer and his two friends ran to the woods and camped in a small, beautiful ravine with a pool of clear water, using their coats for makeshift tents. At noon they shared half an onion and a boiled egg.

At dusk, despite Greer's misgivings, they left their hiding place and started to reconnoiter the section for landsites. They had circled northeast of Guthrie and were heading back for the ravine, when a line of cavalry galloped out of the darkness, so suddenly they had no chance to run. They dived in the tall bunch grass and hugged the earth as the riders dashed by: one passed only three feet from Greer's head. When the hoofbeats died away, they ran back to the ravine, content now to await the start of the Run. They had half a Silver King onion, one boiled egg and a stale crust of bread, and the faith of a thousand men.

April 21st. At twilight a strange quiet descended all along the Oklahoma line. Men were breaking up their camps, caring for their stock, greasing their wagon wheels; the women, helped by the children, packed the last of the food, the few clothes and the household goods. Tomorrow at noon the Run would begin. There was no singing, no shouting, no firing of six-shooters. In this wood-scarce prairie there were few campfires.

Darkness had fallen when a strange figure appeared in the camps. He was a wild-eyed man well over six feet tall, wearing a tattered frock coat and a filthy shirt. His greasy hair hung over his shoulders and he was

© UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS. PAINTING BY ROBERT W. LINDNEUX

barefoot. He had the bright, feverish stare of a madman. In one hand he clutched a time-worn Bible.

"Brothers, sisters," he shouted. "Children of sin and evil! Make way for the Lord . . . Tonight he will come with fire and brimstone . . . make way for the Lord . . . prepare to meet your Maker . . . be sure your sins will find you out . . ."

Shouting at the top of his voice, he walked through the camps, predicting that the heavens would erupt fire and brimstone and burn them all to a crisp. He was still shouting his predictions when the storm struck without warning.

Lightning zigzagged across the sky; thunder shook the earth. They all had experienced wild storms but never on the open prairie where the fury of nature was awesome to witness. They hid under their wagons and huddled together when the rain fell like a solid wall of water. Unhobbled horses panicked, and mules frantically fought their picket lines. In a half hour it was all over. The high winds had done little damage beyond tearing the canvas covers of some of the wagons.

The strange preacher had disappeared. No one saw him again. In time he became a legend passed from father to son.

The moon came out, its rain-washed face clear and bright. The stars twinkled and men told one another it would be a fine morning for the Run.

It wasn't so peaceful at Purcell on the southern line, where the wry humor of a weary cavalry officer halted what might have been a bloody chapter in Oklahoma's history. It happened when Lieutenant Fraser refused to allow the boomers to cross the Canadian River, which was the line. The river was known to be treacherous and subject to sudden rises that washed away stock and wagons. As the hours passed and the rain fell the settlers became uneasy; suppose the Canadian rose so high they couldn't cross for several days? They marched out of their camps and told Fraser they wanted to cross and be over by noon when the Run would begin. But Fraser told them regulations forbade anyone crossing the river before April 22d.

"We want to go on," the settlers shouted.

Men began gathering in large groups; the groups gradually joined into one huge, shouting mob of more than 500 angry men, touching the butts of their six-shooters, or cradling Winchesters in their arms.

Fraser quietly ordered his 10 men to string out in a thin line, "within shooting distance of each other."

The mob moved on the motionless troopers. When they were within 20 feet of Fraser they stopped. A burly, bearded farmer, with one hand on his gun, shouted: "We aim to continue, Fraser."

"I'll shoot the first man who disobeys my order," Fraser said calmly. His men unbuttoned the tops of their holsters. It was a tense moment.

In the silence the ringleader suddenly called out sarcastically: "Any objection to taking off my shirt without permission?"

Fraser drawled: "No objection to your taking it off—if you're wearing a clean undershirt."

Somehow that struck everyone as hilarious. As the New York Tribune reporter wrote admiringly, "It was the right sort of a remark in a very tense situation. An angry word would have precipitated a crisis, a single gesture a riot. But Lieutenant Fraser's good humor turned the laugh on the ringleader and the mob broke up."

April 22d. The morning was like the dawn of creation, bright and crispy cool. In the light of the rising sun Oklahoma, the Unassigned Lands, lay calm and beautiful. Low, rolling hills swept away to the edge of the blue dome of the cloudless sky. It was a day for new beginnings.

Nearly all the settlers were up long before the first shafts of pink light had speared the east. Wagons were checked for the last time, wheels greased, chicken coops lashed more firmly to the sides. Men, women and their children ate breakfast in a thoughtful silence.

In the cavalry's main camp at Taylor's Spring northeast of Guthrie, General McDuff, after reviewing reports from his men in the field, estimated to reporters there were more than 10,000 men, women and children on the north and south lines and there would be more than 12,000 settlers in Oklahoma before nightfall.

General McDuff's estimate was far below the actual number. Guthrie and Oklahoma City each had more than 10,000 persons before nightfall; thousands more were in Kingfisher, Norman and the other settlements.

The trains backed up at the line, ready to chug across the Unassigned Lands, were crowded to suffocation. Men hung from every platform and lay like cordwood on the roofs. There was one press car, and the authorities back in Arkansas City had already disclosed that many top-hatted gentlemen had tried to force their way into the car with forged credentials. It took the Tribune man all morning to fight his way to his car.

All trains were required to run not more than 15 miles an hour—which was regarded as about equal to the speed of other means of transportation—so all would have a fair chance. Although some passengers would drop off and stake a claim near the railroad, the majority were planning to go to Guthrie and Oklahoma City for town lots.

Tension mounted during the morning. Captain Hays, who had set his watch by railroad time, had his troopers spread out in a thin blue file across the prairie, a few hundred yards inside the line. The agreed signal was to be the bugle call, reveille.

Long before dawn, sooners had slipped in from the south and from the Pottawatomie Indian country in the east, and from the wild lands on the west—sections only lightly patrolled by the few troops.

The home seekers who would make the Run to Kingfisher were camped on Pond Creek, some 25 miles west of the Santa Fe line. The number of wagons was smaller at this point, but the settlers were no less determined to "plant their stakes."

At Purcell, eleven o'clock was announced by a man with a bull-like voice, who rose on his wagon and shouted that there were just 60 minutes to go. Automatically, every man who owned a watch took it out and held it in a sweaty hand. On the line an old lady clung to the hand of her eighteen-year-old son, who was mounted on a race horse. They had sold their holdings in Missouri to buy the horse and the few farm implements stored in the back of a prairie schooner behind the line. The boy would ride off first to find a claim, his white-haired mother would follow.

At eleven thirty, in the camps along the lines, north, south, east and west, women and children kissed their men, and were hustled to the rear.

At five to twelve, on the northern line, thousands of eyes were glued on the right hand of Captain Hays as it slowly rose. At Purcell the settlers shaded their eyes from the intense rays of the sun dancing on the sandy Canadian to study Lieutenant Fraser on his white horse.

To those watching Captain Hays the signal came with the sound of thunder. The blue-clad arm fell, the high bugle notes had just sounded, when the long line of farm wagons, horses, spring wagons and carriages leaped forward. The rumbling of the wheels shook the earth. There were shouts, curses, shrieks and prayers. The sound of guns mingled with the crack of whips.

Within two minutes the line was all strung out, horsemen in the lead, buggies and wagons coming up in the rear. A carriage hit a rock and overturned. Men fell out, cut their horse free and rode off.

The leader was the boy on the race horse. He was bent low like a jockey, his whip working. In minutes they were gone. Captain Hays, suddenly weary, gathered his men together and rode off to camp. Their big job was done.

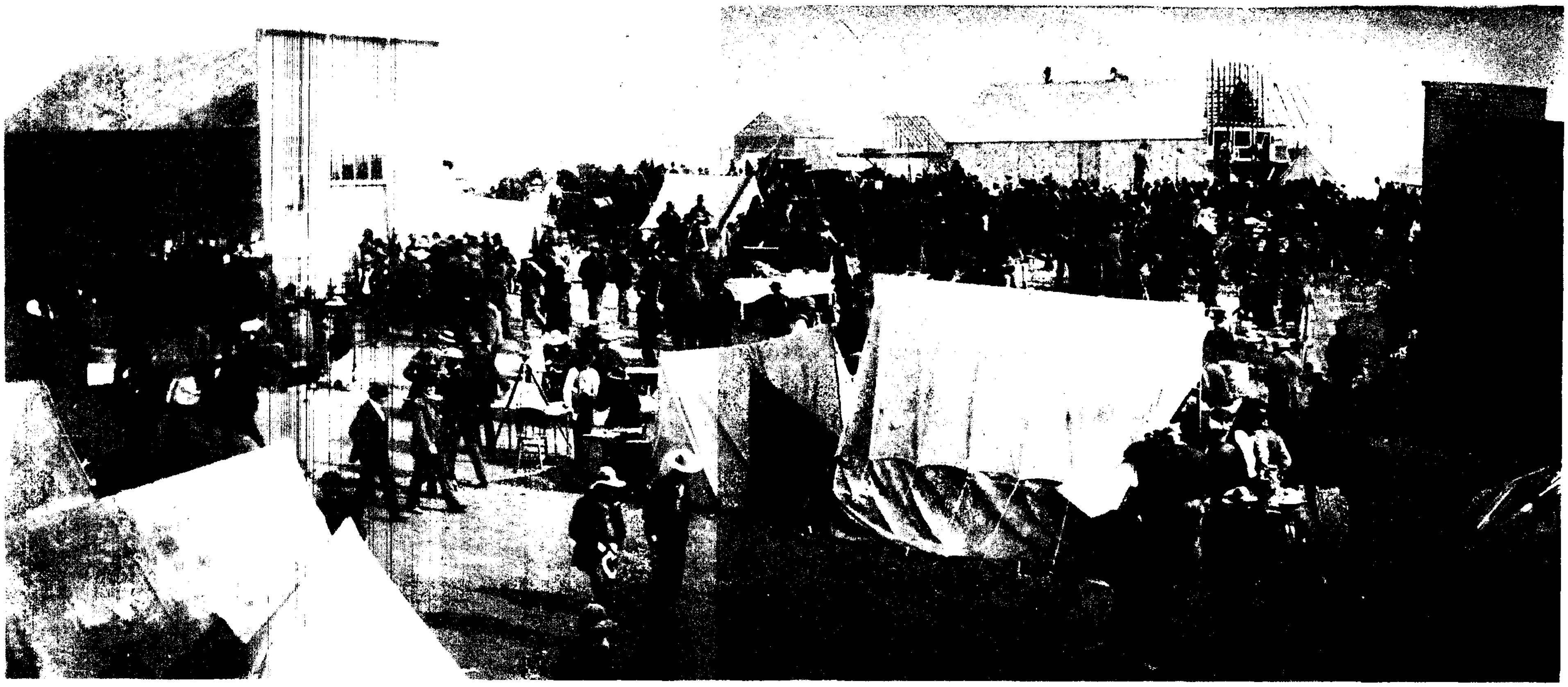
At Purcell the home seekers seemed taken by surprise when the clear, sweet notes of the bugle suddenly hung on the startled air. A young woman mounted on a fat bay was the first across the ford of the Canadian River. The splash of the water seemed to awaken the crowds. Each driver lashed his horse furiously. Each rider dug his spurs in deep. Each man on foot caught his breath and ran forward to the river's edge.

The Canadian was treacherous and filled with holes and quicksand. Lieutenant Fraser had warned them that the wagons had to be kept going or they would sink to the wheel hubs.

The young woman was nearing the far bank when her horse went down, his leg snapped in a hole. With the others, the Harper's correspondent cheered a rider who stopped, reached down and lifted her to his saddle. He dropped her unceremoniously on the bank, but by this time he had lost his lead. Some wagons stuck fast in the river, but the drivers cut the traces and rode bareback. As in the northern camps, the thousands were gone in minutes, and only the campfire ashes and the spec-

W. S. PRETTYMAN–CUNNINGHAM COLLECTION

No sooner did the claiming stakes go down than communities started to grow. Tents were up all over Guthrie (left) within hours after the Rush began. By 10 days after the opening of the Territory the town was already taking definite shape (below). Construction of houses and commercial buildings was started, businesses were launched, government was set up. Guthrie's population exceeded 10,000 by nightfall of April 22d, its first day as a city. Oklahoma City had as many, and thousands were in other towns



OKLAHOMA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

tators remained. Then Lieutenant Fraser put his watch away and led his troop across the prairie.

At Pond Creek the wagons and drivers got off to a good start toward Kingfisher. The line was smaller but the cheers and six-gun salutes were as loud as at the other places.

Seconds after twelve o'clock, sooners popped out of their hiding places and staked their claims. Back in his ravine by the bubbling waterfall, Frank Greer timed his walk to reach Guthrie and stake a choice lot where he would begin publishing his Oklahoma State Capital. Shortly after he arrived, baggage and mail was dumped off to one side of the Santa Fe tracks and Greer found his precious bundles. Tents were going up when he sold the first copies of the newspaper he had printed in Kansas.

Back in Arkansas City train after train pulled out of the Santa Fe station. As the Tribune correspondent wrote:

"All along the land after we had passed the Oklahoma line, we could see wagons and riders racing like mad across the prairie. Some wagons were abandoned and more than one horse was riderless."

Not all men who won their land rode to it. Some ran on foot. The Harper's correspondent saw one man, carrying on his back a tent, blanket, dishes and an ax, and food enough for two days, run down the Santa Fe tracks for six miles. He made it in 60 minutes. Then he staked his claim, crawled under a large tree and "lay for some time unable to speak."

That first afternoon, thousands of persons milled around in Guthrie. The only water came from the muddy Cottonwood. Enterprising settlers, after registering their lands, peddled water in buckets. Most of it was undrinkable. Red dust was everywhere. The streets were ankle deep. A thick film hung over everything and stuck to the sweaty, bearded faces.

In Guthrie and Oklahoma City trains kept dumping lumber and boxes alongside the Santa Fe tracks. The railroad representative put up a sign, "Pick up your stuff." It is to the settlers' credit that not one theft was reported. Food was scarce. Dusty ham sandwiches sold for a quarter, pork and a teaspoonful of beans for two dollars. One bitter Missourian estimated that if he wanted to eat normally it would cost him $7.50 a day —exactly what he spent in a week back home. He stayed one day.

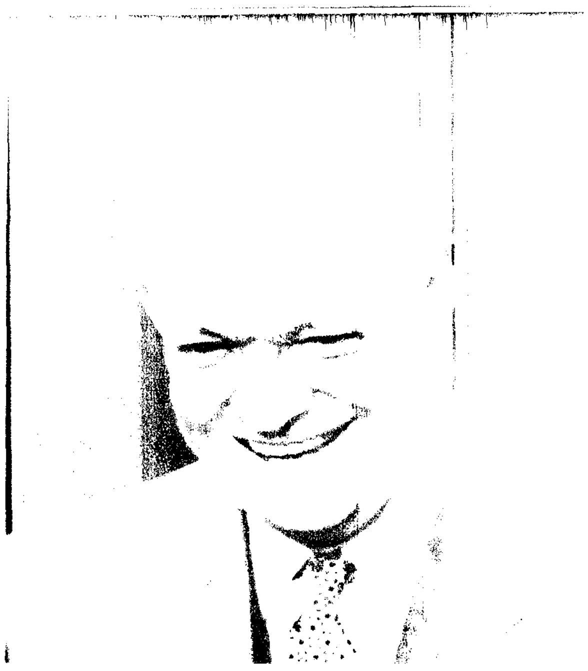
Within 24 hours Oklahoma City, Guthrie, Norman and Kingfisher were established, and with a singular lack of violence. The thousands of settlers who crowded these newborn cities were unknown to one another and had come from different parts of the country. Yet while the first tents were being raised they gathered together to demonstrate the American capacity for self-government. Barely 24 hours after the first wagons had leaped across the Oklahoma line, calls were issued for mass meetings to organize governments and establish law and order. Temporary regimes were set up which, with few changes, managed local affairs for a year, until legal government was provided by Congress. Ironically, one of the few men killed in Oklahoma City was Couch, the leader of the boomers, who had done so much to draw national attention to the need for settling the Unassigned Lands, and who was now the elected mayor. He was shot to death in a dispute over a claim.

It had been a magnificent frontier melodrama. More than 50,000 persons had found new homes. Americans who had known each other for only hours had gathered together and formed governments. Schools were erected, churches were holding services, streets, towns and cities were laid out, newspapers issued, business houses begun. Men were already talking of a new state in the Union.

But the Run of 1889 was only the beginning. There would be several more. In 1893 the Cherokee Outlet was opened for settlement and more than 100,000 men, women and children would repeat, on a larger scale, what had taken place on that bright, crisp day of April 22, 1889. When the final cloud of dust had settled, America's last frontier had vanished. THE END

Collier's Comment

Eisenhower, the Man


WIDE WORLD

AS THIS LAST PRE-ELECTION ISSUE of Collier's goes to press, the campaign is in its final days. All the evidence and the arguments of the debate have been submitted to the highest authority, the sovereign will of the people who constitute the electorate.

We have heard the arguments, read the evidence, and have reached a firm conclusion:

Dwight David Eisenhower should be re-elected President of the United States.

Two men of exceptional quality are competing for the highest office in this world of 1956. The United States and the world may count this fact amongst their many blessings in an age fraught with danger and opportunity.

In our judgment, however, the surer way to decrease the dangers and increase the opportunities is to retain the Eisenhower administration for another four years of dynamic construction of enduring peace and prosperity.

Throughout this campaign we and the rest of the world have been treated to a good deal of what Wendell Willkie described with then-shocking honesty as "campaign oratory." Only President Ike remained head and shoulders above the swirling snow jobs calculated to bog us in great drifts of partisanship. Having tracked this storm of oratory from its eye to its whiplash, we conclude that be you Republican or Democrat, your soundest choice in this wonderful society of free choice will be to stick with Ike.

Much of the partisan debate (and thank God for partisanship in a strong, free society) has, of course, been devoted to the issues. These are important, certainly. The voters have a right to know a man's or a party's position on any matter, and they certainly have the right to measure performance against promise.

But issues are seldom exactly as the fury of the campaign makes them seem. If you'll examine this matter coolly with us for three seconds, you'll agree, we believe, that neither party is actually out to sabotage the farmers, enslave the workers or liquidate the small businessman. Each party has a concern for the dignity and welfare of the older people and the dignity and opportunity of the younger. Both parties face racial and religious issues with equivalent perplexities and comparable concerns.

The differences between the major parties, as to the issues, are mainly tactical differences. And these are honest differences, with each party sincerely dedicated to its own approach.

Why, then, should we, a national magazine with many millions of readers, urge the election of one candidate and his party over another?

Our answer, as humanly and straightforwardly as we know how to put it, is that no matter the degree of esteem in which we hold Adlai Stevenson—and our esteem is high indeed—it is outweighed by our considered conclusion that Ike Eisenhower is the man the nation and the world need for the next four years.

In these times the security of the peace and prosperity with which we are blessed is challenged every microsecond of the history from which we cannot disentangle ourselves.

Our President's character, his experience, his ability to render calm and firm judgments in times of great stress may well determine the future shape of the world and whether there will be a secure place in it for a free America.

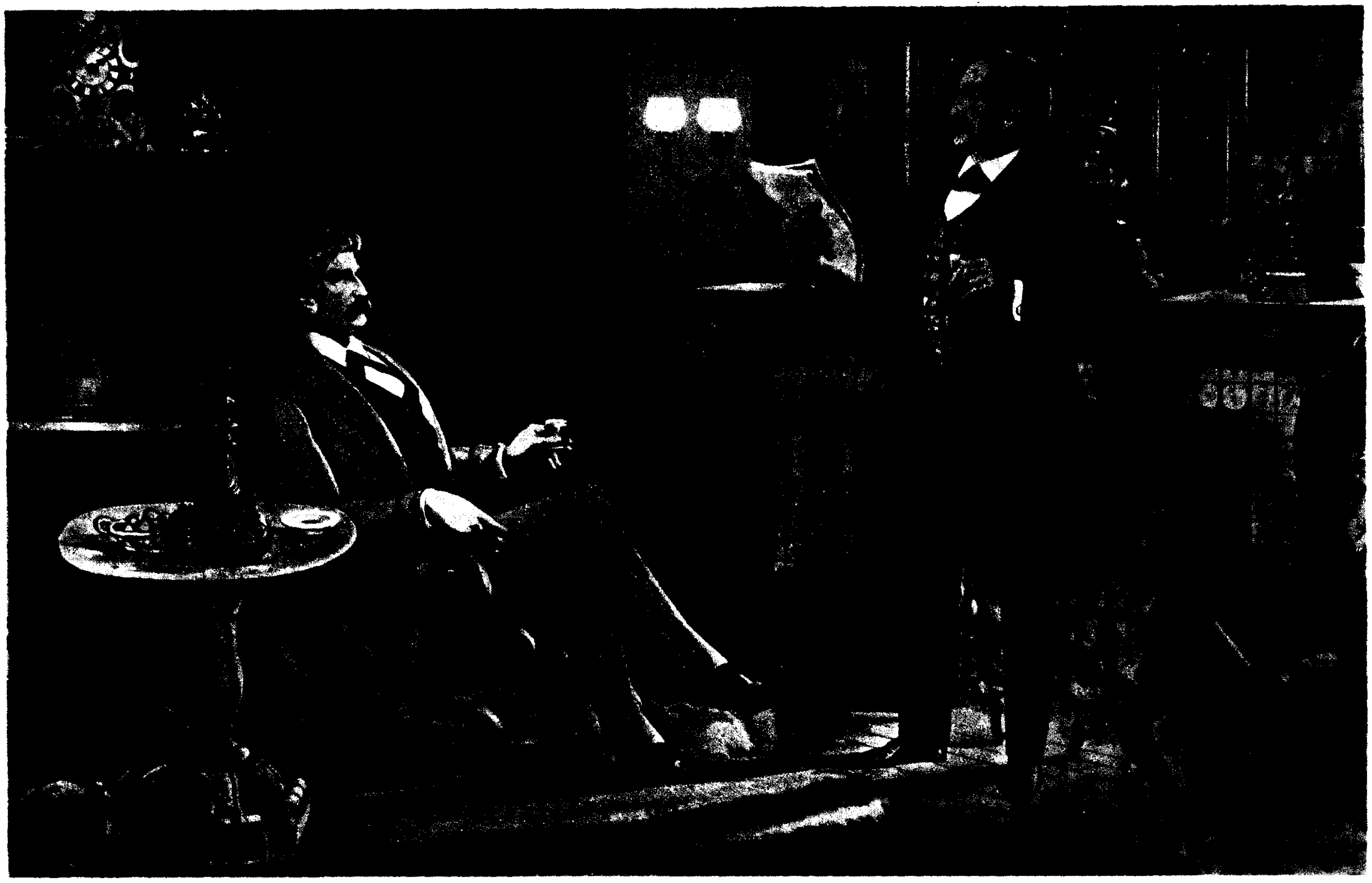
President Eisenhower proved his temper as a man and leader in the crucibles of crisis before he was President, and throughout his Presidency he has added breadth of mind and stoutness of heart to his previously established place in ineradicable history.

In fact, so towering is the stature of Dwight Eisenhower that even the wildest fringe of partisan snipers, save for a chance shot or two, has fired its flat-trajectory oratory only at his flanking aides, apparently out of reasonable respect for the hazard of the lethal ricochet.

Even that tactic, as we evaluate the situation, leaves the great President unscathed, and his team unscarred. Dick Nixon, for example, has emerged as a worthy deputy. His growth and development are in the image of his leader.

So we say to our readers, when you enter the polls, review the record in your minds. Remember above all the net fact that in this time of potential turmoil and tenuous peace, President Eisenhower and his team have done their job soundly and well. The welfare of the whole nation and the whole free world demands that they be allowed to carry on this job. We pray that our readers will vote for Dwight Eisenhower in order that his talents, his skills in statecraft and administration, his great heart, his utter devotion to peace shall not be set aside in this time of critical need.

—PAUL C. SMITH



BRET HARTE ENJOYS A DRINK AT MARK TWAIN'S HOME

What finer whiskey to celebrate author Bret Harte's completion of one of his finest stories than Mark Twain's favorite, Old Crow.

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

As famous as the men whose patronage helped bring it world-wide renown, James Crow's magnificent whiskey has traveled far since it first appeared on the American scene back in 1835. Millions everywhere have tried it, enjoyed it and deeply praised it as the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass.

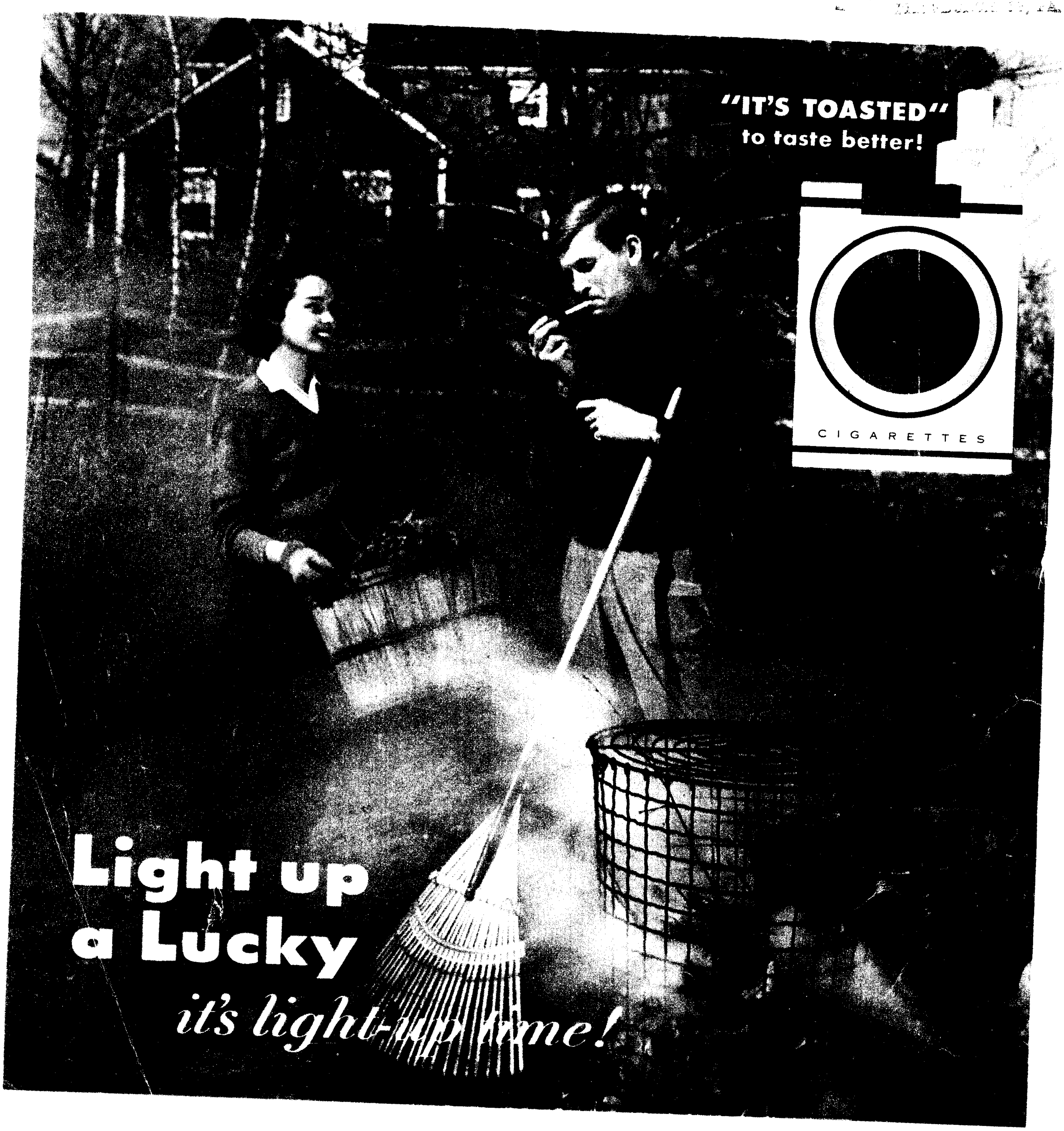
OLD CROW
86 PROOF
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY
W. A. Gaines

NOW IN A MILDER
LOWER PRICED 86 PROOF BOTTLING!

Old Crow is now available in a milder
86 Proof bottling, today's highly popular companion
to the historic 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY


"IT'S TOASTED"
to taste better!
CIGARETTES
Light up a Lucky
it's light-up time!

THIS ONE DOES IT. The cigarette is a Lucky. The taste is out of this world. How about it—**have you tried a Lucky lately?** It's the cigarette of fine tobacco—light, good-tasting tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better. You'll say it's the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked.

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

©A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES